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FOX AND DRAG HUNTING IN THE UNITED STATES

By Henry Rankin Poore

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PAINTINGS BY THE AUTHOR

THE fox-hunter is the last relic of the knight of old, the survivor of that chivalric type of Spenser, the only one who now comes "pricking o'er the plain" benign and independent, albeit with a certain necessitous altruism imposed by the land-holder. Modern life and wire hamper him, so that the complete joy of the former time, that of roaming care-free and at will, is not entirely his; yet it is safe to say that he, astride of a well-bred hunter, takes less heed to his imposed environment than any other man who inhabits the earth.

The countryside, in a neighborhood where hounds are quartered, quickly comes to count the spectacle a part of its own diversion. Despite the wear and tear of hunting, when approached with courtesy and tact the land-owner, in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred, *becomes a sport*, sufficiently, at least, to aid and abet it. The hundredth man is he who in the law of averages is so constituted as to reject all delights which do not include him—and every hunt club can name its misanthrope.

There is no effort in the range of sport fraught with keener nervous delight than to negotiate at rapid intervals, in a fair hunting country, every obstacle set to oppose and stop one. Here is a combination of flying and running. The aeronaut sits in tranquil inaction and without effort arrives at his destination. He experiences, therefore, only the sensation of superiority, the impression of action being lacking. The wheelman and automobilist may show greater speed, but they travel every man's road, making no way of their own, and their locomotion is endowed with neither variety nor hazard.

For those who demand moral qualities in any sport, cross-country riding abounds in them. The nerve displayed in riding straight, the courtesies of the congested panel, the consideration of property rights, so constantly on his mind, bring forth a virtue which no other game develops, and it is markedly noticeable with respect to all masters of hounds and members of the field of long experience, that their actions are measured between the chances of getting there at present and of coming again in the future. The thought of the farmer on whose land the hunt is trespassing and the liberal weighing of his rights, not only in actual damage by the field, but in what he suffers from the fox, which in his consideration he slays not, become discipline in ethics.

The fox-hunter, therefore, comes to be generous. Drilled in this large gymnasium where twice or thrice weekly after a twenty-mile ride he has the cobwebs swept clean from his brain, the cross-country knight is not likely to go down to his business and play a close or unworthy game in an effort to overreach the other man.

The annual "breakfast," with the countryside invited and every farmer furnished with game-pie and a good cigar, has not a tithe of the influence for keeping his "country" open as has the undercurrent of consideration for his rights which the farmer *feels* emanating from the club-house. Certainly when the hounds are in full cry and the farmer or his wife and daughter run to open the gate, the fact that a cordial "thank

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you," with hats raised, is shouted from almost every huntsman is proof of both manners and motives, the latter forgotten in the cordiality of the farmer.

One hard-riding master of Virginia, in an open letter addressed at the close of the season to the farmers and land-owners of Loudoun County, remarks:

"The hounds run to kill the fox and my place is behind them, and if at any time I have seemed rude by not stopping to pass a pleasant word or two it was simply because my duty was ahead, and for such apparent rudeness I now offer apology. Time, tide, and a pack of hounds wait for no man."

A final quality developed in the cross-country man who is quickly initiated into the school of hard knocks is complaisancy to bear and initiative to avoid the traps and pitfalls which beset him. The huntsman and whips are ever taking risks to live with their hounds, pressing into the unknown and frequently making a line where horse and man have never been. The field which follows have also to think it out, each for himself, a man's gray matter divided between his own needs and those of his horse, who often requires more than nature allowed him, his first thought being rather to keep up than any intelligent consideration for either himself or rider. When the crash comes as to many a hunter it does once or twice a season, when stirrups, breast-plate, reins, mane, and finally, an arm-clutch of the neck have all been tried without avail, the last resource is to fall like a drunken man limply into one's hat and roll for all he is worth. The *fitness* which a hunting man attains may be known when it is possible for one nearer sixty than fifty to fall headlong, as the writer has seen, over a stone wall and onto a rocky New England road and to his question, "Are you hurt?" jump up and reply, "Not a bit."

How many men of that age, without this hardening discipline, could have survived and turned up at the club dinner with no other concern than that his wife should not hear of it.

The position of master is filled with anxieties making it one which deserves every consideration accorded it. Like the shepherd of old the good master has watched and coddled every dog bred in the kennels, calling each by name. He likewise bears his field on his mind, especially if his be a drag hunt, and must decide on the safety of a day whether too hard or too greasy for safe jumping. Furthermore, the good master goes over his drag, carefully safeguarding the hazards and diligently ridding both take-off and landing of all pitfalls which might ruin the pleasure of a run. In the Massachusetts country his trials increase, for the stony pastures give the riders all the anxiety a quick flight across the country should have; but what lies on the far side of a stone wall should not be a subject for dread, and it is no unusual sight to see at the drag hunts of Norfolk and Myopia, the master with his whips on the day before the run clearing these places of loose rock or wire.

At Myopia, Mr. Mandell, the master, has succeeded in rendering parts of his country so fit as to be safe enough for the youngsters. A pony drag during July and August has become one of the institutions of the club and a prettier sight could scarce be found among the hunt clubs of America than the large field of boys and girls, from eight to eighteen years of age, bowling along over stone walls and hedges, following a slow drag and experiencing all the thrills of their elders in the chase.

Two or three mammas are usually present and a mounted groom or two to pick up hats and open gates, or when necessary catch a horse and find its owner. All the safety devices for saddles and breast-plates are in evidence and the master, far ahead with his hounds, has little concern for what is happening behind him.

The popularity of the sport depends indeed so much upon the master, that when one is found who really fills this post of honor he is held there by acclamation and frequently against his protest.

Let no one suppose the killing of the quarry is an important part of fox-hunting. Experience in due time makes this clear. In fact, the fox-hunter is probably the happiest hunter in the world and largely because he seldom kills. He looks elsewhere for his recompense and by his failure the mind becomes philosophical, dissecting the whole situation and disclosing the means to be in reality the desideratum, the true and enjoyable end.

The new member who has swapped his roadster for a hunter, takes a few lessons over the bars at a riding-school, sits up late with Mr. Jorrocks and Whyte Melville, has

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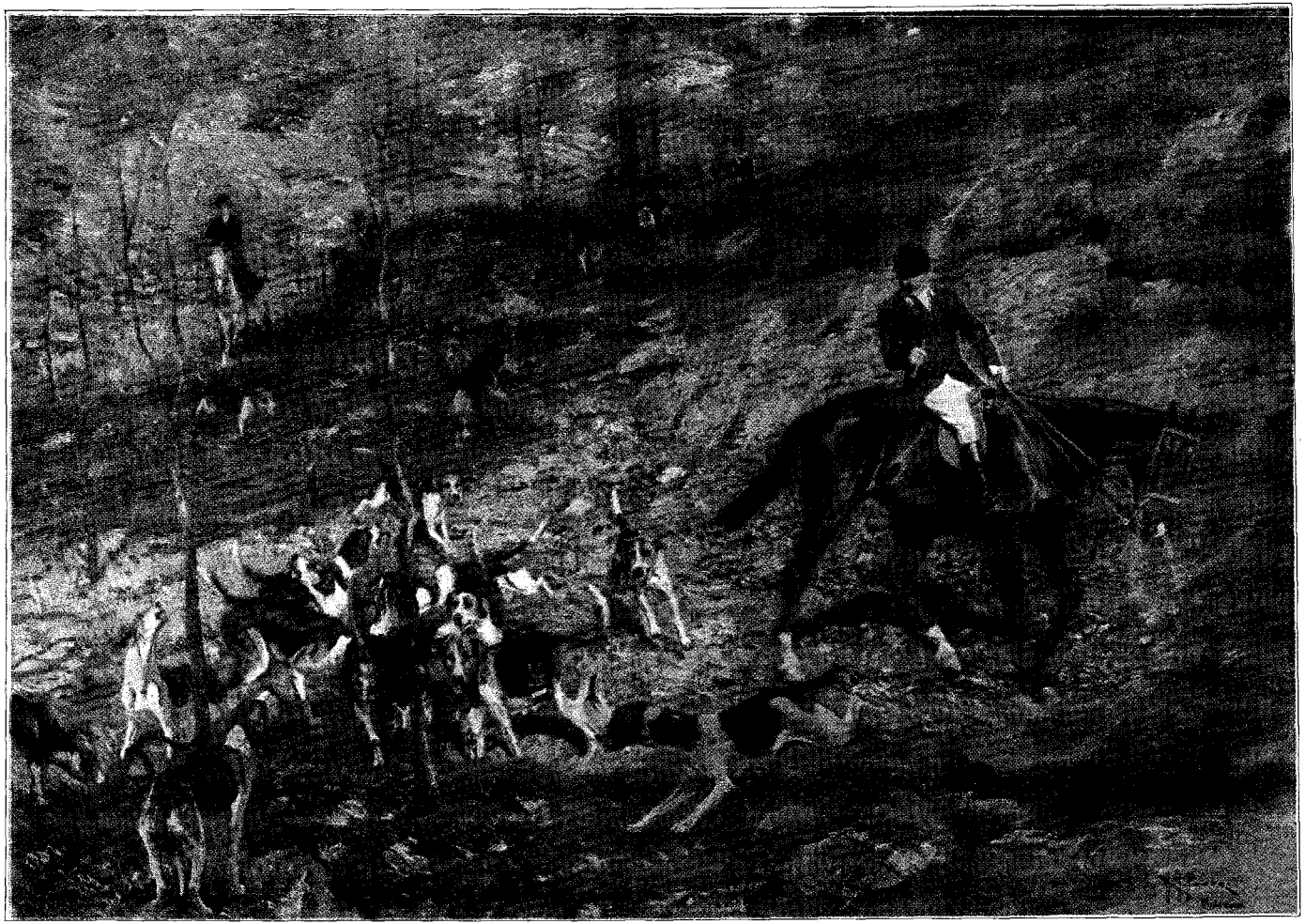

From a painting by H. R. Poore.

Gone to Earth.
(The Middlesex Hounds.)
With Reynard "gone to earth" after ten or fifteen miles, the field assembles. –Page 515.

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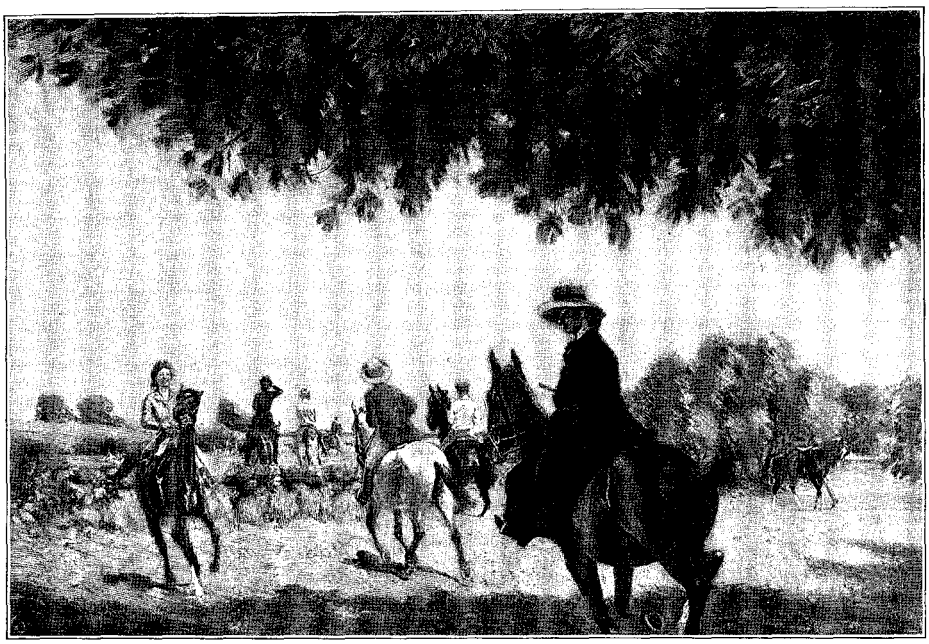

The Pony Drag
(Myopia Hunt.)

A prettier sight could scarce be found among the hunt clubs of America.—Page 514.

the "lingo" at his tongue's end, and cherishes a secret ambition to "die with his boots on"; begins to think he has been defrauded when, after the first half-dozen runs, he jogs home with the hunt, empty-handed. The vision of eventually having a trophy hung up in his den gradually fades away. He believes the hounds are not bred right, that his gallant efforts at the risk of life and limb are misplaced energy and he considers his next move may be to swap the hunter for an electric, when suddenly the light breaks and he agrees that it is not necessary, after all, that something should die in order to make him happy. In fact, the respect he begins to entertain for the little animal that can outwit a pack of hounds, the huntsman, two whips, and a master and keep on top of earth while all these and a score of riders are seeking his life, is such that he gladly gives him his bill of health and a godspeed when he either throws off the hunt completely or seeks asylum.

With Reynard "gone to earth" after ten or fifteen miles, the field assembles, girths are loosened, cigarettes produced, the incidents of the run discussed and everybody appears satisfied. The leisurely jog home is the relaxing anti-climax. The keen clarion note from the hunting horn, heard long before the field may be seen, is waited for by the club *chef*, who has his meats broiling and everything in readiness when the field appears.

This in time comes to mean a complete experience to the average fox-hunter. But for the occasional "blooding" of the pack, the far-sighted master prefers to save his foxes. He knows almost to a certainty where he may find this one or that; he learns in time, pretty nearly, how any particular fox will run, at least, at the start; indeed, he is on such good terms with some of them as to furnish names the more easily to communicate their prospective manœuvres.

The "public" has a short and vexed notion of fox-hunting. They denominate it a cruel sport and ridicule the sight of a troupe of men and women chasing to its death a defenseless little creature with a pack of hounds. As a fact, however, the American red fox feels himself so fitted for the conditions that he accepts a challenge with evident relish. That he enjoys a run there can be no reason to deny. Like a good general he usually seeks a vantage point and looks over the field. He listens and observes and when satisfied drops leisurely from the fence-post or rock and trots away.

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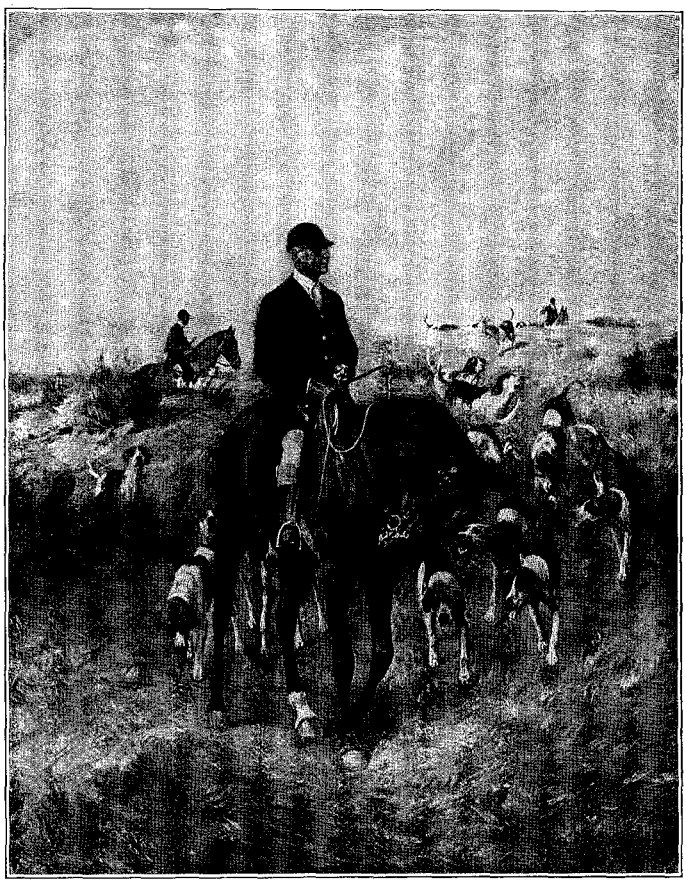
When assured the hounds are firmly on his line he begins to show speed and if he feels there is any danger of not outfooting them he then negotiates one of his numerous strategies. He may gain time by a check and if water is near he trots up or down stream and then sails away over a hill-top, leaving the pack baffled. If there be no water, a fence may answer as well and a scramble along the top rail of a worm fence with a drop into the bushes and a quick flight beyond will give him a breather. If the country be open and given to grazing, a flock of sheep or a few cows serve him as well. As he passes among them their hoof-prints leave little of his trail and the hounds must circle and cast before recovering it beyond. Thanks to these interruptions, horses and riders have a chance to live in the chase. A fox-hunt without checks would be a killing experience for both horses and riders which few could survive. The clean-bred hound is about the only thing that can keep the pace without cessation for sixty miles, for, during the checks, and while the fox is at rest, he is feverishly busy.



The position of master is filled with anxieties; . . . he must decide on the safety of a day, whether too hard or too greasy for safe jumping.—Page 514.

In fact, when, as is so frequently the case with American hounds, the pack runs away from all the field and holds to their quarry, the chase often continues all night. When heated and fagged, Reynard dislikes to go to ground, preferring to stay above if possible and so, although he may lead back to his den, he frequently avoids it and continues. The "all day and night hounds" are such as command the admiration of every fox-hunter and after acknowledging his chagrin in not returning with the pack he finds consolation in the fact that, at any rate, they and the fox were the *game sort.*

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From a painting by H. R. Poore.

Lifting the Pack.
(The Brandywine Hounds.)

It water is near he trots up or down stream and then sails away over a hill-top, leaving the pack baffled.—Page 516.

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The Drag Hunt.
(Norfolk Hunt Club.)

Some years ago the writer occasionally hunted with the Springfield, Pa., hounds. They were kennelled in an ample barn. A fox dwelt in the loft where, through the chinks in the floor, he could look down on his friends, the enemy. The writer has more than once chased this fox for many miles and has seen him comfortably sleeping in his nest of straw an hour after the hounds were kennelled up.

Such an incident is cited in disproof of the impression that the fox chase is an uneven sport with the odds against Reynard. The fact is he doubtless plumes himself in the thought that the hounds are maintained quite as much for his pleasure as for the paying members of the hunt. But, of course, accidents occasionally befall him, as with these others. Any American master will tell you, however, that unless he is "headed" or meets with the unexpected, very rarely does an *adult* red fox find his death before a pack of hounds, the kills in this country usually occurring in the early part of the season.

The death of an old fox is a rare event and the possibility of witnessing a fair kill in the open is what keeps an edge on the enthusiasm of the true fox-hunter.

The English sportsman is no such man to do without his trophy. He must account for his run and he usually does. Every good pack of hounds in England has an average of a fox for every day's hunting.

The writer has inspected the huntsman's book in some of these kennels and has found entries of three, five, seven, and even eleven foxes killed in a day, the latter during cubbing season. The secret is a simple one. While Reynard is abroad on his nightly foraging tour a man with a lantern comes along and "stops his earth." When hunted he may know of another and another asylum, but each refuses him shelter. He is therefore kept on top and with his calculations upset he loses heart and falls an inevitable victim to the hounds. The climatic conditions are also an aid to the English hound, the normal humidity of the British Isles affording a stronger and more enduring scent.

Besides this, also, is the difference in the fox, which is a home-bred and often a well-fed creature. Instead of a feed circuit of ten or twelve miles, the English fox takes no such constitutional, and in consequence is frequently fat and out of condition. Another point accounting for the disparity in

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the kills of the American and English fields is the small coverts of the British hunting country. These are easily surrounded and Reynard flushed out and viewed away. The American hound and rider must frequently bore his way through a dense tangle of trackless woodland. It is in such a case that the voice of the American hound is particularly valuable. In the forest hunting of France and Germany the whips provide the signals with their melodious horns. As soon as one has finished the refrain is taken up by another and following him by another. The rider in a blind country may thereby know how runs the hunt away.

Not only does the voice of the American dog tell of his whereabouts, but also of what he is doing. Some may be babblers, but when an old hound talks he usually communicates the status and prospects of the hunt. The lack of this continuous report to the huntsmen, experienced in working an English pack in cover, is to many of his admirers the objection lying most heavily against him. To supply this lack to the mute English pack occasionally one finds a good American dog or two introduced to do the talking.

By comparison, therefore, with the English fox-hunter his American cousin is quite out of it in the matter of trophies, and few masters of American packs seem eager to discuss their record in "kills."

It is with evident pride that Mr. Thomas Hitchcock, who hunts one of the most difficult of countries in the sandy soil of South Carolina, states his record not only for the past year, but for ten years. During that period the highest number of kills was seventeen; eight reds and nine grays; the lowest record two, one red and one gray. While master of the Loudoun Hunt, Mr. Harry Smith nailed to the kennel door fourteen masks, ten killed in the open.

Mr. Redmond C. Stewart, one of the most painstaking and competent among the brilliant coterie of masters, states last year's record as follows:

The Green Spring Valley Hunt since August 15th has killed one fox, has holed fifty, and has lost seventy-three. There has been but one "blank day." He makes no record of several "dropped" foxes killed. The hounds are American bred, with from one-half to one-eighth English blood.

The record of the Brandywine Hounds for the past season is three "kills." This is an American-bred pack of pure English stock—the Belvoir. Bred in this country, the English dog becomes fitter and more adaptable to our hunting than the imported animal.

A consensus of opinion from masters all over the country is that the "kill" is not regarded an essential feature of fox-hunting. The rapid increase of hunt clubs in the face of the low average for perfectly equipped establishments being evidence sufficient that the sport is in nowise dependent upon it.

In New England, which of all sections of the country is least fitted to cross-country riding, hunts have multiplied fourfold within the past five years.

Fox-hunting has its varied appeal. To one man it is the flight across country on a horse that can carry him straight. To another the horse is of minor importance and the hound the absorbing object of interest. The true fox-hunter, especially if he be a Southerner, is almost entirely engrossed with this side of it. Any horse will do, and as for jumping fences, pshaw! give him a long tie-strap and a head-stall and when he has climbed the fence the horse will jump to follow him. In fact, the Southerner loves the fence and is perfectly willing to sit there and listen to the hounds, lost to sight in the thicket or working the trail against yonder hillside. He knows his country well enough to clip the corners and is not taking it out of either himself or horse by following the whole circuit. The homing instinct of the hound contains such measure of satisfaction as to disarm discipline, and the easy-going Southerner who starts forth with a full pack does well to arrive home with a corporal's guard.

This lawless behavior, permitted and continued for generations, leaves the American hound far this side of what a well-regulated kennel demands. With his superior nose acknowledged, his advocates among the more important hunts have spared no pains in discipline to correct his waywardness, and that this is possible has been proven not only at hound shows in competition with English packs, but in the field by the Grafton pack of American hounds, which not only show manners equal to the average English pack, but are also trained on the whistle to range within its hearing

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From a painting by H. R. Poore.

A Check.

(The Radnor Hunt.)

A fox-hunt without checks would be a killing experience for both horses and riders which few could survive.—Page 516.

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and respond with a promptness which would please the most fastidious of masters.

From this standard one finds the American hound is learning his lessons in obedience and discipline throughout most of the recognized hunts which employ him. Excellent results are seen at the Rose Tree, Chester Valley, the Lima, Blackstone Valley, Blue Ridge, Keswick, Millwood, the hounds of Messrs. Okie and Maddux, of Virginia, the Oak Ridge, Orange County, Warrenton, Riverside, Tomahawk, Mr. Thomas Hitchcock's kennels, the Upland, the Midlothian, the West Chester, and Portsmouth Hunts. These stick to the American hound and continue, with all his faults, to love him still, working and praying over him in hopes of his regeneration.

With a desire to asssemble in one dog the qualities of these two, Dr. Heffinger, of Portsmouth, one of the oldest and most enthusiastic of American sportsmen, some twenty years ago commenced a series of experiments by crosses with the Southern hound of the Walker, July, Wildgoose, Maupin, and Robinson strains together with the English hound. As a result his conclusion that the hound best suited to the rugged New England country is one in which the American blood largely predominates. Among other clubs which are striving to develop, by crossing, an animal best suited to the peculiar conditions of our country are the Elk Ridge, Green Spring Valley, the Keswick, the Missouri, the Piedmont, the Orange County, the White Marsh Valley, the Genesee Valley, the Harkaway, and the Radnor. The above organizations own both English and American types, and hunt them together and, on occasions, separately.

An opinion worth quoting is that of Davis, the huntsman, who, after forty years' experience with the pure English hounds, declares the Radnor half-bred animal outclasses him.

The Rose Tree, whose membership shows not a few Radnor men, have been content to watch the experiment across the border of their territory. In a district so filled with the votaries of the fox it is of frequent occurrence that two or more clubs meet and join on the same trail. A practical demonstration of the qualities of English, half-bred, or American dog behind the same fox has, therefore, occasionally been made, but it is not on record that any one has ever changed his mind and the laudations and denunciations are just as forcible on the way home as before the chance meeting. In fact, this is the absorbing topic of the fox-hunter; the best hound, where to find him, and how to preserve him; and if the conversation before the open fire of the club-house ever flags it is only necessary for some one to say a good word for the English dog at Lima, at Aiken, or the Rose Tree, or for the American dog at the Middlesex or Brandywine, when every one wakes up and renews the contest with abated fervor until bedtime. The difference just here exists no less in the men than the hounds. The advocates of the imported animal are conservative and exacting sportsmen, who admire discipline, decency, and order, and if they dwelt in England would doubtless be members of the constitutional party and exhibit at Peterborough.

The lovers of the American dog are real fox-hunters, preferring initiative to discipline, music to silence, fitness to form, and the knowledge that their dogs are still going, to the fact that "every one is in."

In order to bring to a practical conclusion this long-drawn argument a meeting was arranged under the auspices of the Piedmont Hunt, of Virginia, between the English pack of Mr. Henry Higginson, of the Middlesex Hunt, and the American hounds of Mr. Harry W. Smith, of the Grafton Hunt. The packs were hunted alternately for twelve days, Mr. Smith using six couple, Mr. Higginson eighteen couple. No fox was killed during this period, but the judges decided in favor of the Grafton pack.

The establishments which seem irrevocably pledged to the English dog are the Middlesex, the Brandywine, the Blue Run, the Castle Hill, the Deep Run, the Essex, the Green River, the Meadowbrook, the Shelburne, the Westchester County, and the Watchung.

The supporters of fox-hunting are of two distinct classes: the metropolitan fox-hunter and the land-owner. The first class forms groups representing certain cities. There is the Boston group, including the Myopia, at Beverly; the Norfolk, at Medfield; the Middlesex, at Lincoln, and the

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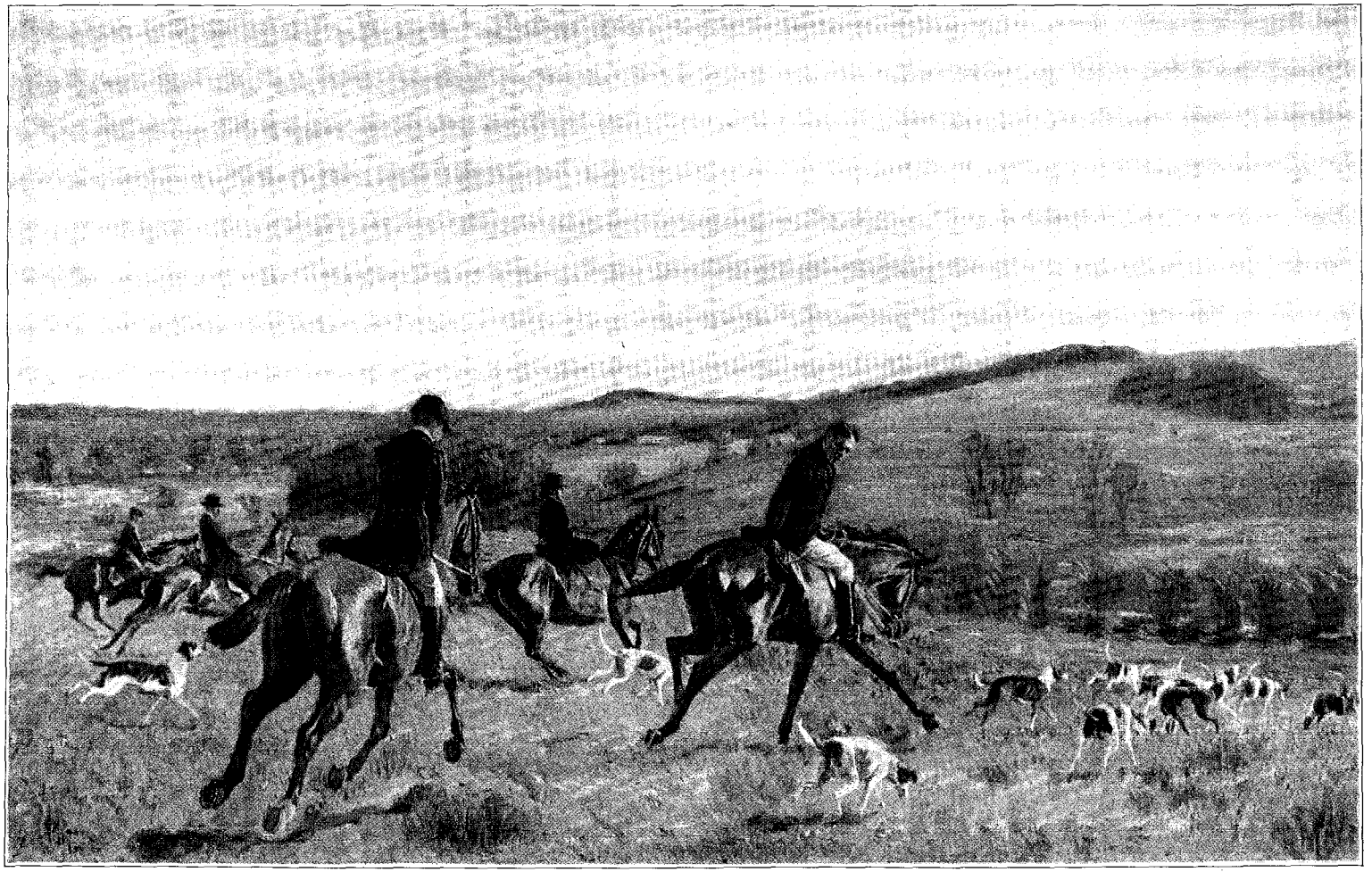

From a painting by H. R. Poore.

Hitting the Line.
(The Grafton Hounds,)

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A Race for the Brush.
(The Chevy Chase Hunt.)

Millwood and Owl's Nest, of Framingham. The members of these organizations are Bostonians, either owning country seats in the club's vicinity or coming regularly from town on hunt days.

The New York group includes the Meadowbrook, without doubt the best-known organization in America, showing sport over the stiffest of countries with drag and fox-hounds and maintaining likewise its well-known polo team; the Suffolk and Smithtown hunts, also of Long Island; the Watchung, of Plainfield; the Essex, of Morristown; the Millbrook, the Westchester, the Monmouth, and the Orange County, the latter having joint kennels; the Plains, Virginia. The membership of these organizations is largely of New Yorkers.

The Philadelphia group includes the Rose Tree, the Radnor, the Chester Valley, the Springfield, the Brandywine, the Upland, the White Marsh Valley.

The Baltimoreans take a just pride in the Elk Ridge Hunt, the Green Spring Valley, and the Patapsco.

The Chevy Chase for the past twelve years has given to the cross-country riders of the capital and many visiting diplomats an opportunity to engage in the sport of kings.

On the Potomac, at Leesburg, is the Loudoun Hunt and along the south-west range of the Blue Ridge are the Keswick, Castle Hill, the Tomahawk, Gaston, and Albemarle, while Petersburg, Lynchburgh, Charlottesville, and Richmond each has its distinctive organizations, the State in all numbering twelve important hunts. While the South teems with fox-hunters zealously breeding notable strains of hounds few of their hunts have applied for recognition, and below Virginia, the Aiken, S. C., hounds (Mr. Hitchcock's) and the Savannah and Eleventh Cavalry Hunts, of Georgia, are alone listed. Turning west into Kentucky, one comes to the land of horses and hound enthusiasts, where the field again shows as many women as men. Notable among the breeders of the American hound in the Southwest are General Roger Williams, Colonel H. C. Trigg, and the Walker brothers and the indefatigable Byewaters.

The Northwest is timidly developing a love of the sport. Pittsburg has an excellent club, with F. M. Lowry as master; Cleveland, O., has recently organized a

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hunt at Chagrin Valley; Chicago has a good organization in the Midlothian; Toronto and Montreal turn out their field in an exceptional manner with the exacting spirit demanded by the mother country. At Geneseo, Major Wadsworth, the dean of American fox-hunting and first president of the Masters of Foxhounds Association, has hunted his estates as did his father before him, after the manner of the English landlord.

Once a year the "masters" of America meet and discuss matters pertaining to their sport—its preservations, its extension, its popularization. The hound, a matter of fundamental concern, has his lion's share of consideration, and during the convention a bench show is held. Types from various localities are shown and discussed and the arguments at close range concerning the favorite seem not nearly so insistent and conclusive as before arrival or after departure, and without any special designation of the kind, as to whether it be English, or half-bred, or American, the meeting is adjourned to the refrain:

"Then drink, puppy, drink;
Let every puppy drink
That's old enough to lap and to swallow,
For he'll grow into a hound
With his nose upon the ground,
And merrily we'll whoop and we'll holloa."

*** The author acknowledges the assistance in the preparation of the pictures accompanying this article of the following Masters of Hounds: Mr. Harry W. Smith, Grafton; Mr. Henry G. Vaughan, Norfolk; Mr. A. Henry Higginson, Middlesex; Mr. Horace Hare, Radnor; Mr. Charles E. Mather, Brandywine; Mrs. Alien Potts, Castle Hill; Mr. Clarence Moore, Chevy Chase.

PHILIPPINE EXPERIENCES

THE CAPTURE OF EMILIO AGUINALDO

BY FREDERICK FUNSTON
Brigadier-General, United States Army

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHN

IT was the 8th day of February, 1901, and in the room that served as an office in the head-quarters building at San Isidro, I was going over the morning's work with the adjutant-general of the district, Captain E. V. Smith, when there arrived a telegram that for the moment disturbed our equanimity—a brief message that was to have no small part in the making of the history of the Philippine insurrection. It was signed by Lieutenant J. D. Taylor, Twenty-fourth Infantry, commanding the company of that regiment that constituted the garrison of the town of Pantabangan, about sixty miles to the north-east, at the foot of the western slope of the massive mountain range that separates the great central plain of Luzon from the Pacific coast of the island, and was to the effect that a small band of insurgent soldiers had voluntarily presented themselves to him, and that the man in command had stated that he was the bearer of dispatches from Emilio Aguinaldo to certain surbordinates in central and southern Luzon. The letters addressed to Baldomero Aguinaldo, Alejandrino, Urbano Lacuna, Pablo Tecson, Simon Tecson, Teodoro Sandico, and other insurgent leaders, were in cipher and so could not be read, and evidently signed ficticiously, though in a handwriting that seemed to resemble that of Aguinaldo.

For more than a year the exact whereabouts of the elusive chieftain of the insurgent Filipinos had been a mystery. Rumor located him in all sorts of impossible places, but those best qualified to judge thought that he was somewhere in the great valley of the Cagayan, in the northern part of the island,

*** General Funston's volume, soon to be published, will contain much additional matter, including that part of the narrative between the chapter in the September number and this.

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or in one of the extensive mountain ranges on either side of it. Probably few if any of those in high command among the insurgent forces knew where he was, as he was taking every precaution against treachery, or the disclosure of his hiding-place by the capture of correspondence, having gone so far as to forbid that the name of his temporary capital should be put on paper in any of the letters sent out by himself or staff. A few trusted men saw that letters to him reached their destination.

The period of guerilla warfare that had succeeded the heavier fighting of the earlier days of the insurrection had now lasted more than a year and a half, and it must be confessed that from our stand-point the results had not been satisfactory. Scattered all over the Philippines we had more than seventy thousand troops, counting native auxiliaries, and these in detachments varying in size from a regiment to less than a company garrisoned every town of importance and many places that were mere villages. Through the country everywhere were the enemy's guerilla bands, made up not only of the survivors of the forces that had fought us earlier in the war, but of men who had been recruited or conscripted since. We had almost worn ourselves out chasing these marauders, and it was only occasionally by effecting a surprise or through some streak of good fortune that we were able to inflict any punishment on them, and such successes were only local and had little effect on general conditions. These guerillas persistently violated all the rules that are supposed to govern the conduct of civilized people engaged in war, while the fact that they passed rapidly from the status of peaceful non-combatants living in our garrisoned towns to that of men in arms against us made it especially difficult for us to deal with them. It was realized that Aguinaldo from his hiding-place, wherever it might be, exercised through their local chiefs a sort of general control over these guerilla bands, and as he was insistent that the Filipinos should not accept American rule, and as he was still recognized as the head and front of the insurrection, many of us had long felt that the thing could not end until he was either out of the way, or a prisoner in our hands.

Therefore it was but natural that the telegram from Lieutenant Taylor should have created no little excitement, though as I now recollect the circumstances I do not believe that it occurred to any one of us that we would be able to do more than transmit the information for what it might be worth to higher authority, the plan which afterward worked so successfully being evolved later. It was directed that the leader of the surrendered band, with the correspondence that he had given up, be sent to San Isidro with all possible speed. With an escort of soldiers he arrived in less than two days, and proved to be a very intelligent Ilocano, giving his name as Cecilio Segismundo. After being well fed he told me the story of his recent adventures. During this recital he looked me squarely in the eyes, answered all questions frankly and apparently without reserve, and seemed to be telling the truth and keeping back nothing. This conversation was carried on in Spanish, which the man spoke quite well.

According to his story, he was one of the men attached to Aguinaldo's head-quarters and had been with him many months, his principal duty being such errands as the one that he had now been sent out on, that is, carrying official mail between the insurgent chief and his surbordinates. On the 14th of January, accompanied by a detachment of twelve armed men of Aguinaldo's escort, he had left with a package of letters to be delivered to Urbano Lacuna, the insurgent chief in Nueva Ecija province, who was to forward to their final destinations those that were not meant for him. After a terrible journey down the coast and through mountains he had, in the vicinity of Baler, encountered a small detachment of our troops out on a scouting expedition and had lost two of his men. It subsequently developed that this was a detachment of the company of the Twenty-second Infantry garrisoning the town of Baler, and was commanded by Lieutenant Parker Hitt. After this encounter Segismundo and his little band had made their way across the pass through the mountain range to the westward, and finally, twenty-six days after leaving Palanan, had reached the outskirts of the town of Pantabangan. Here, footweary and hungry, he communicated with the local *presidente*, or mayor, who had formerly acted in the same capacity for the insurgent government that he was now filling under American rule. Segismundo not

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

Before he could turn around Hilario had grasped him about the waist, and said, "You are a prisoner of the Americans."—Page 536.

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unnaturally thought that this man, like practically all of the Filipinos who in those days took office under us, was a double dealer, but this one was true to his salt. He told Segismundo that he was in the service of the Americans, and strongly counselled him to present himself to the commander of the local garrison, give up the correspondence in his charge, and in fact attach himself to the chariot of progress and be an *Americanista*. I don't suppose the loyal *presidente* put it just that way, but that is what he meant. Segismundo was loth to take so radical a step, and with his band remained in hiding in the woods. It took much diplomacy on the part of Lieutenant Taylor, the *presidente* at first acting as go-between, to get him to surrender, but he finally did so. Lieutenant Taylor deserved the greatest credit for the excellent judgement he used in the whole matter. Of course, any attempt to capture the band would have spoiled everything, as the most of them would probably have escaped. Segismundo then went on to tell of conditions at Palanan. Aguinaldo with several officers of his staff and an escort of about fifty uniformed and well-armed men had been there for several months, and had been in constant communication with his various subordinates by means of messengers. The residents of the town and most of the soldiers of his escort were not aware of his identity. He passed as "Capitan Emilio," and by those who did not know him to be Aguinaldo was supposed to be merely a subordinate officer of the insurrection.

So far we had no evidence beyond the word of Segismundo that the man who had sent him on this long journey was really Aguinaldo, and it was not impossible that the man himself might be mistaken. Our attention was now given to the surrendered correspondence. All the letters were addressed to the persons for whom they were meant, but those not in cipher contained little of importance. What there was, however, tended to bear out Segismundo's story. All official communications were signed by what were evidently fictitious names. A number of personal letters from soldiers of Aguinaldo's escort to their friends and families helped us some, as two or three of them referred to "Capitan Emilio," and one or two to the "Dictator," and stated that the writers were still with him. Not one of these referred in any way to the town of Palanan, so that we were entirely dependent on Segismundo's word so far as that place was concerned.

The cipher letters completely balked us for many hours. They seemed to be made up of a jumble of letters of the alphabet, making words in no particular language. Captain Smith, Lazaro Segovia, the versatile and courageous Spaniard who for nearly a year had done such excellent secret service work for me, and I took off our coats and even other things, in fact stripped for action, and with pencils and pads of paper seated ourselves around a table and racked our brains, while Patterson, our negro soldier cook, from time to time brought in copious libations of hot and strong coffee in order that we might be able to keep awake, for daylight became darkness, and dawn was at hand before the peerless Segovia, whose knowledge of both Spanish and Tagalo now stood us in such good stead, found the key word of the cipher, which was in the latter language, having done it by ransacking his brain for every word in that Malay dialect that he had ever heard of. Among us, we then slowly unwound the mess, and mess it was when there are taken into consideration the difficulties of reducing a cipher and of rendering it through two languages to get the letters in which it was written into English. When it was over, tired and sleepy as we were, we had left enough energy to be wildly enthusiastic over the result, for it was realized that there had been laid bare the plans of the one man who, for what seemed to be a long time had been the head and front of the insurrection against the authority of the United States. Before we had finished it was nearly noon, and despite Patterson's administrations of hot coffee we were nearly done for. We had been without sleep or food for twenty hours. Some of the cipher letters were signed "Colon Magdalo" and others "Pastor," this apparently depending on to whom they were addressed, but from their context these communications could come only from one who was recognized as the leader of the insurrection, as they gave positive orders to officers of the highest military rank. But besides that I had once heard that Aguinaldo had used "Colon Magdalo," as a *nom de plume*. The body of all of these

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letters had evidently been written by a secretary, but the handwriting of the signatures very much resembled several of Aguinaldo that I had seen in captured correspondence.

Not one of the communications, either official or personal, intimated the name of the obscure town in which Aguinaldo had taken his refuge. Two, those to Lacuna and Baldomero Aguinaldo, stated that the trusted messenger knew the name of the town where he had his head-quarters. The most important letter, and the one that was the final undoing of its writer, was to his cousin, Baldomero Aguinaldo, then in command of the insurgent bands operating in Cavite province just south of Manila.

This directed the person to whom it was addressed to proceed at once to the "Centre of Luzon," and, using this communication as authority, to supersede in command José Alejandrino, who evidently was not giving satisfaction to his chieftain. As soon as he had established himself in command, Baldomero was to direct his subordinates, that is Lacuna, Mascardo, Simon and Pablo Tecson, and possibly one or two others, to send him detachments of men until the aggregate should reach about four hundred.

These were to be made up of picked troops, and might be sent by whatever routes their respective commanders thought best. A letter to Lacuna contained nothing of importance, but was of interest for the reason that for more than a year the troops under my command had been trying to break up the guerilla bands that recognized him as chief.

After translating the letters we went to bed, but I had great difficulty in sleeping, as plans began to evolve themselves. About four o'clock I got up and sent for Segismundo. I thought the best way was to go at him boldly, now that he had apparently cast his lot with us, and told him that I was going to capture his chief and expected him to help in the operation. He had already told me that the trail leading eastward from the valley of the Cagayan was so carefully watched by outposts that any advance from that direction would be discovered days before it could possibly reach Palanan. Some months before a company of our troops had, after a most trying march, entered Palanan from that direction, but Aguinaldo, his staff and escort, had leisurely retired to the mountains in the vicinity, taking with them all their archives and records, and compelling all the inhabitants to accompany them. As we learned afterward, this was a company of the Sixteenth Infantry, commanded by Captain Cochran. According to Segismundo, the trail along the coast to the south was so carefully watched by the Negritos and Ilongotes, primitive savages, that the same conditions existed. In reply to a question as to whether an expedition from the sea, landing at night on the beach about seven miles from Palanan, would have any chance of success, he stated that the presence of any vessel off the coast would to a certainty be reported, and that, even if such an expedition succeeded in landing, it would be discovered before reaching Palanan. The prospects did not seem any too bright, and I went to bed to sleep it over. In the meantime I had taken into my confidence Captain Smith, Lieutenant Mitchell, my aide, and Segovia, and had discussed the matter with them. By morning I had thought out the general features of the plan which was eventually to succeed, and on asking Segismundo whether it was in his opinion practicable, he replied in the affirmative. There were now all sorts of details to work out, and in these matters I had much assistance from those who had been taken into my confidence. We knew exactly where Aguinaldo was, at the obscure and isolated village of Palanan, a few miles from the east coast of Luzon and very near the north end of the island. We knew that he would be expecting reinforcements from the guerilla bands in central Luzon, he having sent orders to that effect. It was settled beyond the possibility of a doubt that no force the nature of which was known could get even within several days' march of him. So the only recourse was to work a stratagem, that is to get to him under false colors. It would be so impossible to disguise our own troops, that they were not even considered, and dependence would have to be placed on the Macabebes, those fine little fighters, taking their name from their home town, who had always been loyal to Spain and who had now transferred that loyalty to the United States. As it would be absolutely essential to have along some American officers to direct matters and deal with such emergencies as

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might arise, they were to accompany the expedition as supposed prisoners who had been captured on the march, and were not to throw off that disguise until there was no longer necessity for concealment.

This plan was briefly outlined in writing and sent to the Department Commander, General Wheaton, who was stationed in Manila. This officer ordered me to Manila for immediate consultation, and approved the project, as also did the Division Commander, General McArthur. The latter was to arrange with Admiral Remey, commanding the Asiatic Station for a small naval vessel to transport the expedition to the east coast of Luzon. After a few days in Manila I returned to San Isidro to complete the plans.

On the 24th of the preceeding October, while out with a detachment of scouts and Troop A of the Fourth Cavalry, I had after an all-night march "jumped" Lacuna's camp, and after a brisk little fight in which that individual escaped we had found ourselves in possession of all his personal effects, besides much correspondence, records, and his official stationery. This last had been kept and now proved to be of the utmost value.

In order to pave the way for the bogus reinforcements, which were supposed to be those from Lacuna's command, it was considered essential to have them preceded by letters from that individual. In fact had this not been done the expedition would without a particle of doubt have met a disastrous end. Aguinaldo himself afterward told me that it was the supposed letters from Lacuna that threw him entirely off his guard and caused him to welcome the supposed reinforcements. The stationery captured in Lacuna's camp had at the top of each sheet the words *Brigada Lacuna*, in English, Lacuna's Brigade, they having been put on with a rubber stamp. It would be necessary, if we were going to utilize supposed letters from Lacuna, to imitate his signature, which was without doubt known to Aguinaldo. In captured correspondence we found several examples to serve as models, and had at hand the man to do the work. Nearly a year before an insurgent officer by the name of Roman Roque had voluntarily presented himself to me, and since then had been employed at district head-quarters as interpreter and clerk. He was an expert penman, and I set him to work practising on Lacuna's signature. I, of course, did not inform him as to the object of this work. The faithful Roque kept at it with such success that in a few days his work could not be distinguished from the original. After he had reached this degree of perfection, one of the bogus signatures was placed at the foot of each of two of the sheets of writing-paper that had at the head the stamped words "*Brigada Lacuna.*" The bodies of the two letters were not to be filled in until we were at sea.

It was now necessary to make up the personnel of the expedition. Captain Smith was exceedingly anxious to be taken along, but the nature of his duties was such that he could not be spared from San Isidro. I selected as one of the officers captain Harry W. Newton, of the Thirty-fourth U. S. Volunteer Infantry, now a captain in the Coast Artillery Corps. Captain Newton had had some experience at sea, and, besides, while stationed at Baler, about a year previously, had made a boat expedition from there to Casiguran, a town that we would necessarily have something to do with. Of course, I took along my efficient aide, Lieutenant Mitchell. Segovia and Segismundo would be very necessary, and in fact proved invaluable. But it would be necessary to have some Tagalos, as Lacuna's force, from which this detachment was supposed to come, was made up entirely of men of that race. The selection of these men was a very delicate matter, as they would have it in their power to ruin us by disclosing our real character. As will be seen they were absolutely faithful. But I would never again take such a risk, as I believe that we could have succeeded without them. None of them was informed as to what we were going to do, they merely being told that I wanted them to accompany me on an expedition. The men were Hilario Tal Placido, who was to be the supposed chief of the expedition, he being personally known to Aguinaldo. He had been badly wounded in a fight with the Twentieth Kansas at Caloocan, in 1899, and had been captured with his chief, General Panteleon Garcia, in the town of Jaen, by Captain Smith, in May, 1900, and had been released after taking the oath of allegiance. He had on several occasions shown that he was friendly to the Americans by giving me information of

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value. The other two Tagalos were young men, Dionisio Bató and Gregorio Cadhit, both former insurgent officers. The former had been captured and the latter had surrendered, both having voluntarily taken the oath of allegiance. All of us went to Manila ready to sail. General Wheaton had selected as the main part of the expedition Company D of the First Battalion of Macabebe Scouts. This organization contained about one hundred men, and had seen much service in the field. The two officers on duty with it were Captain R. T. Hazzard, of the Eleventh U. S. Volunteer Cavalry, and his brother Lieut. O. P. M. Hazzard, of the same regiment, the latter now an officer of the regular army. A weeding out of the Macabebe company so that we would have in it only men who could speak Tagalo, and so pass themselves off as belonging to that race, and the leaving behind a few who it was thought might not be able to make the long march anticipated, brought the number actually embarked down to eighty-one. Of course, it was absolutely essential for them to discard everything in the way of their equipment as American soldiers, or any attempt to pass themselves off as insurgent troops would have been worse than futile. So before sailing we obtained a sufficient supply of the clothing of the country, the most of it being second-hand material, as it would not do for the men to look neat. Even if it had been thought advisable to do so, it was considered unnecessary to clothe the Macabebes in insurgent uniforms, as the time when the great body of insurgent troops wore uniforms had long gone by. There was also obtained from the Manila arsenal a sufficient number of Mauser and Remington rifles with the necessary quantity of cartridges, all of this being material that had been captured in the field. An insurgent company armed exclusively with Krags would indeed have been a most unusual sight. Admiral Remey had designated the gun-boat *Vicksburg*, Commander E. B. Barry commanding, to carry the expedition, the object of which even he did not know. The clothing and arms that would enable the Macabebes to pass off as insurgent troops were quietly placed on board at night. The greatest secrecy had been maintained, as outside of Generals MacArthur and Wheaton, two or three officers of the district staff left behind at San Isidro, the officers who were to go on the expedition, Segovia and Segismundo, not a single man had been informed. I felt that it was incumbent on me to tell all to Mrs. Funston, who had accompanied me from San Isidro, and all through the long three weeks that we were absent from Manila the poor woman had to keep her counsel. During this time she was the guest of our old friends, Captain and Mrs. George P. Ahern.

At last everything was ready. No precaution had been omitted, and nothing was forgotten. On many occasions while in Manila I had been in consultation with Generals MacArthur and Wheaton, and when I made my last call on the former, just before sailing, he said: "Funston, this is a desperate undertaking. I fear that I shall never see you again." At the same interview he told me that some days before he had received from the War Department by cable an order to return me to the United States for muster-out of the service, but had cabled for and received permission to retain me for a short time for some special duty. Of course, as a volunteer officer, I was subject to muster out at any time, but this, coming at the time that it did, filled my heart with bitterness, and nothing but a feeling of the loyalty that I owed to my division and department commanders made me willing to go on with the apparently thankless and all but hopeless task.

On the night of March 6 the *Vicksburg* slipped out of Manila Bay, and steered south in order to pass through the straits of San Bernardino.

There was no longer any occasion for secrecy, and Commander Barry and the other officers of the vessel soon knew the object of the expedition that they were transporting. The next morning, having Segovia to assist me in order that everything would be well understood, I sent for Tal Placido, Bató, and Cadhit, the three ex-insurgent officers with us, and told them that we were going after their old chieftain, and that they would be expected to play their part, as they had all of them without compulsion taken the oath of allegiance to the United States. If they were faithful they would be well rewarded, if not, there would be but one penalty and that would be inflicted, if it was the last thing done. They seemed thunderstruck, but soon regained

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their composure, promised to do their part, and did it. They even showed no little interest and enthusiasm as we outlined to them the complicated plan which it was hoped might bring success. As they were to have important parts to play, it was necessary to confide in them fully and give them complete instructions as to what they were to do. Next came the Macabebes. No one who ever served with them would doubt their loyalty, even to the last extremity, but many of them were men of not a great deal of intelligence, and so they had to be instructed very carefully and thoroughly. This work was done mostly by Captain Hazzard, Lieutenant Hazzard, and Segovia. The little "Macs," as we called them, were quite enthusiastic over the whole proposition. Their first sergeant was Pedro Bustos, a little shrivelled old fellow who had spent his life since boyhood in the native regiments of the Spanish army, and had been decorated for gallantry in the wars with the Moros of Mindanao. He had not an atom of fear in his whole system, and when I asked him if they would stand by us until the end, he replied: "I cannot speak for the others, but I am a soldier of the United States." It was not necessary to make any further inquiries from him. Day after day the instruction of the Tagalos and the Macabebes went on, and they were often tested to see how well they knew their parts. According to the elaborate yarn that they had been instructed in, they constituted one of the companies of Lacuna's force operating against the Americans in the province of Nueva Ecija. Some time in February they had started on the march to the northward. In the course of this they had crossed the mountains between Pantabangan and Baler, and on this part of their journey had encountered a party of ten American soldiers making maps of the country. They had succeeded in surprising these men, and after a brief fight had killed two and wounded three, all of whom they had left on the ground. The remaining five had surrendered, and they had brought them along as prisoners, as they could not detach men to take them back. They were drilled over and over again in the story of this fight and march until all of them seemed to know it by heart. The Macabebes were further instructed that they must at once begin to communicate with each other in the Tagalo dialect, and not use their own under any circumstances until the job was finished. This would, of course, be absolutely necessary after we had landed and got into touch with people who were still insurgents, as they would know mighty well that there were no Macabebes on their side of the war. In the meantime every vestige of their equipment as American soldiers was taken from them and stored on the vessel, and they were rigged out in the lot of nondescript clothing obtained in Manila, and armed with the job lot of Mausers and Remingtons from the Manila arsenal. There were however, ten Krag carbines, supposed to have been captured from the unfortunate map-makers. In their new rig the Macabebes did not know whether to feel sheepish or to take a humorous view of the situation. When he saw them Hilario Tal Placido's fat sides shook with laughter, and he assured me that they would pass as real insurgents.

One of the things that Segismundo had impressed on me was that if any steamer approached the east coast of Luzon, even as far south of Palanan as a hundred miles, Aguinaldo would soon be informed of the fact by runners, and would be on the lookout. For this reason it was determined to call at some port on the east coast of Luzon and obtain several large *bancas*, native sailing boats. We were to be loaded into these some thirty miles at sea and then cast adrift, the *Vicksburg* immediately getting out of the way, so that her smoke could not be seen from shore. We were to run in to the coast at night, land through the surf the best we could, and then begin the march northward. Even if the *bancas* should be seen they would not cause alarm. Accordingly, in a couple of days the *Vicksburg* called at the town of Antimonan, on the east coast of the province of Tayabas, and I sent Lieutenant Mitchell ashore with the necessary funds, but no *bancas* were to be had except a few that were too small for our purpose. So we sailed for the island of Polillo, and there were more successful, obtaining three that among them were large enough to hold all of us, each of them having two masts with the necessary sails. These boats were taken in tow of the *Vicksburg*, and on the 12th of March, six days after leaving Manila, we headed to the northwest, bound for the mouth of Casiguran Bay. Two Macabebes were placed on each

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boat to steer them and to clear the towing lines in case they should become fouled. They had provisions and water for two days. The wind had been rising and soon began to blow a gale. The sea ran very high, the first of the two *bancas* was swamped, and went down, the two men on it crawling along the rope to the second. By four in the afternoon the sea had increased to such an extent that it was necessary to lower the ship's boats and rescue the six men, who were hanging onto the two remaining *bancas*. The *Vicksburg* was rolling and pitching fearfully, and it looked to the most of us like a hopeless job. But the gallant men of the navy went at it in fine style, and in two hours of gruelling and dangerous work had accomplished their task. Shortly after the rescue the last of the *bancas* went down, and the tow ropes were cut. So that was one part of the game that did not work. It was now necessary for us to change our plans to the extent of landing in the ship's boats at night, trusting that before daylight the vessel would be far enough away from shore to prevent her being seen.

The time had now come when it was necessary to write the two bogus letters from Lacuna to Aguinaldo, these to be on the sheets of paper that bore at their head the stamp of the former and his imitated signature at the foot. I made out a rough draft of what I wanted said, but left the actual composition and writing to Segovia, as his knowledge of Spanish was much more comprehensive than my own. One of them was dated February 24, 1901, at Buloc, a locality in the mountains of eastern Neuva Ecija, and acknowledged receipt of Aguinaldo's two letters of January 13 and 14, and at the same time thanked him for his confirmation of his, Lacuna's, appointment as brigadier-general, made some time previously by Alejandrino. There was also some news as to how the campaign was progressing, and some "airy persiflage" about the things the writer was doing to the hated invader. The second letter, dated February 28, stated that the writer had received orders from Baldomero Aguinaldo who had just assumed command of the "Centre of Luzon," to send one of his best companies to report to the Dictator. It should be noticed that the first of these letters referred to the two communications received from Aguinaldo, giving their dates as well as making reference to their contents. The second was in the line of what Aguinaldo would expect as the natural result of his letter to his cousin, Baldomero Aguinaldo. This latter letter said that the force was in command of Hilario Tal Placido, whom the Honorable Dictator doubtless recollected as one of his former officers. He had been some time previously compelled to take the oath of allegiance to the Americans, but on orders from Lacuna had returned to active service. (This was put in for fear that Aguinaldo might have heard that Tal Placido had taken the oath.) According to the same letter, the second in command was the gallant Spaniard, Lazaro Segovia, who had shown himself so much addicted to our cause. (Segovia chuckled as he wrote this.) The other two were Dionisio Bató and Gregorio Cadhit. And then there was some mere rubbish, just to fill in space down to the bogus signature. These letters were held until the opportunity should come to send them in advance of us.

Fortunately for us, the weather was thick and squally, and at one o'clock on the morning of the 14th, the *Vicksburg* having very carefully approached the coast, with all her lights screened, we were landed in the ship's boats. We were inside the entrance to Casiguran Bay, and so fairly well protected, with the consequence that we had no surf work. The darkness was intense, however, and it was raining, so that we did not feel particularly comfortable or cheerful. It would have been impossible to carry out the plan of deception if we had landed with a supply of the food ordinarily used by American soldiers, so that we brought ashore one day's ration of rice. All of us Americans were dressed as private soldiers of our army, that is in campaign hats, blue shirts, khaki breeches, and leggings. As I looked our crowd over the next morning I thought that we were a pretty scrubby looking lot of privates. There is a lot in clothes, after all. In going ashore one of the Macabebes accidentally cut himself so badly with his bolo that we had to send him back to the ship, and another got "cold feet," and hid himself in the hammock nettings. It is a safe guess that life was a burden to him after his exultant comrades returned to their native village. So it happened that eighty-nine of us, counting Filipinos and white men, landed on that dreary coast. I do not recall that

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we had any particular emotions or sensations, as we were too busy trying to make ourselves comfortable. All realized the hazardous nature of the undertaking, and without any agreement having been entered into on the subject, it was thoroughly understood that we would never be taken alive. Loyalty to our Macabebe comrades, who could not expect quarter, marked but one course for any men who made even a pretence at being soldiers.

The several hours until dawn were passed in simply sitting about and trying to keep out of the rain as much as we could. With the first daylight we made a short march in order to find fresh water. Here, with no little difficulty, fires were built, and some rice was boiled in some vessels that we had brought along for the purpose. At seven o'clock we began the march. For a while it was not half bad, despite the fact that we had not had a wink of sleep during the night. Our progress was slow owing to the nature of the beach, for it should be understood that we were following the west side of Casiguran Bay, and there were no trails through the woods. We had landed at about the same point that a force coming across-country from Nueva Ecija would have struck the beach, and this was a part of the game.

Everything was now in our favor, as we felt positive that our landing had not been discovered. I very much doubt whether a straight line drawn from the point of our landing to the town of Casiguran would show the distance to be greater than ten miles; but we could pay no attention to straight lines, as some of them would lead through water up to our necks or over considerable ridges. In other words, we had to follow the sinuosities of the coast. We waded about a dozen streams, none of them over hip deep, but the greatest nuisance was the fact that during the greater part of the march it was high tide, which, owing to the fact that the mangrove bushes came down to the water's edge in dense masses compelled us to wade pretty well out in the bay. Our salt-water wading during the day aggregated certainly five miles, and naturally added greatly to our fatigue and discomfort. About noon we discovered a small *banca*, capable of holding half a dozen men, in the mouth of a small creek. It was very desirable to send word of our coming to Casiguran, not only that the inhabitants of the village might not be alarmed by the approach of an armed force, but that supplies might be collected for us. It must be remembered that this was a town that recognized no authority except that of the insurgent government, and no Americans had ever been in it except the few who had been with Captain Newton on his boat expedition from Baler in a futile attempt to rescue a Spanish friar, held prisoner by the insurgent officials. As soon as we discovered the *banca* we concocted another letter. This was addressed to the *presidente* of Casiguran, and was written by Segovia. This communication stated that the writer was in command of a body of insurgent troops belonging to the command of Lacuna and on their way north to report to the "Dictator." It was requested that the recipient would immediately send a guide to meet the column, and have all arrangements made for the housing and provisioning of the force. After the letter had been got up I invited my corpulent friend, Hilario, to sign it. This he did without batting an eyelash. I doubt if he ever read it. We sent this missive by Segismundo, he being accompanied by Gregorio Cadhit and two armed Macabebes. The last named men had their instructions as to what they were to do in case of treachery. But Segismundo and Cadhit seemed to enter into the spirit of the thing, and took a lot of satisfaction out of fooling their former compatriots. The four men sailed straight across the head of the bay, delivered the letter to the *vice-presidente*, the *presidente* being absent, and then became the guests of the village. Really, there were some ridiculous features about the whole business. In the meantime the little column had resumed its march. At four o'clock the guide sent out by the *vice-presidente* of Casiguran met us, and we knew that so far all was well, or he would not be "among those present." We had to make a considerable détour around the head of the bay, and then entered a forest along a fairly good trail. Naturally, there was much excitement in the little town of Casiguran, and crowds of people came to meet us. Of course they thought that they were greeting some of their own victorious soldiers bringing in prisoners that they had captured. The village band was pressed into service, and we entered the town in

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great style. We had had a hard time in impressing on the Macabebes the fact that as soon as we came in contact with insurgents they must treat us as real prisoners. This was a terribly hard thing for these men to do, as from their long service in the Spanish army, as well as the few years they had spent in our service, they regarded a commissioned officer as a being almost sacred. By considerable cussing on the part of the officers of the company as well as by Segovia it was finally drilled into them that they were to obey orders regardless of their personal feelings. Among those who met us as we entered the town was the badly fooled *vice-presidente*. He was a man of good appearance and address, and seemed somewhat solicitous regarding the welfare and comfort of the supposed American prisoners. I am glad to be able to state that the general attitude of the people of the town toward us was not hostile. Of course, we were a great show, being the first Americans they had ever seen, for all of them had fled when Newton's boat expedition reached the town during the previous year. They crowded around us, and there were some black looks, and some remarks not of a complimentary nature, but in general there was nothing in their conduct to criticize. Finally we entered the plaza, the local band exuding some lively, if not very inspiring, music. The whole situation was so ludicrous that it was with difficulty we could keep from laughing, despite the peril of our position. The *vice-presidente* had directed that a number of buildings be vacated in order that the recently arrived patriots and their prisoners might be properly sheltered. I had impressed it on Segovia that it would be necessary for him and me to be so situated that we could communicate without difficulty, and he accordingly informed the *vice-presidente* that as he was personally responsible for the safe-keeping of the prisoners, he wished to be near them. This was arranged without difficulty. We were confined in a room in the municipal building, our guards being our own Macabebes, while Segovia, Segismundo, and the Tagalo officers were accommodated in a room across the hall-way. In the meantime, Segovia and Tal Placido had been talking with the *vice-presidente*. This official informed them that the march to Palanan would have to be made under great difficulties unless we could wait several days until he could collect a sufficient quantity of cracked corn to furnish us with food for the journey. We now learned to our surprise that rice is not raised to any extent in the vicinity of Palanan, but that the people subsisted almost entirely on cracked corn, fresh fish, and sweet-potatoes. For reasons that will occur to any person of reasonable intelligence, the last two named were out of the question for a long journey. The *vice-presidente* thought that in four or five days he might be able to collect enough corn to see us through the nearly a hundred miles of uninhabited wilderness that still lay between us and our goal. But it had already been arranged with Commander Barry of the *Vicksburg* that he was to reach Palanan Bay on the 25th, and, if he did not find us awaiting him on the beach, land a force and march to the town to ascertain if possible what had become of us.

We Americans were lying on the hard floor, talking in low tones as to the possible outcome of the adventure that we were now hopelessly committed to, when Segovia sneaked in, lay down by my side, and, speaking Spanish in whispers, made me acquainted with the situation. There was one comforting thing, and that was that our disguise was evidently perfect, as nobody seemed to suspect our real character. As to the question of food, we discussed the matter among ourselves, and it was unanimously agreed to push on after a stay of two days, trusting that our luck would not desert us.

In the meantime the Macabebes were being entertained by the people of the town. It can scarcely be imagined what uneasiness we felt lest one of them should have his tongue loosened by some of the *bino* that was being passed around, and ruin everything. But they simply filled up the yokels of Casiguran with wonderful yarns of their service under Lacuna in far-away Nueva Ecija, with the story of their great march across the mountains, the capture of the American soldiers now in their hands, and, in fact, most anything that would make the people proud to associate with them. The next day, the 15th, was spent in our prison, resting as well as the hard boards that we were lying on would permit. One most disquieting piece of news, fortunately false, that we received here was to the effect that the well-known insurgent general, Tinio,

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had joined Aguinaldo with four hundred well-armed men. The story did not seem at all improbable, and we did not know that there was nothing to it until we were within eight miles of our goal. The Macabebes, who also heard the story from their Casiguran friends, who thought they were telling them something pleasant, were badly worried, as it looked as if we would be outnumbered five to one; but we succeeded in convincing them that by means of a surprise we could win. Everybody in Casiguran and the surrounding country came to see us, among them being some of the Ilongotes, the most treacherous and cruel of all the head-hunting savages of Luzon. The Macabebes, supposed to be rigidly guarding us, laid it on pretty thick in telling how they had captured us. Once I saw a sergeant whose eye I had caught, start to laugh, but he got a look and a shake of the head that brought him to his senses. It would be essential, in order that Aguinaldo and those with him might not be alarmed at the approach to Palanan of an armed body, to send word to him in advance. So Segovia and I concocted another letter, supposed to come from Tal Placido, stating that the writer, in accordance with orders from his chief, Lacuna, was on his way to join him with a company of troops under the command of Captain Lazaro Segovia; in crossing the mountains he had surprised a small detachment of American soldiers, had killed two, wounded three, and was bringing five prisoners, as he could not detach men to send them back. As the main body of the two bogus letters from Lacuna was in the handwriting of Segovia, we had Tal Placido copy as well as sign this missive. In the meantime, the *vice-presidente* obtained two of his townsmen and an Ilongote to carry this letter and the two supposed ones from Lacuna. They started on the morning of the 16th and beat us to Palanan by two days. The second day of our captivity passed without especial incident. The guileless *vice-presidente* had all of this time been working like a beaver to hustle enough cracked corn to at least start us on our journey, and succeeded in obtaining about four hundred pounds, which might be considered a rather short four days' ration for our force. There was also a small quantity of dried carabao meat and half a dozen live chickens. Of course, these last would have to be eaten very soon. Early on the morning of the 17th, a gloomy and rainy day, we started on the last and longest leg of our fateful journey. We were told that the march was usually made in a week, and that but one white man, a Spanish friar, a generation before, had accomplished it. In order to carry our food supplies and cooking pots, twelve men of the town were obtained, with an Ilongote to act as guide. The *vice-presidente* and a number of the principal men of the town accompanied us for a couple of miles, finally saying *adios* and *buen viaje* to all, including the "prisoners." I wonder what this simple and really good-hearted fellow thought when he found how he had been tricked. Of the numerous ones that we made fools of, he was the only one that I ever had the slightest qualms about. I hope he is gifted with a sense of humor. The first half day lay along a muddy trail through the woods to the sea beach. Here the rascally Ilongote deserted us, but one of the Casiguran men said he felt confident he could act as guide. The presence of these men made it necessary for us to keep up the deception on the march and in camp, as the slightest word might send one of them scurrying ahead to Palanan, and the poor Macabebes were under the necessity of continuing to converse in the Tagalo dialect.

From here our course generally followed the beach, though we were occasionally compelled to make détours over mountains because of cliffs coming down to the sea. The most of the beach was soft and deep sand, though we had two days over bowlders of every size from a watermelon to a freight car. I do not believe it necessary to go too much into the details of that horrible march, as it is not pleasant reading. The rain never ceased pouring, and from the morning we left Casiguran we were drenched to the skin for a week. We waded more than sixty streams, some of them mere brooks, but others so deep and swift that we had to put our hands on each other's shoulders and go in up to our armpits. The food, soaked through and through, became a soggy and fermenting mass. The usual programme was to start at daybreak and march until ten o'clock, then stop for breakfast, resuming the march about one o'clock, and keep it up until darkness, when we would have the second and last meal of the

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day, exactly a duplicate of the first. From the start we went on half rations, and in a few days were ravenous with hunger. Of sleep we could get very little, as our bed was the bare ground, and we were exposed without shelter to the never-ending torrents of rain. Of course, the building and maintaining of fires for cooking was a matter that taxed to the utmost the ingenuity of our Macabebes, used as they are to taking care of themselves under all sorts of conditions. To eke out our food supply, a few small fish were caught in their hands by the Macabebes, and they scraped limpets from the rocks and gathered snails. All of these things, however, could not help out much with the now one hundred and one of us including the Casiguran men. The snails, limpets, and small fish were stewed up with the corn, and made a revolting mess. One funny thing happened, and gave us all a much-needed laugh. It was a pitch dark night and the Macabebes had just set before us on this occasion a stewpot containing this delectable mixture. Mitchell, who was ravenously hungry, drew a fish about three inches long, and had downed it before he realized it had not been dressed. Then and there his gorge rose and he became violently "sea-sick." We laughed at him so much that his temper rose perceptibly. On the night of the fifth day out of Casiguran we lay down supperless. Segovia had developed a terrible abscess in one of his feet, but the plucky Spaniard never faltered. (When we finally got on board the *Vicksburg*, the surgeon opened up his foot and gave him relief.) All day of the 22d we stumbled along in a half dazed condition, marching the entire day without food. Our men were scattered for a mile along the beach, some of them so weak that they reeled as they walked. It was plain that the end was at hand, but we were approaching our destination. It seemed impossible that the madcap enterprise could succeed, and I began to have regrets that I had led all these men to such a finish, for it must be remembered that we still expected to have to fight Tinio with his four hundred men, and it did not now seem that there was any fight left in the outfit. Every mile during this afternoon we expected the crackle of rifle fire from some cliff. About five o'clock we saw a man ahead of us along the beach, evidently watching us. The crisis was at hand, and Segovia went to meet him, while we made some attempt to close up the column. We breathlessly watched Segovia and the man while they were talking, and saw the latter hand the former a letter. Segovia came limping back down the column, and as he passed us Americans said in Spanish, "It is all right. We have them." What a load it lifted off our minds! We were now within ten miles of our quarry. The letter, which Segovia opened and read at once and then passed to me, was from Simon Villa, Aguinaldo's chief of staff, and was addressed to "Lieutenant-Colonel Hilario Tal Placido." Although it showed that our ruse was working and that our real identity was not even suspected, there was in it one thing that disturbed us greatly, this being an order that the five prisoners should not be brought into Palanan, as they might find out that the "Dictator" was there, but would be left under a guard of ten men at the place known as Dinundungan. Just think of living in a place with such a name as that! We had in some way to circumvent this plan, and succeeded, though it brought us nearer to disaster than any other thing connected with the expedition. We marched two miles further up the beach and reached Dinundungan, which was not a town but merely the name of a locality, it being the point where a trail from Palanan, eight miles distant, reaches the beach. Here we found an old Tagalo in charge of a few Negritos just completing a couple of small grass-roofed open sheds, one of which was for the prisoners and the other for their guard. It was already dark, and again we lay down supperless to bed, if one could call the water-soaked ground by such a name. In whispers we discussed the situation, and before going to sleep had worked out our little scheme. But we had to have food, or the march of eight miles would be out of the question, so Hilario wrote a note to Villa reporting his arrival at Dinundungan, and stated that in the morning he would resume the march to Palanan, but that food was necessary, as his men were so weak from hunger that they could go no further. The orders directing that the prisoners be left where he then was had been received, and would be complied with. This letter was sent to Palanan by one of the Negritos, and by daylight a sufficient quantity of cracked corn to give us all a fairly satisfac-

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tory meal had arrived. This incident was the basis of the charge afterward made and harped upon by certain people in the United States, that being in a starving condition we had begged Aguinaldo for food, and had then violated his hospitality by using the strength thus given us to capture him. We had simply fooled him into supplying us, as he thought he was rationing his own troops. Had we, disclosing our identity, asked for quarter, and that food be furnished us, and had then turned on him, the case would have been entirely different. I would be very much interested in seeing the results of a surgical operation performed on the skull of a man who cannot readily see the radical difference between the two propositions. I do not think that even "sweetbreads" would be found. At last, morning came on the great day, nine days after we had landed from the *Vicksburg*, and we set to work to pull the wool over the eyes of the old Tagalo who had constructed the sheds, and who knew that the prisoners were to be left with him. It was taken for granted that if we boldly disobeyed the instructions he would light out to Palanan with the news. An attempt to seize him was considered too risky, as some of the Negritos might get away and give the alarm. So we again had recourse to the pen, which certainly is sometimes mightier than the sword. We picked out one of the most intelligent of the Macabebe corporals as the man who was to be left in charge of us with a guard of nine men, and gave him his instructions. A letter to him from Segovia was then prepared informing him that a messenger from Palanan had been met on the trail with a letter from the chief of staff revoking previous instructions relative to the prisoners, and directing that he immediately follow with them. At eight o'clock the main column left on the trail to Palanan, leaving us with our guard. In about an hour two of the Macabebes came running down the trail and very ostentatiously handed to the corporal a note, which he showed the old Tagalo, who was able to read it, it being in his dialect. The old fellow merely remarked that he did not see why they had put him to so much trouble if they did not intend to use the shelters. This disposed of him, and with our guard we set out along the trail, the two Macabebes who had brought the bogus letter accompanying us. Fortunately, we now had with us only our own people, and were relieved from the trying necessity of watching every action for fear it would arouse suspicion in the minds of the Casiguran men, who were with the main body. The trail led in a north-westerly direction and was very muddy, as the sunlight seldom reached the ground in those dense and gloomy woods. Despite our breakfast, we were very weak, and were six hours in covering the eight miles. Of the Americans, Mitchell and I were in the worst shape, the Hazzards and Newton standing it better. I had to lie down flat on the ground every few hundred yards to get a rest of a moment or two. We crossed and recrossed many times by wading a small branch of the Palanan river. About half-way to the town we were disturbed by meeting a Macabebe sergeant and one of the privates, coming back along the trail as rapidly as they could. The two men were out of breath, and simply motioned frantically to us to get off the trail and hide in the woods. This we did, and they joined us. The sergeant quickly explained that some real insurgent soldiers were on the way to Dinundungan to take charge of us, in order that all the men of our party might be able to come to Palanan. Soon we heard the men come splashing along laughing and talking. They passed within thirty feet of us, as we lay close to the ground, almost fearing to breathe. If they had met us in the trail or discovered us in our hiding place it would have all been off then and there, as they would have insisted on taking charge of us and conducting us back to Dinundungan. A fight would have been the result; the firing would have been heard in Palanan, and the least that could happen was that the quarry would escape. For we now knew, having been so informed by the old Tagalo at Dinundungan, that the story of Tinio having reached Palanan with four hundred men was a myth, the only troops there being about fifty men of Aguinaldo's escort. Anyhow, this was the closest call the expedition had, and it owed its salvation to the quick-witted Segovia. The main body that he was with had met the detachment in the trail, and upon inquiry had learned from the non-commissioned officer in charge his instructions. Detaining the man in conversation for a moment, he man-

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aged to step aside and whisper to one of the sergeants to hurry back down the trail and warn us.

We resumed our march, having had a fine scare. It was not desirable to catch up with the main body, as we correctly presumed that some officers might come out from Palanan to meet it, and see that the orders regarding the prisoners were not being carried out, so that we kept some distance behind it until we realized that we were approaching the town, and then hurried on as much as possible.

The main interest now centres in the adventures of the main column, the one by which the actual capture was made. About a mile outside the town it was met by a couple of insurgent officers, who escorted them the remainder of the distance. About three o'clock they approached the Palanan River, here about a hundred yards wide and quite deep, and saw the town on the other side. The only way to cross this stream was by means of a rather good-sized *banca*. Hilario and Segovia crossed with the first load, leaving instructions for the men to follow as rapidly as they could, form on the opposite bank, and then march up to Aguinaldo's house, where they would find him. The boat was to be sent back to await our arrival. Segovia and Hilario now had a most trying half hour. They called on Aguinaldo at his head-quarters, and found him surrounded by seven insurgent officers, all of them armed with revolvers. Outside, the fifty men of the escort, neatly uniformed and armed with Mausers, were drawn up to do the honors for the reinforcements that had made such a wonderful march to join them. Segovia and Hilario entertained those present with stories of the march from Lacuna's head-quarters, and were warmly congratulated on having made it successfully. Segovia took his position where he could look out of one of the open windows and see when the time had arrived. Finally, the Macabebes under Donisio Bató and Gregorio Cadhit marched up, Segovia stepped to the head of the stairway outside the house, for they were in the second story, and signalled to Gregorio, who called out, "Now is the time, Macabebes. Give it to them." The poor little "Macs" were in such a nervous state from their excitement over the strange drama that they were playing a part in that they were pretty badly rattled. They had loaded their pieces and were standing at "order arms," as were the men of the escort facing them on the other side of the little square. They fired a ragged volley, killing two men of the escort and very severely wounding the leader of Aguinaldo's band, who happened to be passing between the lines when fire was opened. Aguinaldo, hearing the firing, and thinking that the men of his escort had broken loose to celebrate the arrival of the reinforcements, stepped to the window, and called out, "Stop that foolishness. Don't waste your ammunition." Before he could turn around Hilario had grasped him about the waist and thrown him under a table, where he literally sat on him, and Hilario was a fat man. I had given the most positive orders to the effect that under no circumstances should Aguinaldo be killed, and that no lives should be taken unless it was absolutely necessary. But as Segovia dashed back into the room several of the officers started to draw their revolvers, and he opened fire on them, hitting Villa three times, who was tugging to get a Mauser automatic pistol out of its holster, and also wounding Major Alhambra. Villa surrendered, as did Santiago Barcelona, treasurer of the so-called republic. Alhambra and the other officers leaped from one of the windows into the river, the house standing on the bank, and escaped by swimming. As Hilario grasped Aguinaldo, he had said, "You are a prisoner of the Americans," so that the fallen "Dictator," as he now called himself, had some sort of a vague idea of what had happened to him.

In the meantime we Americans with our supposed guard had reached the river, jumped into the *banca* waiting for us, and had paddled across in frantic haste. Running up the bank toward the house, we were met by Segovia, who came running out, his face aglow with exultation, and his clothing spattered with the blood of the men he had wounded. He called out in Spanish, "It is all right. We have him." We hastened into the house, and I introduced myself to Aguinaldo, telling him that we were officers of the American army, that the men with us were our troops, and not his, and that he was a prisoner of war. He was given assurance that he need fear no bad treatment. He said in a dazed sort of way, "Is this not some joke?" I assured him that it was

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not, though, as a matter of fact, it was a pretty bad one, on him. While naturally agitated, his bearing was dignified, and in this moment of his fall there was nothing of the craven. He is a man of many excellent qualities, far and away the best Filipino I ever was brought in contact with. It was well known that he was a man of humane instincts, and had done all he could to prevent the horrible atrocities committed by some of the guerilla bands that now made up his forces, but under the circumstances his control over them was limited. The wounded Villa was more inclined to stand aloof, but we dressed his wounds, thereby mollifying him somewhat. Barcelona was as mild as could be. There was some difficulty in getting under control the wildly excited Macabebes. A lot of them insisted in throwing their arms about us.

Aguinaldo's escort in their flight had dropped eighteen rifles and about a thousand rounds of ammunition, and these we now gathered up. It was regrettable that two of these men had been killed, but there was no help for it. The escort had to be surprised and quickly scattered. If we had sent our cards to them, told them who we were, and invited them to retire, as some lady-like persons in the United States afterward insisted that we should have done, it would merely have exposed our own men to a volley from them, and it scarcely could have been less fatal than the one that they received from us. The lives of these two men were of small moment counted against those that would have been lost had the insurrection continued. Few men have died to better purpose.

We supposed prisoners now took command. Aguinaldo, Villa, and Barcelona were confined in a room in the house and made as comfortable as possible. We posted guards all about the building and searched it thoroughly, finding great quantities of the correspondence of the insurgent government, showing that Aguinaldo had all of the time been in touch with his subordinates, even with those in the far-away Visayan Islands. We recaptured the two bogus letters from Lacuna and the one from Hilario at Casiguran. We had now no further suffering from food, as we found cracked corn, rice, sweet potatoes, and chickens. The inhabitants of the town had fled to the last man, woman, and child, so that we merely helped ourselves. There was no destruction of property and we left the town in as good shape as we found it. Lieutenant Mitchell had a small camera, carried on the march for him by one of the Macabebes, and took some interesting photographs. Aguinaldo, whose gameness and general bearing won our hearts, wrote and handed to me a brief note, congratulating me on the outcome of the perilous expedition. In fact, the pleasantest relations were soon established between captors and captured.

We had made careful estimates of the distance marched each day, estimating at the rate of a mile and a half per hour, certainly conservative enough, and found that since landing from the *Vicksburg* we had covered one hundred and ten miles: twenty from the point of disembarkation to Casiguran, eighty-two from there to Dinundungan, and eight from the latter place to Palanan. It could not be less and might be ten or more miles farther.

The *Vicksburg* was not to be in Palanan Bay to take us on board until the 25th, so that we were compelled to wait over one day but, owing to our condition, this was a godsend. We spent the day in resting, sleeping, and eating. One of us American officers remained in the room with the prisoners all the time, day and night, this being at their request because of a wholesome fear of their hereditary enemies, the Macabebes. Early on the morning of the 25th we set out for the beach at Palanan Bay to meet the *Vicksburg*, the direction being northeast. The distance was two miles less than that over the trail to Dinundungan, being only six miles. But there was such a multiplicity of trails leading in all directions that we lost much time, as we had no guide, and none of the prisoners knew the way. Many of the Macabebes suffered severely from their bruised feet, and Segovia had a hard time of it. But all things end sometime, and at noon we again saw the Pacific, and far out on it a wisp of smoke, the *Vicksburg* coming in. We had brought from Palanan a bed sheet to be used in signalling, and when the vessel was two miles out Captain Newton wigwagged the message, "We, have him. Send boats for all." Soon came the reply, "Well done." Finally she anchored and we could see the boats being lowered. It will be remembered that in

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the firing at Palanan the leader of Aguinaldo's band had been badly wounded. It was considered only right to take him to Manila for treatment, and he had been brought down the Palanan River in a canoe by two of the Macabebes, they being furnished with a pass by Villa in order to protect them in case they should fall in with insurgents. They arrived about this time, the place where we had reached the beach being not far from the mouth of the river. The surf was very ugly, but the boats came bucking through it, Commander Barry being in the first one. One of them was upset and we had great difficulty in getting into them, and were all drenched, but that was nothing. The greatest difficulty was with the wounded man.

As we rowed alongside the crew cheered time and again. We were soon on board and en route for Manila, sailing around the north end of the Island. The prisoners were treated with the greatest courtesy, being entertained in the officers' messes, and sitting about on deck whenever they desired. On the morning of the 28th we entered Manila Bay with all our lights screened, as it was desired to keep the return of the expedition secret. At six o'clock I left the *Vicksburg* in her steam launch, being accompanied by Lieutenant Glennon, executive officer of the vessel, Lieutenant Mitchell, and the three prisoners. We steamed into the mouth of the Pasig River and up through the city to the Malacanan Palace, the home of the division commander, where we all went ashore. General MacArthur was just rising, and came out in a wrapper to meet me. He shook hands, looked at me in a quizzical way, but did not ask a question. I said, "Well, I have brought you Don Emilio." The general could scarcely believe it, and asked, "Where is he?" I replied, "Right in this house." As soon as he could dress the general came out and greeted cordially all of the three. We all sat down to breakfast, but Aguinaldo was not very talkative, being apparently somewhat overcome. But the general put him at his ease finally, and told him that he would immediately send for his family, whom he had not seen for a long time. The general got off his official despatch, and then the news was made public. To say that the city was wild with excitement mildly expresses the condition. It was now the opinion that the war that had wasted the country for so long a time was at its end. In the meantime I had hurried to tell the news of my return to the poor woman who for three long weeks had waited in an agony of suspense. A few days later General MacArthur sent for me, and as I entered his office said with a very serious look on his face, "Well, Funston, they do not seem to have thought much in Washington of your performance. I am afraid you have got into trouble." At the same time he handed me a cablegram announcing my appointment as a brigadier-general in the regular army. The other officers, all of whom had splendidly done their parts, were also given commissions in the regular army, while Segovia, Segismundo, the three Tagalos, and the Macabebes were given appropriate rewards in various sums of money.

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JOHN FLINT, DEPUTY-CHIEF

By Lawrence Perry

ILUSTRATIONS BY JOHN ALONZO WILLIAMS

THE new fire commissioner, lounging in swivel chair, concluded his remarks to the deputy-chief with a wave of his hand and a shrug of his shoulders.

"You know, Flint," he said, "there is such a thing as being too careful. Keeping up a record of never losing a man and not obeying your superior officer don't go together, always, remember that."

John Flint, who was on his way out of the office, turned abruptly.

"The floor fell, sir, didn't it?"

"You told Chief Ronan you had ordered your men off that floor." The commissioner had swung around to his desk and was speaking over his shoulder. "He told you to put them back again; you didn't, and the fire jumped to the next building—and that's the anwser."

The commissioner watched Flint as he flushed and walked silently to the door.

"That's the answer," added the commissioner as a parting shot. "And next time you'll be up on charges."

As the door closed the commissioner glanced at the chief, who had been standing rigidly in the middle of the room.

"Was that right?"

"It'll do," was the short reply. "Next time, though, I'll press the charge. John Flint nor nobody else will make a monkey of me."

The commissioner regarded him with keen, humorous eyes. He was "green" and he was young, but he knew neither fear nor Tammany, which are one and the same thing—sometimes.

"You're right, Ronan, nobody's going to make a monkey of you if I can help it. . . . I can't save you from yourself, though. If Flint had carried out your orders you'd'a'had two lost companies—thirty-two dead men—to answer for. That's carrying professional jealousy too far, chief."

"He had the floor overweighted with water," blazed the chief.

"You didn't prove that and Flint's men"—the commissioner tossed his hands and picked up a letter. "Now chop it all out. The incident's closed. Flint's a great fireman and you're a great chief. The city should be proud of you both. Let it go at that. There's plenty of room for both of you in the department. But there won't be if this keeps up, believe me." The commissioner turned to the letter and Chief Ronan walked to his own office, muttering that there was not sufficient space for both of them as it stood, and that he had his own idea as to the one who would have to make room.

John Flint sat for a minute as his gig drew up in front of his home on East Fifteenth Street. Then climbing down to the sidewalk he turned to his driver with a soft look in his steel-gray eyes.

"Hit the gong, Tom," he said.

Before the clanging had ceased to sound, the front door opened and a little boy dashed down the steps and made a flying leap into his father's arms, who, without breaking the motion, lifted him deftly up to his shoulder.

"Ho!" cried the boy, kicking his heels delightedly, "that was the time, daddy. Wasn't it a fine jump?"

"I should say so," laughed the father. "Some day, Jackie, if you keep growing like you have, you'll jump clean over my head."

He looked up at his wife, who stood framed in the light of the doorway, smiling down at them.

"Come, John," she said, "you give me little enough of your company without wasting it all there on the sidewalk."

Flint chuckled, waved to his driver, and then ran up the steps.

Nights when his big, wonderful father dined at home were banner nights for Jackie. For then his mother permitted him to skip his bedtime hour and remain

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at the table until dinner was finished and his father was free to put him to bed. And all this was a great event in the life of that little five-year-old and a great, golden event for John Flint, ordinarily. But to-night he was not himself, altogether. Jackie, of course, didn't notice it, but the mother did and her eyes were filled with concern. She had a sweet, youthful face; a striking face, beautiful, if only because of it's spirituality; physically she was not strong.

"Dad," said the boy, "I dreamt last night you was caught in a black place—o-oh awful black and dark and—and—then I woke before you got out."

Flint laughed abstractedly and reaching over tousled his son's head. But the face of his wife turned toward the two was marked by a strange dread.

"You mustn't dream such things, Jackie," she said sharply.

"No, Towser," said the father, "a boy like you should dream of fairies and Santa Claus and things."

Something in their tones made the child feel something and he looked at them with blinking eyes for a moment until his mind ran to other thoughts.

The ticker in the hall sounded an alarm and the wife's lips moved, as was her wont in an invocation of safety for those responding to the summons.

Flint moved impatiently.

"I'm glad the commissioner has ordered those things taken out of the houses!"

His wife looked at him for a moment in surprise.

"What's the matter, John," she asked in a low, quick voice.

"Why that jigger has bothered you—and other women——"

"I didn't mean *that*," she interrupted. "Your mood—I——"

She stopped with a questioning look.

"Ronan had me before the commissioner," he said responsively. "The commissioner was too straight and too wise to take up charges, but the chief is down on Fourteenth Street with Scanlon, now."

His wife did not speak for a moment. At length:

"I wish you were out of the department, John. You've served twenty years; they'd let you retire—and you have that fine offer from the hose supply company. Please, John. I said I wouldn't mention it again, but please!"

Flint's eyes became steel and his jaws bulged. Then his face softened and arising he walked to her chair and caressed her hair.

"It's not because of Ronan, dear, you know that," she added.

"I know, but you mustn't be silly, girl. I can't retire, now, with things this way. I've tried to be white with Ronan, but what's the use. I won't any more. I'm going to fix him now—and I think I know how to do it." He looked at his watch. "I must be out awhile to-night—at my quarters." He turned to the boy.

"You won't mind, old man, if I put you to bed to-morrow night instead? I've got a lot to do."

The child tried to be brave and succeeded, but his lip quivered. The mother jumped up with quick concern.

"Not to-night, John. Oh, don't leave it for to-morrow. Just fifteen minutes, something makes me af—" she compressed her lips. "It will only delay you fifteen minutes. He's been talking about it all day."

Flint glanced at his watch again and laughed in the hearty way she loved.

"All right, Towser," he said, "you and I are booked for a dandy scrap." And they had it while delighted squeals from a very small boy and great, deep chuckles from a very big man filled the house.

"Now ain't you nearly broked in two?" queried the boy at length, sitting astride his father's chest. "You should say so?" he suggested as Flint lifted him to the bed.

"Yes, I should say so, you little giant-killer. . . . Now then off you go to sleep if you want to grow up to be a big man."

And so the boy went to sleep while the father sat for awhile looking out over the street where the gloom of twilight was beginning to settle.

As he kissed his wife at the door she looked up at him.

"Aren't you glad you waited? Come back soon to me, John."

"Yes. Good-by."

She turned on the sill.

"John!"

"Yes?"

"Good-night, John."

"Good-night."

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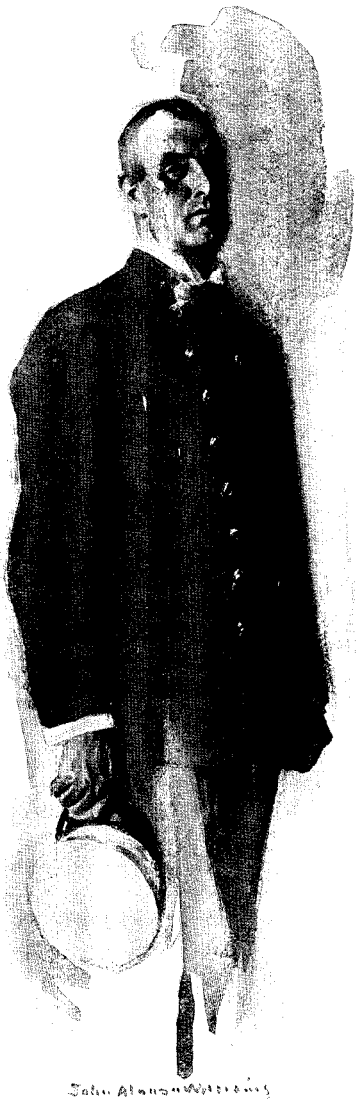
She closed the door lingeringly.

The evening life of a hot, humid street on the lower East Side was beginning when Flint arrived at the truck house where he made his head-quarters. From the windows of the tenements overhead and from the fire-escapes came an intermittent murmur of voices, pierced sometimes by the sharp cry of a sick baby or the harsh admonition of a mother to her children; the clatter of crockery falling and breaking on iron escape landings.

A hurdy-gurdy was rattling away in front of the tawdry notion store next the station, and half-clad youngsters, hand in hand, were skipping, pirouetting, swaying in rythmic abandon. There were women, babes in arms, seated in chairs and boxes on the sidewalk. The dull roar of the elevated railroad came from Allen Street a block eastward and the gong of an ambulance out on a heat case clattered insistently and then died away. Above the street the walls of the houses were amorphous shapes, punctuated by faint blurs of light and thin, watery stars hung vaguely in a characterless sky. Everything seemed adrip: in the heavy atmosphere a myriad odors were merged, the reek of the street, which neither lifted nor disintegrated. The deputy-chief replied absently to the salute of the man at the desk and glanced with a faint smile at a young probationer, who sat on the running-board of the truck, drinking from a cold, moisture-beaded bottle of milk. The deputy had one of those wonderful faces in which strength, kindliness, and sweetness are perfectly joined. None of his division feared John Flint, but all respected him as strong men only can respect a stronger man. The company captain joined him as the horse was taken from the gig, and the two moved to the open doors, conversing. A woman who had been waiting there advanced diffidently, holding her small son by the hand.



John Flint turned abruptly.—Page 539.

"Thought I'd come out and tell you that the boy is all well, Chief, thanks to you and the milk you been sendin' around and the doctor——"

Flint's big, genial voice interrupted.

"Now, now Mrs. Maguire, that's all right. So here he is, eh?" rubbing his hand over the child's head. "Sure, sure he's all right now; such a little husky couldn't be under the weather long, could he, Billy?" And how proud that boy was as his mother led him away!

Old Giulio, the ice-cream man, who smiled on all children whether they bought or not, came up pushing his cart before him and the captain called the probationer, gave him fifty cents and told him to round up the dancers and the other children and buy them hokey-pokeys until the money ran out. Then he and the chief stood for awhile chuckling deeply as they saw the urchins scrambling and scuffling about the lovable old Italian and the tall young fire-

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man who was beginning to learn what it meant to eat smoke.

For half an hour thereafter Flint sat in his office, the door closed, his eyes fixed vacantly out of the window. Finally, he leaned over the desk and drew the telephone to him, calling the number of a great newspaper on Park Row.

"You remember sending a man to me last month on that Prince Company hose contract," he said to the city editor, "Flint—yes. If you send your man Arnold around here about ten o'clock I think I can give him some information. Good-by."

He took from his desk a sealed envelope, opened it, and carefully perused a report, which one of the heads of the clerical department had secretly compiled and forwarded to him.

It involved one of those official discrepancies that sound worse than they really are—something which a slight deviation from correct analysis would permit the formulation of charges sufficiently serious, to annoy Ronan and make him squirm but not calculated to hold water on trial. As Flint read them over he recognized this and he sat back with eyes closed, casting about for the best method of giving the facts as revealed their worst complexion. Suddenly he leaned forward and cast the papers into a drawer with a gesture of contempt.

"A new sort of business you're in," he muttered. "You ought to be proud of yourself!" For a few seconds he sat silent, then started in his chair. "You'll not play with cards under the table, anyway," he said, seizing the telephone. He had started to call the chief's office when a fireman entered with word that young Talbot, a settlement worker of the district, was downstairs with a party of French noblemen.

An alarm outside the district had come in as the visitors entered and they were just in time to see the three big horses dash to their places and the firemen to drop one after another down the sliding poles, standing grouped about the heads of the animals in accordance with the regulation that "second-out" companies shall remain in readiness for a possible second alarm. Flint had just flashed down the pole and was shaking hands with the settlement worker when the indicator sounded a few sharp strokes. Figures darted here and there; there was a pounding of hoofs, a glitter of metal and woodwork, a hurried apology from Flint, and Talbot and his guests were, with the exception of the keeper, alone in the house.

As Flint's gig, with its clattering gong, dashed across the Bowery, a lurid flare lightened the heavy smoke, which was pouring over the thoroughfare from a big six-story building a block to the westward. The deputy's jaws set tight.

"It's the Dungan Paper Warehouse," he said to the driver. "The boys——"

The sharp clanging of a bell caused him to turn just in time to see a low red motor-car turning sharply in from the main thoroughfare and driving straight for the rear wheels of the gig. The officer at the steering wheel lurched heavily sidewise, pulling the wheel sharply to avoid the impending accident, at the same time shutting off the power, which was wise, for the steering gear went awry and the car lumbered up to the curb and stopped with its radiator crumbling against a brick wall.

Flint, who more than once had been beaten to a fire in his own district by Chief Ronan's automobile, could not stifle a derisive laugh as he witnessed the accident, and in another half minute he was alighting from his vehicle in front of the burning warehouse.

"Where's your chief?" he asked of a battalion chief's driver.

"He went up the stairs with the first company," was the reply. "I'll get him." As he spoke that officer came out the door, his eyes streaming, panting for breath.

"It's on the fourth floor, Chief," he said, "and going like hell. I've got the first company with a line on the stairs leading to the floor and the third company, too. The second's up there on the fire-escape."

"All right," replied Flint, and he was turning to order the second-alarm companies to stretch in from the water tower and the others to go round to the rear when Chief Ronan ran up, his white hat in his hand.

"I'll look after this," he said. He glared at his deputy. "Why didn't you send in a third alarm?"

"We don't need it yet," growled Flint, touched on his professional pride.

"Yet! The hell we don't. What do you know about it? Have you been in the

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building? Not you," sneeringly. "Here, Howard, ring in the third and hurry. This is no fire to fool with—although some seem to think so."

viewless. Flint reached out his foot and was guided to the stairway by the lines of hose. On the third floor landing the glow of his acetylene lantern fell on the ghostly forms

"Now ain't you nearly broked in two?"—Page 540.

Without waiting for further words from his chief, Flint dashed into the warehouse. The pungent smell of dry paper was all about and little wisps of smoke were swirling through the offices. On the second floor the smoke rendered everything of the relief lines and three firemen who had just come back from the nozzles above sat on the stairs fanning themselves with their hats and sucking air from water-soaked sponges which they carried suspended from strings from their suspender buckles.

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Picking up a lieutenant Flint went on up the stairs to a point where the men at the pipes lay, their faces pressed close to the nozzles, drinking what air the water brought. He could not see the pipemen. He could not see the lieutenant standing at his elbow. It was a bad smoke, full of carbon and a dose even for Flint's practiced lungs. There was a movement at his feet and the body of a probationer, deserting his comrades at one of the pipes, lurched against him. He was coughing and gagging and sobbing. Flint caught him, preventing him from pitching downstairs, and pushed him to the lieutenant.

"Take him, Pete," he said. "Get him out of this. He's gone. Send one of the relief line up."

As the officer, stumbling and grunting, dragged the half unconscious fireman down the stairs, Flint turned to the others.

"It's all right, boys," he said, and picking his way over the recumbent men he started up ahead of the nozzles.

He could catch the impression of movement below as the big two-inch streams tore through the murk, and above a hectic flush rose and fell with pulsating fury. All about was a fierce sound, a sort of reverberating growl, the sweep of a tempest, against which rose the crash of caving timbers, the swift rattling and crackling of the flames and the sharp hissing of water. Flint's breath suddenly stopped and he could not regain it. Strangling, he threw himself on his stomach, gasping for air which always runs along the bottom of the smoke and got it. One of the streams soused him and it felt cool and good. As he worked his way slowly down to his men a long tongue of flame appeared out of the lurid flush above and shot over the prone figures at the hose. Two solid streams sought its source, but it came once more, lazily, this time licking at the helmets of the firemen and searing their cheeks. Flint's voice rose huskily.

"Come on out of this, boys," he yelled. "Take your lines down to the next floor."

Grumbling, but knowing they were beaten, the men wriggled down the stairs and rallied on the third floor landing with the desperation of strong and brave men facing defeat by an element which they had been taught to hate. Flint found a battalion chief here. He had come from the ladders in through the third story rear window at the head of two engine companies with hose and a truck company with axes.

"Look here, Chief," he said, grasping Flint by the arm and leading him down the hall and into a small storeroom with plastered walls. Here he bent down and pointed with his lantern to the floor. Flint crouched for an instant and ran his hand along the surbase; it was almost red-hot. Like a surgeon engaged in diagnosis he straightened up carrying his fingers with light touch up the wall. Suddenly his hand paused and hitting the plaster a resounding smack he turned to the shadowy figure of a great raw-boned axeman who stood at his elbow.

"Punch a hole in there," he said.

A crunching blow followed and then another. Out of the hole a long, blood-red quivering tongue of flame appeared and puffed off into the smoky limbo behind, as though sentient with desire to locate and ignite some gas-laden ball of smoke, setting free the death-dealing back draft. Then came another tongue, which licked up to the ceiling and then withdrew like the flashing tongue of a snake.

Again the big truckman's axe smote the wall and the hose men dragging in a line thrust the pipe into the hole, holding it in place on a Bonner partition tripod.

Stumbling along to the west side of the building, Flint found that Deputy-Chief Ryan had discovered similar conditions. He went down the stairs shaking his head. As he came out to the sidewalk, filling his lungs with pure air, he saw Ronan in the middle of the street, by the water tower, watching the men on the fire-escapes who, as in the case of those on the inside of the building, had been driven downward. There were groups of them crouching against the third-floor wall, their helmets reversed, their heads bent low. The long, ghostly arm from the search-light engine occasionally ceased its wanderings over the face of the burning building and rested upon them. On the sidewalk white-coated young ambulance surgeons were working over the prostrate figures of firemen who had eaten more smoke than they could digest. Reporters were everywhere, taking matters in a business-like manner, but plainly interested in potentialities. The

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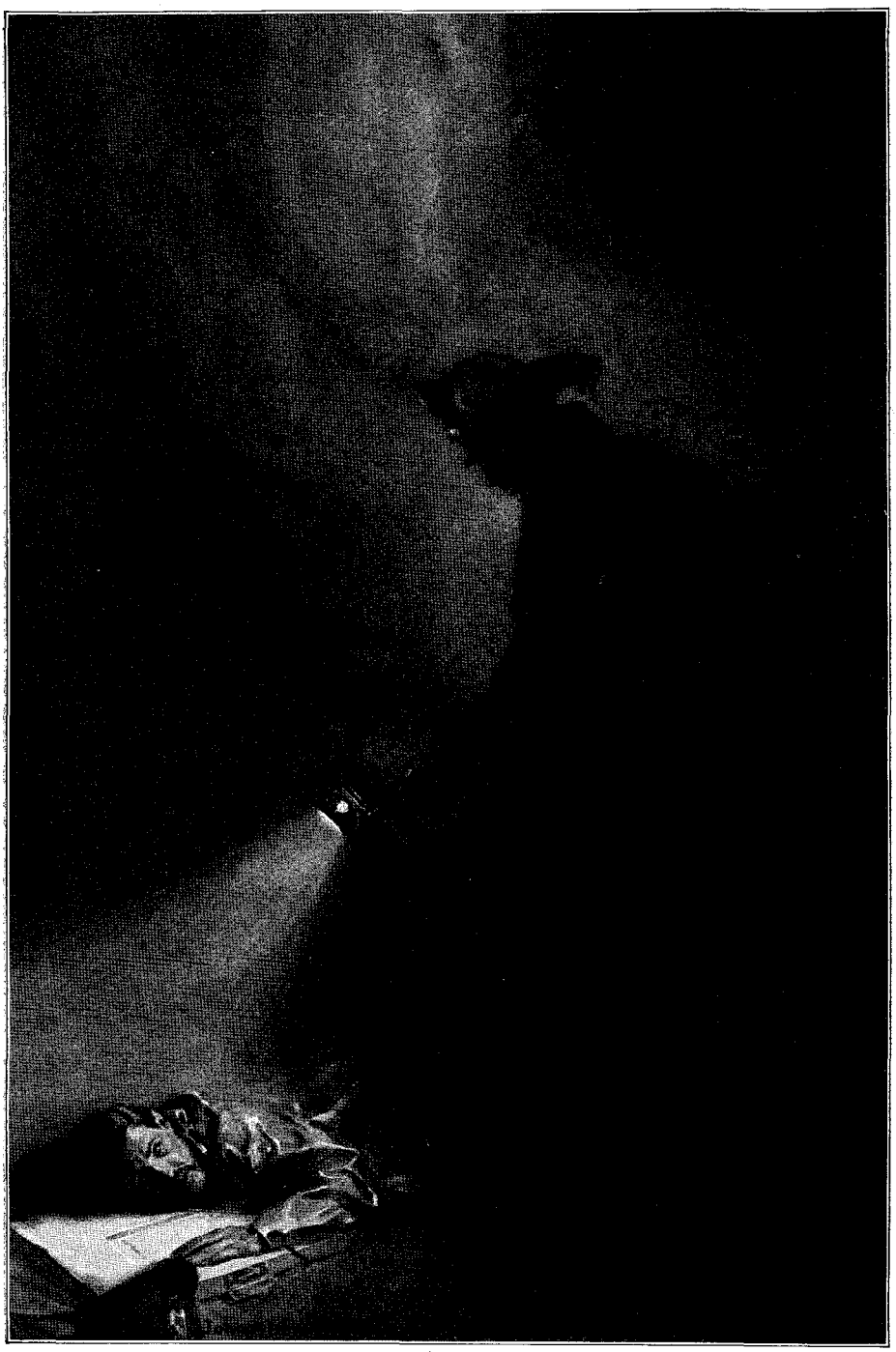

Drawn by John Alonzo Williams.

The door crashed inward . . . with the big form of Chief Ronan sprawling across it.—Page 548.

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number of firemen overcome had already made their stories worth half a column more than might otherwise have been the case and they were hungry for further developments.

Ronan was intolerant, irascible, a man with every combative instinct aroused, from the moment he tackled a big fire until it was under control. Flint was always more approachable.

"How is it going, Chief?" asked one of the reporters of him as the deputy made his way toward Ronan.

"It's a fire, son," smiled Flint.

Ronan's quick eye caught the passing dialogue, and as his deputy came up they sparkled with a venomous light.

"Did you give him your picture for the paper?" he said.

Flint did not give the chief even the satisfaction of an expression.

"The fire's backed the men down to the third floor," he said. "And—well you know the building."

The chief did know it. When he was a deputy in this district he had gone through the warehouse and made the prediction that if it ever got going good it would mean the death of a company or two, and a battalion chief at the least. But the last thing in his mind was to admit that to his assistant.

Overhead there came a soft, seething noise and a flare of light. A low-drawn exclamation arose from the throngs held in leash by the police reserves at intersecting corners. Ronan glanced upward at the great gouts of flame pouring up through the roof of the building and then looked impatiently down the street whence came the throaty whistles and jangling bells of the fourth and fifth alarm companies.

"They've kicked it up through the roof." Ronan glanced triumphantly at Flint.

"The fire's going down through the partitions and is under the third floor now," said Flint simply. "I told Ryan to get the men down to the second floor and hold ready to leave the building. Is that all right! You——!"

"Is that all right!" The chief glared at Flint. He took off his hat as though to dash it to the ground, the veins in his neck swelling. "You've ordered—them—down another—floor—and is it all right! You—!"

He paused as three firemen lurched out the door and fell unconscious on the sidewalk. A truck company standing grouped at the curb, leaning on the hooks, looked curiously at the ambulance surgeons as they rolled their comrades over on their backs and applied restoratives and then at the chief who ran past them to meet the newly arrived companies just stretching in.

"Go on in there if you've got any chests on you," he yelled. "Go to it—and cut the heart out of that fire. What are you doing to-night, anyway! Why, damn it, I'll lick this fire or—or——" he paused as a captain, a box-built man with grizzled mustache, dripping with water, hurried out of the building to their side; "well," he said, "what do *you* want?"

"Third floor's in bad shape, sir; looks like its going to come through. All the companies have been backed down to the second floor. Chief Ryan says shall he order out?"

Ronan turned his face slowly toward Flint, but the deputy had not been listening. His eyes were directed to the third floor where a great cloud of flame was bellying out of a window, tugging like a balloon at its fastenings. Instinctively Flint turned to the opposite building, a tenement, the doors and windows open. He could see the beds, pictures on the walls, and tables with their red checkered cloths set with half-finished meals. There was a lurid flash over their heads and when Flint looked at that tenement again all the signs of habitation had disappeared, the windows revealing naught but blackened walls, flaming shreds of curtains, and crumbling furnishings. A company or two were piling in, but there was little for them to do. The wave of heat had not kindled fire; it had incinerated.

Ronan came out of the tenement and Flint met him with flushed face.

"How much longer are you going to leave the boys in that warehouse, Chief Ronan?" he asked.

"What's that to you?" sneered Ronan. "You ain't in there, are you? Not you!" he added. Then suddenly out of the clogging welter of jealousy and hate and spite his professional judgment emerged clear. "Hey, Flint," and his words came like bullets, "Get every man out of this building, quick."

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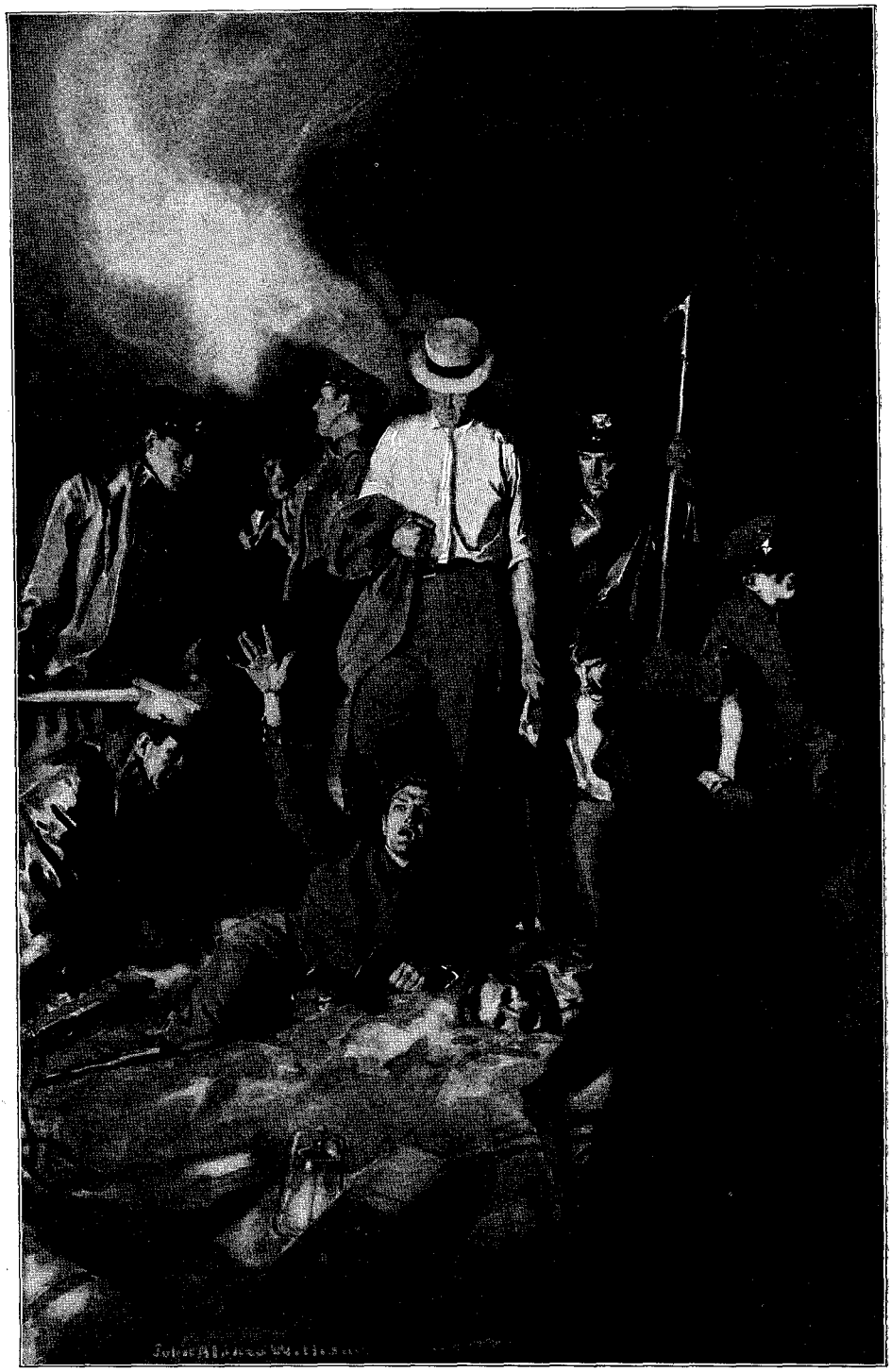

Drawn by John Alonzo Williams.

"Eighteen," screamed the driver. "Eighteen truck! Our head-quarters!"—Page 550.

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Like a shot the deputy went across the sidewalk and into the doorway. Through the viewless, choking floors, filled with red spluttering embers, went the orders that meant defeat:

"Everybody to the sidewalk!"

Slowly the men staggered out, bearing their burdens of heavy, water-filled hose, assembling by companies and listening with straining ears as the lieutenants called the rolls. Four times the quick, staccato calling of a name met with no response, and like a clammy wind word went round that men were still in the building. One of them was Flint.

Before Ronan's mouth had opened to hurl forth the rescue orders a dozen men, headed by two captains, were piling through the doorway. As they fought their way up to the second floor the stairs seemed to heave and the very building was quivering and sighing like a living thing. In the rear hallway a fireman, gasping and feeling his way with his boot, stumbled over the leg of a prostrate comrade. In a flash he bent, thrust one hand under the unconscious man's neck, the other under his shoulders, and dragged him like a sack of meal to the stairs. Two or three of the party, hurrying to the spot whence the truckman's cries that he had found a man came, ran into the deputy-chief, walking half crouched, an insensible fireman across his shoulders.

"Here, take him," he said, lifting the man from his back like a child and pushing him toward the group whose voices alone told him of their near proximity. "Two we've got; take 'em down and report to the chief. How many more?"

"One more, but he can't be got," cried an officer. "The floor's rocking now."

But there was no reply. The next instant the chief's voice bellowed up: "Every one out on the sidewalk. Flint, bring your men down! Burke's not in there! Went to the hospital. We've got 'em all. Hurry!"

As the men reached the sidewalk Ronan met them.

"All here?" he cried; "where's Flint?"

Impulsive always and from his first day as a fireman prone to do that which no other fireman had ever done, the chief ripped out an oath as the reply came that they thought the deputy was with them and that he had been on the second floor. Bounding for the stairs and calling over his shoulder that he would break the man who followed him, he jumped into the smoke and disappeared, leaving the men standing, wondering, undecided what to do.

Flint's quest for the man he supposed to be lying somewhere on that floor led him through a succession of rooms, leading to the rear of the building. In each he had circled and recircled, kicking right and left, in hope of locating the missing man, but, of course, without success. As he proceeded he knew that the way whence he had come was being closed by intervening sheets of flame, but in figuring out his course he had no thought of leaving the warehouse over the entering route. His only chance, he knew, lay in fighting clean through the building and going down the ladders or the fire escapes, or, if the necessity arose, even dropping the twenty odd feet to the ground.

As in the case of every building in his district, Flint knew it like a book, and this knowledge and his sense of direction made acute in many such emergencies as this combined to carry him along, until the smoke began to get into his brain, and the heat to clog his senses. Many times as a private he had fought fire two or more hours in smoke which rendered his side partner invisible, as many other big-lunged firemen have, but to-night his nerves were not good and experienced firemen will tell you that it is generally the nerves that go when a man succumbs and not primarily the heart and lungs.

So this stalwart veteran of constant fire-fighting suddenly brought himself up with the realization that for the past few minutes he had been wandering mechanically, without the stimulus or direction of the mind. He found himself in a room, not large, with his hand on the knob of a door which had not opened as he turned it. Ten feet from the floor a small dull square patch revealed the location of a ventilator window. The door was locked.

Instinctively he turned to retrace his steps, but the doorway he had entered framed a red glow like the mouth of a furnace. He faced about, drew back his boot and kicked the door a mighty blow. The panel cracked. As he swung his leg backward there came an answering crack from the other side and the next instant the door

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crashed inward, torn from its hinges, with the big form of Chief Ronan sprawling across it.

Quickly springing to his feet Ronan seized his deputy by the arm.

"Come on out of this, John," he said gruffly. "Remember your wife and kiddie. Come on, every one's out."

Flint heard him vaguely. Memory of the enmity which Ronan had held for him in the past year and shown upon all occasions filled his dulled brain with smouldering emotion. He tore his arm from Ronan's grasp and looked at him swaying.

"You—you, man-killer," he said. "You told the commissioner I was afraid of fire. . . . Now, damn you, see who'll leave this building first, you or me."

With an exclamation, not of anger, Ronan sprang for his deputy to drag him to the window not ten feet away. But before he could fling his arm around his neck the floor under their feet seemed to shift sidewise and all about them was the impression of a great wind rush, a horrible pressing down of an irresistible but impalpable force, which few firemen have felt and lived to tell the experience. Hurrying along the swaying floor, pulling Flint by the arm, Ronan had gained the window-sill, when there came the shriek of inrushing air; followed a rending and crackling, a succession of deafening reverberations and Ronan dizzily straddling the window-casing saw the floors come through, screaming, grinding, hissing, crunching—a fearful noise and a fearful sight, like the fall of a great city into the bottomless pit.

Flint, who had pulled away from Ronan's grip, went down in the middle of the floor. Paper bales which had been piled about the room tumbled over about him, protecting him from the impact of the overhead beams and rafters, so that as he went down and down, clear to the cellar, he experienced in all their flashing reality, the horrors of his descent and its significance. Then came the impression that he had landed lightly as a feather, as of a man falling from a tower, in a dream. Then there was darkness and a great silence. . . .

Flint moved uneasily. He heard the voice of his boy, frightened by a dream of the night. Yet there was an impression of a lapse of time. A pain shot down his back. He moved uneasily and with an instinctive movement brought his hand to his face. Then came knowledge that water was flowing upon it, water that felt gritty. He opened his eyes; there was nothing but blackness pierced by a thread-like lance of light. He closed his eyes for a second. He shivered. As in a dream he tried to rise to a sitting posture. But he could not, for a weight lay across his stomach. His hands were free, though, and they plucked feebly at the big, charred beam. Slowly he reached upward, the fingers striking against something soft. Then he let his arm fall heavily, splashing in the water, every sense awakened under the shock of realization. The paper bales had arched above him. He was buried alive.

He lay still for a few minutes and listened to the inrush of jets of water. The sound brought fear to him. Water was laving his ears; a few minutes before, as he lay with the back of his head in the water, it had not come up to his ears. Evidently the outlet had closed. With frenzied desperation he kicked out sidewise and his boot struck against something which seemed to give. Again he kicked and forced an opening through which the rising water found vent and flowed out gurgling. Flint's head fell back upon the black ooze and he gave thanks to his God. Then his arm reached out again and fell upon a metal implement, a hose spanner. His fingers closed upon it. Thus he lay for awhile.

. . . . . .

It was the night of the next day. The wife, with a face of death, but lighted by a brave smile and a little boy, were standing on the street in front of a smouldering, blackened shell, through the gaping holes of which the search-light rays were playing, and forms of men in rubber coats and battered blue fatigue caps, and wreckers from the building department, were working feverishly with pick and shovel and bar. Chief Ronan came up in his motor, and with a grave face approached the pitiful little group.

"Nothing yet?" he said in his gruff voice.

The woman shook her head.

"You ought to go home," said the chief. "This ain't any place for you two. We can—let you know."

"But why don't you get him?" said the woman in a low, monotonous voice, with

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eye that looked at Ronan, but seemed not to see him.

"We're tryin' to," said Ronan.

"But you must hurry," she said. "For he's alive. Oh, I know it! John Flint is living."

Ronan looked at her curiously, a great lump in his throat, which, never having felt before, he could not understand.

"Why don't you get him. He is alive," she repeated. "Why I have heard his voice all the time." She closed her eyes. "I hear it now."

"She's been saying that since last night," whispered a fireman who had just ceased work with a shift of men.

Ronan put his hand on the woman's shoulder.

"We'll get him if he's alive—or if he's—he stopped abruptly, "we'll get him."

"Then why don't you," replied the woman, and she sat on the curb and took her drowsy boy in her arms.

And on worked the men as only men can work who are seeking the body of a loved leader. One group was lifting charred beams and carrying them carefully to one side. Others were burrowing down among the litter, crawling through slimy black lanes and caverns which the moving of sections of débris opened.

Ronan entered the building and stood grimly watching the men. A reporter joined him.

"Is there any chance he's alive?" asked the newspaper man.

"Alive!" Ronan looked at the man. "Alive! And you've been covering fires fifteen years, Max? Why——"

A voice wild with excitement interrupted him, the voice of Flint's driver.

"Stop all work; everybody!" The words rang thrillingly clear throughout the shell of building. Every figure straightened. Ronan hurried to the driver's side.

"What's up, Tom?" he said. His voice was even, but his eyes were glistening.

"Listen!" The driver had flung himself upon the blackened pile and Ronan did likewise.

Then to their straining ears there came with gentle distinctness a faint tapping, an orderly tapping like a fire-alarm jigger.

"One"—counted Ronan with husky voice. He waited. Then: "One—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight."

"Eighteen," screamed the driver. "Eighteen truck! Our head-quarters!"

Ronan arose and there was a sweet dignity in his voice that no one had ever heard before.

"Boys," he said, "John Flint—is—right—down—there. Get him!"

As electricity travels, so the news that John Flint, missing for nearly twenty-four hours at the bottom of that mountain of twisted beams, shattered timbers, and charred bales of paper, was still living, spread throughout the district. Telephones buzzed in newspaper offices; late evening extras heralded the dramatic develoepement and the city editors of the morning papers hurried out their best men on the star assignment of the day. The commissioner came and he took the woman and the boy, sleeping now, in his automobile and kept them there, his hand resting heavily on her shoulder.

But of all these things the little groups of men, working in tense silence under the glare of the search-light engine and acetylene lanterns, knew nothing. The tapping had ceased and Tom, the driver, still lying with his ear on the blackened mound of débris, turned a strained face to the chief and shook his head. But they had located the spot and a long bar of iron with a red lantern hanging thereon marked it.

There was need of great care and that prevented haste; the premature dislodgment of a beam might well end everything. With the deliberate touch of watchmakers, the men rooted out twisted lengths of iron-work and armfuls of indeterminate substance. Something suddenly gave under the feet of three building department laborers and they went down up to their necks, landing upon something which seemed to spring under their feet. The men above ceased their work and looked expectantly at an inspector, who, having ordered the men out of the hole which had so suddenly opened under their feet, was on his knees, peering into it, his lantern suspended at arm's-length.

There was hardly a breath during the inspection. Men looked at the silent black heaps all about, filled with the awe of the thought that anything living really could be lying beneath it. Still the inspector did not stir. To and fro moved his lantern, resting here a moment, then there. At

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length, protruding from beneath a blackened bale, he discerned the uncharred end of a beam with a section of floor planking attached. He rose to his feet and pointed to it.

"Get a wall-hook and line," he said in a low voice.

A slim young building wrecker slid down into the hole, jammed the hook around the beam, and climbed out. Like spectres, twenty, thirty, forty men tailed on to the line and stood waiting. The atmosphere of tenseness communicated to the throng outside the building and there was a general surging forward which the police did not attempt to check.

"Pull gently," came the command.

The line strained and then gave a bit. There was a creaking and rending below. Another pull and the beam and the floor and the bales upon it, arose half a foot, like a trap-door.

"Stop pulling! Hold what you've got!"

Ronan could wait no longer. With lantern hooked under his arm he dropped into the hole, and then placing his face close to the fissure which the lifting beam had opened called aloud.

"John Flint, are you there?"

There was no reply and a great sigh swept among the men. Ronan thrust his arm into the opening in an effort to ascertain its size. His fingers swept against something soft. The next instant something in that limbo of darkness seized the chief's hand with a weak pressure and the voice of Ronan sounded out of the pit like a trumpet blast:

"For the love of God, pull on that line!"

After that nothing was clear—a great upheaval, the disappearance of Ronan, his sudden reappearance, dragging by superhuman effort a form as heavy as his own, his cries for help, a surging knot of figures and then a slim ambulance surgeon worming to the centre of things with flashing deftness. Flint's driver, Tom, had only one impression. Ronan had said something to his deputy, who had nodded faintly and smiled.

And outside a woman waited serene.

And her boy was still sleeping in her arms.

As they bore John Flint out to the waiting ambulance she advanced and touched his face softly. And her voice was that of a great love triumphant—a love that knows no mistrust, nor faltering, nor fear.

"John, I *knew* you were alive. I heard you when you told me."

Flint smiled wearily. When a little boy's fingers closed on his hand his eyes half opened.

"Dad," said the boy, "I been dreaming again about that black place one more time. And—and—I dreamed you got out. Didn't I, mother?"

"IT HATH BEEN ALREADY OF OLD TIME"

—Ecclesiastes, 1 : 10.

By Elizabeth E. Cardozo

Oh strange and very beautiful was Love,
New-found and radiant; yet was I aware
Of an unspoken meaning, vague as air,
That dimly with the wonder interwove;
So that in vain my groping senses strove
To fix the fleeting picture,—when and where?—
Then Love, "That distant life we twain did share,—
Hast thou brought hence no memories thereof?"

Half-hid and half-suggested, Love and Fear
And Pain still meet me with familiar ways,
And delicate meanings spoke beneath the breath.
Shall not these hinted messages grow clear
In that divulgent hour when my gaze
Shall meet the unforgotten eyes of Death?

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THE TURNSTILE

BY A. E. W. MASON

V

THE REAPER

THE great reaping-machine came swaying over the uneven ground toward her, along the edge of those glistening acres. A huge arm rose and fell, catching up the swathes of wheat and flinging them into the machine, whence they rolled out tied. Six horses harnessed behind pushed it and a man, perched in the front upon a tiny saddle, steered and controlled it. The machine was about twenty paces from her when it came suddenly to a stop. The driver leaped down from his seat. It seemed to Cynthia that the mechanism had gone wrong. She expected to see him bend over a joint or a spring. But he did not stoop. The moment his feet touched the ground, he ran straight toward her and very swiftly.

He ran with his head down, and his shoulders bent. It was a heavy rush rather than a run. Cynthia recoiled. The words of Richard Walton sprang into her mind, and her hand rose instinctively to her throat. Could she have forgotten after all to remove the string of pearls? But she had removed it. And still the man was running toward her. The fear that she wore the pearls, and the proof that she did not, had followed so immediately upon his rush that he had as yet covered only half the ground between them. It was herself he aimed at then. She cast a rapid glance toward her cart. The Gaucho was leaning down over the opposite side, and talking to some one who stood by the wheel. A cry would not bring him to her side in time. She turned, with half a mind to run. But, though her white skirt reached only to her ankles, it would still impede her. She turned back and with a beating heart faced him. And a few feet from her he stopped.

He looked at her, drew a great breath, and cried "Ah!" like a man who has reached his goal.

"What do you want?" asked Cynthia, and in spite of her efforts her voice shook.

A South American harvest finds no use for the weak. The man who stood opposite to her was broad and powerful, with a heavy, coarse face, burnt to the color of brick by the sun. The sweat streaked it, and the dirt of many a day clung to it, and it was seamed by exposure. He was of the men who move from estancia to estancia, while the harvest lasts, working from sunrise to dark, living upon *matte* tea and roasted sheep, and earning a pound a day, and thereafter lying soddened in some den until the last centavo has been squandered. A battered black hat was pressed low upon his clotted hair; a month's growth of beard straggled over his chin and cheeks. And his eyes were evil. That, more than any other quality of the man, Cynthia noticed. Their quick glance held her. She was terrified.

"What do you want?" she asked a second time, and her voice wavered still more audibly.

She stood in front of him, her lovely brows, under the big brim of her straw hat, troubled, and her great eyes wide and alert with fear. She was in the poise for flight like a startled deer, yet did not dare to turn to fly. And in the man, as he looked at her, there came a change.

He did not answer her question. But very slowly he smiled, and the smile was spiteful. He nodded his head at her; a malicious contentment overspread his face; and from head to heel his eyes inspected her. They approved her beauty and the simple daintiness of her clothes; they took note of her slenderness of hand and foot; they remarked the lines and supple youth of her figure; and through her white frock they seemed to make sure of the roundness of her limbs. Cynthia grew suddenly hot with shame. This man was appraising her—nothing less. Appraising her as if for a market! Her fear dropped from her. She cried a third time, but with spirit:

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"What do you want of me?" and if her voice shook now, it was with a quiver of indignation.

She heard the thud of horses behind her. The reaper heard it, too. Without a word, and without any hurry, he turned away from her and slouched back to his machine. Cynthia's cart the next moment was driven up to her side. She climbed into it and took the reins. The encounter had shaken her more than she had known. She was trembling, and she drove over the ground quickly, until she saw the slate roof of the house, flashing like silver, from a clump of dark trees quite near.

Then she reined in her horse and turned round. Far away at the edge of the wheat, the man and the machine and the six horses stood out black like a little toy. The clank and rattle of the iron came to her ears through the still air, faintly, like the mechanism of a toy. But Cynthia shivered as she looked back.

"Who is he?" she asked of the old Gaucho. He shrugged his shoulders:

"I do not know him, Senorita. I do not think he was here last year. They come in herds and go in herds when the corn is stacked."

Up and down, along the glistening line, the man drove his horses, and manipulated his machine. He stopped no more. With each journey a wide band of wheat went down. Thus he had been working balanced in his saddle since daybreak. So, with but a two hours' rest, he would go under the burning afternoon sun until darkness came and bade him stop. To the Gaucho he was one of a herd of men who did the like; for a few weeks here; then for another few weeks on another estancia further down the line. But for Cynthia this man stood strangely out from the herd. He had stopped her, and she did not know why. She sat and watched his slow, obstinate progression. The persistence, the physical strength of the man daunted her. There was something of nature's own relentlessness in his capacity to endure and work. She magnified him and was, at the same time, interested and alarmed. For of this she was sure. He had not stopped her merely because she was a girl, and alone. He had stopped her because she was herself. She remembered his smile, his nods of the head, his malice. He had a personal feeling, a personal animosity. She could not understand it, yet she was sure.

"How long will he stay?" she asked.

"A month," said the Gaucho.

"He was not here last year?"

"I do not recognize him."

"Why, then—" she began and did not finish the question. It was in her mind to ask, "Why does he hate me?" But she was aware at once that the Gaucho could not answer it. "And he will stay a month?" she asked again, uneasily.

"Yes, unless the Senorita wishes him to go. It will be, of course, as the Senorita wishes."

Cynthia nodded her head. There was a way out of the trouble, to be sure. But, on the other hand, she would have to say why she wished the man to go. At the recital of her story Mr. and Mrs. Daventry would be excited and alarmed. She herself would henceforth be surrounded with precautions. She determined to say nothing at all about her adventure. She would be careful during this month where she roamed. The man would be at work and it would be easy to avoid him. She gathered the reins again in her hands and drove to the house.

VI

A VISITOR AT THE ESTANCIA

Cynthia accordingly held her tongue. Nevertheless, that evening Richard Walton said to her across the dinner table:

"So you were, after all, molested by one of the hands, Miss Cynthia."

"Molested!" cried Robert Daventry, indignantly.

Cynthia's face flamed.

"Who told you?" she asked of Richard Walton.

"Pedro."

Cynthia had not thought of the Gaucho. He had seemed so entirely uninterested, so utterly unalarmed.

"'Molested' is too strong a word," she said hastily. She now meant to make as light of the encounter as she possibly could. "It was very likely my fault. I got out of the trap and walked toward the wheat. It may be that the man fancied I wished to speak to him."

"What did he do?"

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The question came from Joan Daventry.

"He sprang from his seat, ran to me, and stopped in front of me. That was all."

"Quite all?"

Cynthia nodded.

"He just stood and stared at me until Pedro drove up."

"Did he say nothing?"

"Not a word."

In spite of her resolve to treat the adventure lightly, Cynthia's voice grew troubled as she answered the questions. For she answered them with her eyes upon Joan Daventry's face, and she saw the perplexity there deepen into disquietude and misgiving. She turned toward Robert Daventry. Upon his face uneasiness was still more evident. He was plainly agitated. He sat listening in suspense. His indignation had gone.

Cynthia's fear revived under the stimulation of their anxiety. She continued slowly:

"But although he did me no harm, although he threatened none, there was something strange. He saw me at once. He ran so very quickly to me the moment I was within reach. He seemed almost to be looking out for me."

Joan sank back into her chair with a gesture of helplessness, which was all the more alarming because it was so singularly out of keeping with her character. Her eyes sought her husband's and sought them in dismay. Cynthia noticed both the gesture and the look. They kindled a vague terror in the girl. The wide brown plain was as a picture before her. She saw the great wheat-field glistening in the heat, a windwheel in a corner above a well, and this man with the evil eyes and the face of malice looking her over from head to foot.

"Yes," she said. "He seemed to be expecting me, and there was something else. He seemed to hate me"; and Robert Daventry with a cry sprang sharply to his feet.

Joan raised a quick warning hand. But the cry had been uttered; and with a sob Cynthia buried her face in her hands.

"I am frightened now," she said. "You frighten me."

Robert Daventry stood over her, clumsily remorseful, and laid his great hand on her shoulder.

"There's nothing to fear, Cynthia," he began. "Joan and I—" he broke off abruptly at a second warning from his wife. "We will pack that man off about his business to-morrow."

"Yes," said Mrs. Daventry. She had mastered her agitation, and now affected carelessness. "We can't really have Cynthia's birthday spoilt in this way."

"No, of course not," cried Robert Daventry, seizing upon this explanation of his distress. But he could not leave it in its simplicity. "It's abominable that Cynthia should have her birthday spoilt. She has only one a year, poor girl. That's what's troubling us, Cynthia. Nothing else. But it's enough to upset us, isn't it? To think that you should actually have your birthday spoilt—by one of my men, too."

So he went on, like a commentator on an ancient text, expanding the explanation, underlining it, and forcing upon Cynthia's intelligence its complete improbability. Even in the midst of her fears she could not but look with amusement toward Joan; and the two women exchanged the smile of their sex at the perennial clumsiness of man.

"He shall go first thing to-morrow morning," cried Mr. Daventry; and Richard Walton quietly rejoined:

"He has gone already. I paid him off this morning."

Mr. Daventry ceased abruptly from his vociferations.

"Thank you, Walton," he said. "Then that's ended," and he sat down.

But he had hardly taken his seat when the door opened and the parlor-maid brought to him upon a salver a folded slip of dirty paper.

"A man came with this to the door, sir. He is waiting for an answer."

Robert Daventry unfolded the slip and read the message written within it. He did not lift his eyes when he had read. He sat staring at the paper like a statue. And he sat amidst a deep silence. The cloud which had but now been lifted, had gathered once more above the heads of that small company. Though Robert Daventry did not speak, his long silence spoke for him; and though he schooled his face to composure, it was plain that he schooled it. A vague disquiet held the others at the table. Not one of them but had a conviction that this dirty, insignificant, scrap of writing announced a catastrophe.

Joan was the first to move. She walked round the table and stood behind her hus-

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band. He did not hear the rustle of her gown; and he was not aware that she leaned over him to read the message until the pressure of her hand upon his shoulder reminded him that she was his ally.

"You had better see the man, Robert," she said. "He calls late, but probably he needs help."

Thus she sought to pass the message off.

"Very well, I will," said Robert. He turned to the parlor-maid. "Bring him to my study when I ring the bell."

"I will come with you," said Joan, as the servant went out from the room.

Richard Walton rose from his chair.

"Perhaps you would like me, too?"

"No, I don't think that's necessary," replied Joan Daventry. "But, perhaps, you would stay within sound of the bell. We don't know who this man is, or what he wants. If we ring again, you would know that we needed your advice."

"Certainly, I will be upon the lookout," said Walton, and he went from the room and crossed the hall to the servants' quarters. There he would hear the bell at once should it ring for him. Joan meanwhile turned with a smile to Cynthia.

"We will leave you here for a few minutes," she said, and the composure of her voice almost reassured the girl, would indeed have quite reassured her but for Robert Daventry. She saw that his hands trembled so that the paper shook in them, even as her hands had trembled this morning when she climbed up by the edge of the wheat into her cart.

"Yes, wait here, Cynthia," said Robert Daventry, as he got to his feet; and Cynthia noticed that while he spoke to her he altogether avoided the glance of her eyes. The old couple went out of the room together, leaving her alone, and carefully latched the door behind them. In the hall for a moment they stood resting from their pretence. A broken word or two burst from Robert Daventry:

"What shall we do, Joan? This is what we have dreaded always."

Joan raised her finger to her lips.

"Hush! Speak lower. What I said was true. We don't know who he is, or what he wants. He may not be the man who stopped her in the field at all."

Robert Daventry shook his head. It was rather his nature to run to meet misfortune if he saw its shadow in his way.

"What shall we do?" he repeated.

"Money will send him away," said Joan.

"And bring him back again," replied Robert hopelessly. "Sooner or later she will know"; and Joan threw up her head at his words.

"No," she said vigorously. "No."

At her left hand a door stood open upon a dark room. This was the smoking-room. She entered the room and crossed it to the opposite wall. Then she opened a door, and, advancing into this inner room, felt for the switch in the darkness and turned on the light. Bookcases, filled for the most part with books on agriculture, lined the room, a round table, littered with papers, occupied the centre, in the recess of a window stood a writing-desk. This was Robert Daventry's study. Her husband followed her, and saw that her finger was already on the bell.

"Let us decide what we are to do," he said, "before you ring."

Joan shook her head.

"We can't. We must be guided by what the man knows, and by what he wants. Only we admit nothing," she declared resolutely; and she pressed the bell. It rang in the passage by the kitchen, but Cynthia, left alone in the dining-room, heard it too.

The moment she heard it, Cynthia rose from her chair, and ran silently to the door. She unlatched it without a sound, and drew it toward her until it was just wide enough open for her to see through. There she stood grasping the door-knob, and in a moment a heavy foot sounded in the hall. Cynthia set her eyes to the chink. She saw first a maid-servant cross the hall, and pass into the smoking-room, and after the maid a man. The man was the reaper who had leapt from his machine and rushed toward her that morning. The maid-servant came back alone and crossed the hall again to the servants' quarters. A door was shut loudly—the door of Robert Daventry's study—and then another door opened noiselessly, and opened wide—the door of the dining-room. Cynthia came out into the hall. All the color had gone from her face, her eyes were wide with terror. The man meant her harm—not a doubt of it. He had some power to inflict the harm—that was sure. Otherwise why was he admitted, why were her friends in such concern?

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Cynthia was quite alone in the hall now. Voices sounded faintly from the kitchen and in the room behind her a clock ticked. But there were no other sounds. She crossed to the threshold of the smoking-room and looked in. At the other end a bright bar of light on the floor held her eyes. The light came from the study. Cynthia watched it for a moment irresolute. But the temptation grew. She was sure that beyond that bright bar of light, behind that closed door, here in this far-away corner of Argentina, good and evil were at grips for her. A sense of loneliness suddenly possessed her, she longed for the neighborly noises of a city. And while she stood she heard her own name pronounced by Robert Daventry, and at once a harsh, strange voice rose in a laugh, loud and arrogant. She looked about her in a panic. She must fly, or she must know the truth, the whole of it, the worst of it. She stole swiftly and noiselessly into the room. Close by that bar of light a big, low chair stood against the wall. Cynthia crouched in the chair, her frock a blur of misty white in the darkness. There she remained, very still and quiet; and every word spoken in the study came clearly to her ears.

VII

BOTH SIDES OF THE DOOR

WITHIN the room the three people were standing, the reaper upon one side of the table, Joan and Robert Daventry close together upon the other. The reaper was still laughing.

"Cynthia!" he cried, repeating contemptuously the name which Robert Daventry had used. "There's no Cynthia. There's a very pretty little girl I saw this morning in the corn. But her pretty little name is Doris Challoner. And, taking all in all, it's the better name of the two."

He spoke with an easy and most disquieting assurance, but Joan had enough of that quality to meet with him in the gate. She had always been a good fighter; she had stood by her husband often enough in the early days of the estancia, when his nerve would have failed him but for her; and she was for putting up to-night the best fight of her whole long, active life. Money, to her thinking, they could make again, old as they were, if the need came. But they could not open their hearts to a second Cynthia, even if they could find one.

"Nonsense," she answered, boldly. 'Her name is Cynthia Daventry."

"Where was she born, then?" asked the reaper.

"In Patagonia."

"Never in this world," cried the man. "She was born in Concepcion, and that's her farthest south."

Joan shrugged her shoulders.

"We ought to know. She is my husband's niece."

A grin overspread the reaper's face.

"And is that so?" he asked, in a mock surprise. "I wasn't aware of it."

"Well, you are now," said Joan.

"Yes, and the news alters our relations altogether, doesn't it?" he said pleasantly.

He tossed his battered hat upon the table, pulled out a chair, and sat down in it at his ease, his legs stretched out, his hands deep in his pockets. He nodded familiarly to Joan.

"How do you do, sis?" He turned his face toward Mr. Daventry, "You have got a nice little place, brother Robert. Shows what honest work can do if persevered with day after day for a great number of consecutive years. Quite a nice little place. You haven't, by any chance, got a nice little cigar too, have you, Robert, for your long-lost brother?"

Robert Daventry's face grew red, and the veins swelled upon his forehead. He was a man quickly moved to passion, and quick, too, the passion exhausted, to swing back into doubts and hesitations. He blew either hot or cold, and, sooner or later, he was sure to blow cold. Now, however, his temper was up, and he brought his great fist down with violence upon the table.

"What do you mean by your insolence?" he shouted. "Stand up!"

Joan laid a hand upon the old man's arm, to restrain him. The reaper, for his part, never budged from his attitude.

"You have got a nerve," he said. "You tell me a pack of lies—that's all right, you've got money. But when I take you at your word, it's 'insolence' and 'stand up.' How's that, if you please?" He sat and laughed for a little in contemptuous jerks. "Your niece, indeed! The girl's my daughter."

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Neither Joan nor Robert believed him for a moment. They thought of Cynthia, and compared that image at their hearts with the actual man who sprawled on the chair in front of them. Robert counted him up, his heavy features, his grime-engrained, spoilt hands, the whole degraded, unkempt look of him. Cynthia's father! The claim was preposterous.

"Her father!" cried Robert Daventry, leaning across the table. "Look at yourself in the glass!"

The sneer stung the reaper to a fury. He sprang to his feet, and from habit his hand slipped to the knife at the back of his waistband. But he mastered himself in a second or two. He was there for other ends than violence, and he withdrew his hand.

"I sha'n't forget that," he said, in a perfectly quiet voice, which contrasted in the strangest way with the convulsion of his face. "You got home there. Right home"; and he sat down again.

Joan interposed before her husband could say another word, and used soft words. The man was not Cynthia's father to be sure, but he knew something of the girl's history. That was certain—and more than either Joan or Robert knew themselves. If she was to fight her battle with success, she must know what he knew.

"You could not expect us to accept your mere statement," she said.

"No, that's reasonable," said the reaper, and he began his story. But the insult rankled in his breast, and as he spoke he kept turning a murderous eye on the man who had inflicted it.

He told the story of the earthquake at Valparaiso, and the flight of James Challoner across the Andes. It was a story told with a wealth of detail, and difficult altogether to discredit. Neither Joan nor Robert did altogether discredit it. It might be true or it might not. This man might have obtained it from James Challoner, or might somehow have come across it by himself. But they were still convinced he could not be James Challoner himself.

"We shall want more proof than that," said Joan calmly, and Robert nodded his head. Neither of them had felt more confidence than at this moment since the crumpled slip of paper had been brought into the dining-room.

But outside the door Cynthia, huddled in the great chair with her ear to the door, listened with a growing terror. She had never doubted until this hour that she was the daughter of Robert Daventry's brother. She had been secure in that belief. Now the security was going. She clutched the arms of her chair, feeling the whole world slipping from beneath her feet—even as it slipped at Valparaiso. For certain memories, quite clear in her mind, were being explained to her. An open hill-side at night, a strange red light upon the world, the crash of houses, little flames creeping, and ships quietly at anchor on the smoothest of seas—that was one picture in her memories which had often puzzled her, which would puzzle her no longer if she believed the story which was being told on the other side of the door. She remembered too a long journey amongst mountains, and a bridge over a deep and narrow torrent, and many people with kind faces who spoke to her.

"Of course, it isn't certain," she pleaded to herself, desperately; and the husky voice behind the door began again:

"I travelled down to Buenos Ayres by train. I had little money, and no prospects, and a child on my hands. I couldn't make a home for her. So I went straight to the foundling hospital. It stands back in a garden, and is kept by some wealthy sisters. There's a turnstile in the brick wall of the garden, a little iron turnstile—but you know it well, both of you"; and he broke off with a laugh.

Inside the study Joan and Robert Daventry, still remained unconvinced. Outside Cynthia was persuaded.

"It's true then," she whispered to herself. "It's quite true"; and she wrung her hands in the darkness, and her voice broke in a sob. She had no longer any shadow of doubt. The turnstile in the brick wall was for her the overwhelming proof.

Examined in a court of law by the rules of evidence, it might seem flimsy enough. To Cynthia, it was complete corroboration of the testimony of her memories. The turnstile in the brick wall—the one ugly thing in her imagined wonderland of heroes—the turnstile which had always been there before the land was—how had it come there, she asked herself? And she was in no doubt

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as to the answer. The turnstile was a memory too. It was the turnstile of a foundling hospital, where her father had left her and gone his way. No wonder, she reflected bitterly, it was the one ugly thing in her world of fancies.

She leaned back, shivering, with her hands covering her face. She was humiliated, but she was still more terrified. Shame cut deep, but fear touched the very nerves of her heart. The man who had rushed this morning at her was her father, and she remembered the malice of his smile, and the evil, covetous look of him as he appraised her. She grew hot, now, as she thought upon it.

"What harm does he mean?" she asked; and suddenly she sat forward on the edge of her chair, quivering from head to foot like a spring some touch had released. For her father's voice rose again:

"I tied a bootlace round the child's arm. I can't say that I ever thought to come back for her. But there's a convention in these things, isn't there?" he added with a grin. "I have been a conservative all my life, and now I have found the advantage of it."

"How?" asked Joan. "Even if your story were true, your daughter wouldn't be wearing a bootlace or even the mark of it round her arm now."

"No, from the look of her she'd be more likely to be wearing a diamond bangle, bless her! But all the same the bootlace helps."

"How?"

Again the implacable question was uttered by Joan. She must know all that this man had upon his side by way of argument. That was her first necessity.

"How does the bootlace help?"

"It helps because the child wearing that bootlace was received by the same old ladies who allowed you a few months afterward to adopt her—that's how. Don't you leave those old ladies out of your reckoning, Mrs. Daventry, or you will run up against a snag. I went back to the foundling a year ago and claimed my daughter."

"You did?" cried Joan. She was startled. For a moment, too, she was disconcerted. She herself knew nothing of any such visit. But the statement was so easily capable of proof that the reaper would hardly have made it, had it not been true. And she was quick to see how strong a presumption such a visit would create, that he was the girl's father. Then she sprang to the weak point in the statement.

"If it were true that Cynthia was your daughter, and that you claimed her a year ago, how is it that you wait until a chance meeting in a field brings you face to face?"

"There's no chance about it, believe me," James Challoner returned. For it was he. The delicate manners had been rubbed off him, the gentle voice, which had charmed so many dollars from reluctant pockets long ago at Punta del Inca, had thickened and grown husky, the well-knit figure had spread to heaviness. But this was James Challoner, after fourteen years had told their tale. "The old ladies lied to me. Yes, actually lied to me," and he spread out his hands in indignation. "Lie to a father about his daughter! They were religious people too!"

"If they did lie," Robert Daventry burst in, "they did the best thing they ever did in all their good lives."

James Challoner waved Robert Daventry and his outburst aside. He kept his eyes fixed upon Joan's face.

"Yes, they lied to me," he said. "I gave them the day and the month and the year, when I placed Doris on the turnstile. They pretended to make inquiries, and they lied to me. They told me she was dead. Ah!" and he suddenly leaned forward and pointed an accusing finger at Joan, "You are glad to hear that. Yes, I thought you would be."

Try as she did, Joan had not been able to keep a flash of joy out of her face.

"It's a matter of indifference to me," she replied, "since Cynthia is not your child."

She still clung obstinately to that belief. He might have heard the story from James Challoner, and James Challoner might be dead. Any hypothesis was possible in her eyes, except the one which was true. She would not have it that this man was Cynthia's father.

"Oh, is it a matter of indifference to you!" said Challoner ironically. "I will tell you something that won't be. Those old ladies lied just as clumsily as I have ever seen it done. Poor old souls, they were rattled out of their senses at the thought of the sin they were committing. A child could have seen they were lying—as I did who am no child. And I began to

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cast about for a reason for the lie. It wasn't very difficult to find it. Some one had adopted her, some one they didn't want me to discover, some one rich, then, I reckoned, who could give the girl a position."

At the word "rich" Robert and Joan exchanged a glance. So much were they disconcerted by Challoner's knowledge and assurance that now they hoped rather than feared that blackmail was the end he had in view.

"So I began to make inquiries," continued Challoner. "I found out who were the patrons, who took most interest in the institution, and amongst them who had adopted a child. I came upon you in the end." And again he began to laugh. "Those poor innocent old women had actually given me the date when you took Doris away as the date of the child's death. It took me a little time to find out all about you; and when I had found out I had no money. So I had to work my way along until I reached you. But I have reached you," he exclaimed, lolling back in his chair, "and, by George, the very first day I am at work here, out the girl comes to meet me. Why, I recognized her in a second"; and Joan slipped in, as she thought, under his guard. With a thrill of delight she believed that he had made a mistake, and a mistake which would discredit every word of his story.

"Recognized her!" she repeated scornfully. "And the last time, when, on your own showing, you saw her she was three years old!"

Challoner, however, merely smiled at her.

"If you had a family at your back, old lady, you wouldn't be so high," he said; and once more Robert Daventry interposed.

"Speak respectfully to my wife," he cried.

"What, are you butting in again?" asked Challoner, with a look of surprise. "You didn't do any good, you know, the last time you interfered."

Once more Joan was called upon to restrain her husband. She saw the man convicted of a lie, and she did not mean to lose the advantage of that conviction.

"How did you recognize her?" she asked, smiling in her turn. "How did you recognize in the girl of seventeen the child of three?"

"I'll tell you," said Challoner confidently. "And, by the way, she's not seventeen to-day. It might interest you to know that. She's seventeen and a half. She was born on the seventeenth of July."

"Keep to the point," said Joan.

"Certainly, I will," replied Challoner, "though it's by no means necessary to substantiate my authority—yes," and his voice suddenly rang out loud upon the word, so that Cynthia in the darkness on the other side of the door shivered as if she had been struck, "yes, my authority. I don't say that she's like what she was when she was three. I don't even say she's like her mother. She isn't. She's a Challoner—and in the Challoners' home, by Wareham in Dorsetshire, there are some pictures worth looking at. I sat opposite one of them at the dinner table all through my boyhood, and whenever I was at home afterward—until I came out here. It was the portrait of my great-great-grandmother, painted by Romney, when she was a girl; and I tell you the girl who came stepping so prettily across the field this morning, in her white frock and big straw hat, might have stepped right out of that picture frame. That's how I recognized her."

He ended on a note of triumph, and for the first time Joan's confidence failed her altogether. It was not, of course, a conclusive piece of evidence, gauged by any laws of reasoning, but just as Challoner's description of the turnstile had convinced Cynthia outside the door because of the particular illumination it lent to an obscure fancy, so this detail of the picture did more to convince Joan Daventry than the rest of the story. Some portions of that story she knew to be true: the bootlace, the abandonment of the child. But what she had obstinately been combating was the contention that it was true of this man who sat before her. He might have learnt it all from the real father; he might now be seeking to make his profit out of the knowledge. That had been her hope. But it failed her now. For the particular detail of the girl's resemblance, now that she was seventeen, to the Romney portrait in the Challoners' dining-room he could not have learned from another. It did suggest that the man in front of her was the Challoner he claimed to be. Of course the detail might have been invented. But it did not sound to her

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invented; and, so far as her knowledge could test it, the rest of his story was true. She looked him over again with new eyes.

"But you can't prove that," she said. "Even if it were true, you couldn't prove it."

"Should I need to?" asked Challoner. "After I had put those old ladies from the Foundling into the witness-box, should I need to, Mrs. Daventry? Would they stick to their lie? Any tenth-rate attorney could turn 'em inside out as easy as an old glove, if they tried to. But they wouldn't try—and you know it as well as I do."

Challoner had put his finger on the danger-spot of the Daventrys' position. Those two old ladies would have suffered much heart-searching before they told their lie, and not a little remorse afterward. Questioned upon their oaths they would speak the truth, and the whole truth. Of that Joan felt sure.

"There are men, too, in Buenos Ayres who knew me when I was in Chile," Challoner continued; and then once more Robert Daventry interposed.

"But you wouldn't be mad enough to go to law with us," he cried, and Challoner laughed.

"Oh, yes, I would, and I would put you into the witness-box, too. A pretty figure you would cut, with your Patagonian brother, eh? I wouldn't bring my action here, of course, in this district. You've got your local syndic in your pocket, I grant you. But the law runs in Buenos Ayres nowadays, and don't you forget it."

Robert Daventry turned aside to hide his discomfiture, and walked once or twice across the room. He had no doubt that this man was James Challoner and Cynthia's father. His story was too circumstantial to be disputed. Moreover, neither he nor Joan could publicly dispute it. There had been no brother in Patagonia. He turned abruptly to Challoner: "How much do you want?"

Joan moved quickly to his side with a cry of protest. Money it might be necessary to pay, but it must be asked for, not offered. To offer it was to admit the claim.

"What are you saying, Robert?" she cried.

Robert turned to her quietly.

"It must come to that in the end. Why not now and have done with it? How much?"

A smile of triumph broadened over Challoner's face. Outside the door Cynthia leaned forward, her hands clasped over her heart in an agony of suspense. Why didn't he answer? Why was he so long?"

The answer came at length:

"I want my daughter, nothing else. She is not of age. I have a right to her I'll take her away with me to-night."

Cynthia crouched back in her chair, clasping its arms tightly with her hands, and making herself very small. To Joan and Robert Daventry the demand was incredible, even though their ears had heard it. Challoner could not mean it. It was an expedient to raise the price. But Cynthia had caught a note of malice in his voice which brought back before her eyes the malice of his looks as he had stood before her in the field. He meant to take her away, and that night. She glanced toward the door. To leave her home, to be swallowed up in the darkness with this stranger for her companion! She clung to the chair in a panic of terror. Then she heard Robert Daventry repeating the words in a daze:

"You want to take her away? Cynthia?" And as though the meaning of Challoner's demand for the first time broke in on him, "Never!" he cried violently.

"I want to take her away to-night"; and now the malice in Challoner's voice was audible to Joan too. She stared at him over the table. He sat nodding his head at her with little quick movements, his eyes very bright, and a horrid smile about his mouth. She remembered what Cynthia herself had said: "He seemed to hate me."

"You grudge her her happiness, her life with us!" she exclaimed; and Challoner beat his fist upon the table in a sudden anger.

"Is it strange?" he cried. "All these years here she has been sitting soft and walking daintily. What have I been doing? 'Look at yourself in a glass'—That's what you said," and he turned to Robert Daventry. "I told you I'd remember it, and I do. A fine life I have had of it for fourteen years. *Matte* tea and enough work a day to throw a trades-unionist into hysterics! No wonder I've lost my looks."

All the bitterness of his fourteen years of degradation seemed to be concentrated in

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his words. The easy good-humor with which he had begun had vanished. He was a man venomous with grievances. He was still the old James Challoner in this; he had enemies, only now the enemies were not a few to be searched for through a list, but all who had a sixpence in their pockets. Joan herself was frightened. She realized the mistake which she and her husband had made in their eagerness to disbelieve the story of this man. She understood now that when she had thought of Cynthia and compared her with the reaper, she had been thinking only of the flower and had omitted her own assiduous cultivation of the plant. She recognized now that the look of race which fourteen years of luxury had refined in the girl, fourteen years of degradation might well have obliterated in the man.

"I have had enough of it," cried James Challoner. "It's now her turn."

"But we offer you freedom from that life," said Joan, and her voice began to plead.

"I want my daughter," Challoner retorted implacably.

"But you can't make a home for her," said Robert Daventry.

Challoner chuckled, and his voice lost its violence.

"You must take me for a softy," he said with a drawl of amusement. "I mean her to make a home for me, where I can do a bit of sitting soft and recover my good looks."

"But she can't make a home for you," said Joan.

"Oh, yes she can."

"How?"

Cynthia outside the door waited in a despairing bewilderment. The changed tones of those whom she had looked upon as her parents assured her that the reaper had authority and rights, could claim her, could take her away. But how, she asked herself, was she to make a home for him? She had learned no profession, practised no art. The tears rose to her eyes and flowed down her cheeks; and the answer came.

"She's a rare one for looks," said Challoner. His eyes narrowed to slits and his face became mean and despicable to look upon. "You'll not find her equal strolling under the lamps of Buenos Ayres."

Joan flinched and uttered a cry. The movement was that of one who has been slapped in the face. Cynthia felt her heart stand still within her breast. She had lived in Buenos Ayres, where knowledge comes quickly to women. She was neither ignorant nor a fool. She understood, and once more her eyes went to the door. It was all quiet in the hall. A few quick steps and she would be out of the house. She rose from her chair. For the dark night, which a minute before had so appalled her, now appealed to her as a friend and refuge. But as she turned, she heard Robert Daventry say in a choking voice:

"Go! or I'll have you thrown out"; and the bell rang violently.

"Oh, is that the game?" replied Challoner.

Daventry strode round the room.

"Not a word! Go! I loathe you."

And the door was wrenched violently open. Cynthia had just time to drop into her chair. She heard her father's voice close to her, and no longer through the panels of a door. She cowered down, covering her face with her hands, and drawing in her feet.

"All right, I'll go," said Challoner. "I can afford to go. For I have the law on my side."

"The law! Try it!"

"I will."

Challoner was standing in the doorway now. He was looking back into the study. But he had only to turn his head to see that blur of misty white in the chair, only to bend down and draw the trembling hands from the girl's face to find his daughter in his grasp. Cynthia lay holding her breath, ready at a touch of him to swoon.

"She's my daughter. All your money won't get over that. Just wait and see. I'll come back with the law at my side, and take her away—yes—if I have to tie her hand and foot to take her."

He flung out across the smoking-room, looking neither to the right nor to the left. Joan and Robert Daventry followed quickly behind him, afraid lest he should force his way into the dining-room, where they had left Cynthia. Not one of them saw the girl huddled in the great chair in the dark room. Richard Walton came into the hall.

"I'll see you off the premises," he said to Challoner, and a moment afterward the front door slammed.

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With the slamming of that door Cynthia seemed to swim back into life; and all at once there came upon her a great longing for comfort and kind words. She was hurt and humiliated as she had never thought to be. It seemed to her that she was tainted, and she was terribly afraid. She took a swift step toward the door, and there Joan's voice speaking in a whisper arrested her.

She was standing with her husband by the dining-room, and seeking to compose her agitation before she entered it. Her voice was still shaking from her encounter.

"Not a word to Cynthia," she said. "We sha'n't let her go, Robert," and her voice was very wistful, and appealed for confirmation of her words. "So there's no need to trouble her—as this story would trouble her."

"No, we'll not say a word to her," replied Robert. He made an effort to be hearty, but it quite failed to hide his distress. "We shall find a way out somehow when we think it all over. No, we'll not breathe a word, my dear. Cynthia's birthday mustn't be spoilt," and, thoroughly miserable, the old couple went into the dining-room and closed the door behind them.

Cynthia made up her mind. Since they wished her not to know, since it would add so much to their distress if they learned that she did know, she would keep her knowledge to herself. It seemed to her then a small return to make to them for their devotion, but it was to cost her much more than she imagined. She would wait, schooling herself to patience, hiding her fears. But she could not face her friends to-night and keep her secret. For that she had not the strength. She ran swiftly and silently up to her room and flung herself upon her bed and buried her face in the pillows. There she lay trembling until the thought came to her that Joan would not retire without coming to ask why she had gone upstairs so early. She undressed and was hardly in bed before Joan knocked on the door.

"I had a headache," said Cynthia. "It is the heat, no doubt. I shall be myself in the morning."

"You are sure? You wouldn't like the doctor?" Joan asked anxiously.

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Cynthia.

Joan put her hand to the switch of the light, and Cynthia started up in bed with a wild gesture.

"Don't turn the light out, please, mother," she cried; and the next moment feared that Joan would have heard the terror underneath her words. But Joan herself was occupied. She kissed Cynthia and left her alone with the light burning in her room.

VIII

THE FLIGHT

BUT though the light burned in her room, Cynthia did not sleep till daybreak. For the first few hours there was a strange bustle about the passages of the house, for which she did not seek at all to find a cause. She welcomed it for its companionship. Familiar voices informed her that her friends were awake about her, and she was comforted. She tried to fall asleep before the noise should cease, but gradually the estancia sank into silence, and she was still awake. Then began her hours of terror. Her window was open, and every flutter of the night air which shook the curtains was her father's coarse, strong hand upon the sill. If she closed her eyes for a moment, his dark and evil face was already bending over her, as she lay helpless in her bed. If she heard a wardrobe crack it was he stepping clumsily about the room. Half the night she spent crouching up in her bed, her eyes wild with fear, her heart racing and stopping, while she listened for the sound of his footsteps outside the house. And she heard them; did a twig snap on a tree in the garden, she heard them. There was he, prowling about the walls, watching, perhaps, for just her light to be put out before he slipped in through a window to take her away. If she heard no sounds, then he was already in the house, creeping along the corridor toward her door. From the moment that particular fear seized hold upon her, her eyes were fixed in an agony of suspense upon the long mirror in her room. The door was at her right hand, set in the wall against which the head of her bed was placed. A high screen stood by the side of the bed and hid it from her altogether. But across the room the long mirror faced her, and by looking at its

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bright surface she could see whether the door opened or not. It was a white door, with a round brass handle, and, continually, she was very sure that she saw the handle turn. In her frantic imaginings her father's very semblance changed. Gross though he was, still more she distorted him, making his likeness fit with the knowledge which she had of him. He meant to drag her away, and batten on what she had of youth and freshness and good looks; and this, out of malice almost as much as for profit, and to punish her for the happiness of her life. He swelled into some grotesque and corpulent thing of evil with a fat, loathsome face and gripping hands.

The night was a night of disillusionment for Cynthia. Romance was stunned in her. All her pretty dreams, wherein she shyly walked with the bright ones of the earth, were rent and blown to space like gossamer. She seemed separated from them by a generation of years. She looked back upon them with derision. A fine heroine she was to be if that door opened. She was to walk—yes—but under the gas-lamps, and not shyly, and with any who would. That was the plan deliberately conceived for her and conceived by her own father. The mere thought of it seemed to sully her, to make her unworthy. She remembered that only that morning she had sent a telegram to Captain Rames, with a thrill of excitement, as though she were doing a remarkable thing. She had actually *dared*. She sat up, and in the bitterness of her heart laughed at the great significance she had set upon herself. Her father had a different view of her importance, and from head to foot she ached with the pain of her humiliation.

Thus through the long hours she swung between terror and abasement, each one mastering her in turn. Once she started up with a despairing cry as she imagined her father driving her out into the street with blows.

Could she make her living? "I shouldn't know what to buy or how to use it," she cried miserably, bethinking that at the worst she must kill herself. At another moment she would recall with a pang of contempt her enchanted garden and scorch its flowers with her ridicule. She would walk in that garden no more. It was closed. She had been an imposter in it always. It was a place of falsities. There was but one true, real thing in it all—the turnstile in the wall which gave admission to its precincts. Yes, that was true, and the turnstile, with all it meant of shame and indifference, became to her a new epitome of life.

Gradually the night wore through. A finger of gray light slipped through the curtains, and was laid upon the ceiling of the room. Birds began to sing in the garden. Cynthia turned out her light and fell asleep at last. She slept late and woke to just such another day of heat as yesterday. She lay for a moment, happily convinced that all which had occurred last night had occurred only in a dream. But she looked into the mirror across the room and saw the door, and the truth was made known to her. These things had happened.

Certainly the door was still closed, the night had passed. But other nights would follow, and through the closed door, not her father, but fear and shame had passed to bear her company. She came down to breakfast pale and heavy-eyed, and found Joan and Robert Daventry already at the table. She was afraid lest they should remark the alteration in her looks, and set herself to counterfeit an air of gaiety. It was not very successful, but Joan and Robert Daventry were making precisely the same pretence, with still poorer results. They could not meet her eyes any more than she theirs; and they were trying for the sake of her happiness to hide from her a catastrophe, the knowledge of which for the sake of their happiness she was trying to hide from them. Thus they all talked with great speed about things of no importance, and laughed noisily whether laughter was appropriate or not, until Robert Daventry suddenly turned to Cynthia and blurted out with an affected blitheness:

"I hope, my dear, that you haven't made many absolutely unalterable arrangements for the summer." And Cynthia turned as white as the table-cloth and looked suddenly down to hide the terror in her eyes. They were going to give her up, then! That was her first despairing thought. No doubt it could not be helped. They were compelled to.

"No," she answered faintly. "No arrangements that cannot be altered. I was going to stay for a week with—" and as she compared the summer which she had

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planned with that which awaited her, she stopped, lest the choking of her voice should betray her.

"That's well," continued Robert, "for you have a journey to make, Cynthia. I have had a telegram this morning from England. I bought some property in Warwickshire a few years ago. We thought you would not perhaps want to live all your life in the Argentine after we had gone. So we bought it for you. But it appears there's some sort of lawyer's trouble over the title."

"We have known there was some trouble," Joan hastened to explain, "for quite a long time. But until this telegram arrived we did not think it very serious."

"Now we know that it is," continued Robert, "and I am afraid that we must go to England and attend to it. Luckily, we have Walton now to look after the estancia." And since Cynthia made no reply, but still looked upon the cloth, he continued in some perplexity: "I hope, my dear, you won't be disappointed. Joan and I, indeed, were inclined to be confident that you would enjoy the trip."

"And, of course, I shall," cried Cynthia; and now she raised her head and gazed at her friends with shining eyes. She had not dared to yield her face to their scrutiny in the first revulsion of her feelings. Even now the room whirled about her. "I shall be delighted to go with you. When shall we start?"

"Yes, that's the point," said Mr. Daventry uncomfortably. "The telegram is very urgent, and there's a boat sailing from Buenos Ayres to-morrow. I am afraid, Cynthia, that we must catch it. There's certain to be no difficulty about cabins just at this time of the year, and, in fact, I have already telegraphed to retain them. So you see we must leave Daventry by the night train. Can you be ready?"

"Of course," said Cynthia.

The color came again into her pale cheeks and made them rosy, and the smile returned to her lips. No telegram had come. The bustle in the corridors during the early hours of the evening was explained to her. Over night, Robert and Joan had made up their minds to an instant flight, and had set about their preparations. Cynthia drew her breath again. She resumed life and some part of her faith in life. The world was not peopled with James Challoners, as, in the shock of her horror, she had almost been persuaded. Here were two who, for her sake, were abandoning their home and the place which their labors had made for them in the country of their adoption. Her great trouble during that day of hurried preparation was to avoid blurting out to her two friends her gratitude and her knowledge.

They travelled by night and, reaching Buenos Ayres in the morning, drove straight along the Docks to their ship. Once on board, Cynthia noticed that Joan made this and that excuse about the arrangement of her cabin, to keep her from the deck until the steamer had warped out into the basin. Then she gave a sigh of relief and sat down in a chair.

"You won't mind, dear, will you?" she said. "We shall probably be kept some time in England. But you will soon make friends. Robert was speaking about it last night. He said it was a good hunting country, and that we could get you some fine horses and—" and suddenly she felt Cynthia's arms about her neck, and the girl's tears upon her cheeks.

"My dear, my dear, you are too kind to me!" cried Cynthia. "I don't mind about the horses, if only you'll keep me with you."

"Of course, of course," said Mrs. Daventry. "What should we do without you ourselves?"

The screw was churning up the mud of the River Plate, the flat banks dotted with low trees were slipping past the port-holes.

"Let us go out and get the steward to arrange our chairs on deck," said Mrs. Daventry. She put Cynthia's outburst down, not to any guess at the true reason of their flight, but to a young girl's moment of emotion.

The steamer put into Monte Video, and Santos, and Rio, and glided northward along the woods and white sands of Brazil. It passed one morning into the narrows of the Cape Verde Islands, and there was dressed from stem to stern with flags.

Cynthia asked the reason of the first officer, who was leaning beside her on the rail; and for answer he pointed northward to a small black ship which was coming down toward them, and handed to her his binocular.

"That's the *Perhaps*, bound for the South," he said; and he saw the girl's face flush red.

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She put the glasses to her eyes, and gazed for a long while at the boat. The *Perhaps* was a full-rigged ship, with auxiliary steam, broad in the beam, with strong, rounded bows. She had the trade-wind behind her, and came lumbering down the channel with every sail set upon her yards.

"But she's so small," cried Cynthia.

"She has to be small," replied the first officer. "Length's no use for her work. Look at us! We should crack like a filbert in the ice-pack. She won't."

"But she's out for three years," said Cynthia.

"There'll be a relief ship with fresh stores, no doubt. And there are not many of them on board, twenty-nine all told."

Cynthia looked again, and held the glasses to her eyes until the boats drew level. She could make out small figures upon the bridge and deck; she saw answering signals break out in answer to their own good wishes; and then the name in new, gold letters came out upon the black stern beneath the counter.

"Thank you," she said as she handed back the glasses. But her eyes were still fixed upon that full-rigged ship lumbering heavily to the unknown South.

"I am very glad to have seen the *Perhaps*," she said slowly.

The first officer looked at her curiously. There was a quiver of emotion in her voice.

"Perhaps you have friends on board," he said. "If you have, I envy them."

"No," she said slowly. "I know no one on board. But I am glad to have seen the ship, for I was interested in it in a part of my life which is now over."

The first officer was about to smile. Here was a remarkably pretty girl of seventeen or so, talking about a part of her life which was over! But the big, dark-blue eyes swept round and rested gravely on his face, and he bowed to her with a fitting solemnity.

Cynthia exaggerated, no doubt, taking herself seriously as young girls will. But the shock of that last night in the estancia had wrought something of a revolution in her thoughts. Though James Challoner no longer seemed to grip her hand, she walked in the chill shadow of his presence. Nor did that shadow quite lift even when she had landed in England.

They travelled into Warwickshire, and so came to that white house behind the old wall of red brick on the London road which Robert Daventry had once coveted for himself and had afterward bought for Cynthia. The Daventrys made it their home now. Though Cynthia never read a word about it in the papers, that disputed title took a long while in the settling. Robert Daventry resumed the old ties. Joan, with Cynthia at her side, found the making of new ones not the laborious business she had feared, and Cynthia had her horses and as many friends as she had room for in her life. But the shadow was still about her. James Challoner might have found the means to follow them to England. At any corner of a lane she might discover his gross and sinister figure upon the path. A few miles away, the ancient city of Ludsey lifted high its old steeples and its modern chimneys. She was always secretly upon her guard in its climbing streets. There was always in her life a mirror facing a closed door, and at her heart a great fear lest she should see the door open.

(To be continued.)

"REPROACH NOT DEATH"

By Florence Earle Coates

Reproach not Death, nor charge to him, in wonder,
The lives that he doth separate awhile;
But think how many hearts that ache, asunder,
Death—pitying Death—doth join and reconcile!

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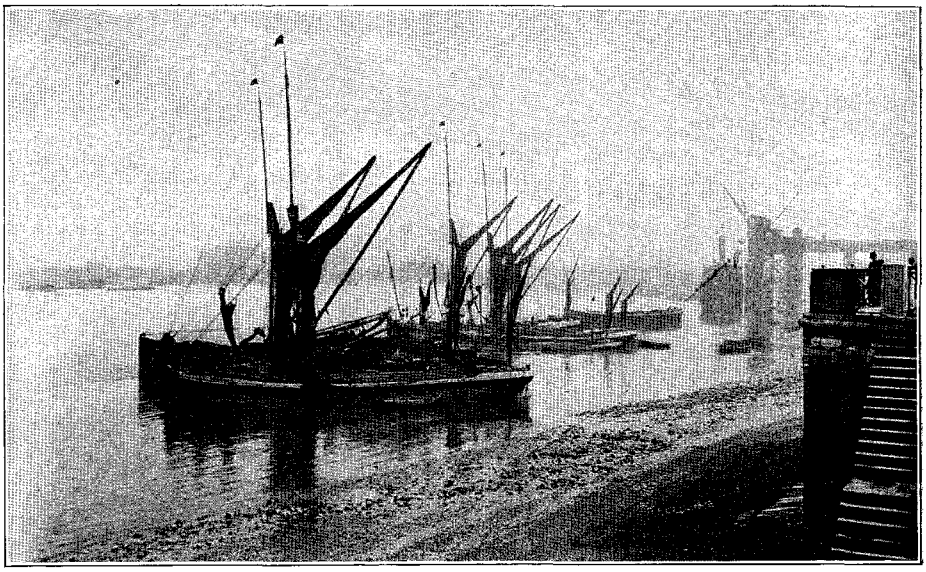

The Thames barge is as distinctive of rigging, design, and seamanship as the Yarmouth smack.—Page 569.

THE PORT OF LONDON RIVER

By Ralph D. Paine

THE Thames that most of us know is a toy river in a fair country of lawns and meadows wonderfully green, of gray manor-houses and parks of ancient oaks, where the levels between the locks are crowded with skiffs, punts, and small pleasure steamers, and every nook and bight of shaded shore has its picnic party. This is astonishingly unlike the Thames that sailors know. Where it meets the brown tide which swirls up from the sea they call it London River and as such it was famed in their chanties when the Yankee packets were storming across the Atlantic and the tall East Indiamen swung abreast of Gravesend or dropped down past the Nore. No bright plaything for summer holidays is London River but a crowded road of empire, the turbid thoroughfare of a seaport great and ancient.

Much of this commerce is hidden from the casual eye because the shipping is scattered along twenty-five miles of the stream. In the heart of the city itself the waterfront contains so many stretches of archaic picturesque dilapidation and such compelling associations with a storied past that Elizabethan England is rather suggested than the age of steel and steam and the wireless telegraph. There is no line of modern quays and wharves, no spacious harbor. The river is a great deal too small for its traffic and large ships must seek the inland docks dug out of the flat landscape far below London.

The coastwise craft and steamers trading with the ports of Europe huddle in the Upper and the Lower Pool from London Bridge to the reach on the seaward side of Tower Bridge, or moor beside dingy warehouses that lip the tide, or are tucked away in secluded, obsolete basins behind walls and tenements where you would never dream of looking to find anything afloat. It is this antiquated part of maritime London which can be seen in glimpses from the bridges or the Embankment, the close packed steamers painted in many colors, the drifting barges, the agile tugs, and over all a haze, blended of smoke and mist, which softens and mellows without concealing.

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Because the fairway is so narrow and incredibly congested, the sense of movement, of an incessant coming and going, is enhanced. All day long spars and funnels are sliding past, and at night winking lights, red and green and white, are arrayed in shifting constellations. Vessels under way literally shove through the press, and a din of whistles, imploring, warning, and scolding, swells the hubbub of winches, derricks, and the creak and whine of running-gear which of all sounds is most suggestive of the sea. The palpitant industry of the river is quiet only when a fog smothers it in a gray blanket.

To gain even a passing acquaintance with the Thames below London Bridge one must go on a pilgrimage afloat. The ancient fraternity of Thames watermen still flourishes, although its members no longer sport tall hats, full-skirted red coats and great silver badges. The waterman must serve his long apprenticeship as of yore, however, before he can lay claim to this honorable title of his calling, and he may be trusted to take his skiff through the turmoil of shipping without mishap. Passengers are scarce these days and he earns his living hardily, poking about at all hours, dredging for lost anchors, fishing up coal from overset barges, releasing fouled moorings, and picking up stuff gone adrift.

The ancient fraternity of Thames watermen still flourishes.

Two schooner sailor-men of Limehouse.

Likely enough he is an elderly man, strong of arm and slow of speech, his weather-beaten countenance puckered about the eyes from much squinting into smoke and fog. A handy place to set out with him for a leisurely voyage down river is the landing stage hard by London Bridge. As he ships his oars and the skiff shoots out of the eddy which makes inshore, the London of the landsman vanishes as abruptly as if a curtain had been lowered. The waterman deftly steers through the gloomy, echoing arch of this London Bridge which stood in ruder form a thousand years ago, and then, as now, the vessels passed beneath its causeway. Danish galleys with oars double-banked, Anglo-Saxon merchantmen spreading one huge square-sail amidships, Kentish herring-fishermen, traders from France and Flanders, and the clumsy little men-of-war of King Edgar's "grand navie" of four thousand sail.

Near the herded steamers of the Upper Pool rise Billingsgate Market buildings and the fleet of sea-scarred fish carriers from the Dogger Bank. The breeze brings a whiff of peat smoke from the cabin chimneys of the bluff-bowed, red, yellow, and blue eel-schuits, or sloops, which come from Friesland. They suggest a land of dykes and pollards, of placid waters and slowly revolving windmills. These homely ves-

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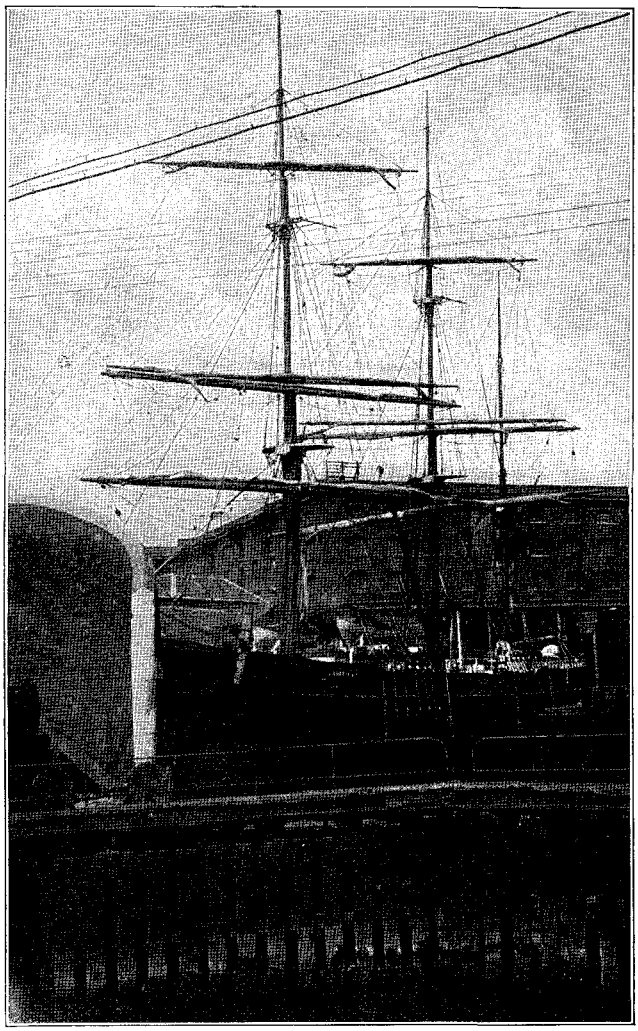

Below Tower Bridge are the gates leading to Saint Katharine and London Docks.—Page 571.

sels, almost unchanged in models and rigging, have been supplying London with Dutch eels since the time of Edward III, who granted a special charter to this effect. And inasmuch as this monarch began to reign in 1327, these are eels with pedigrees and some claim to historical notice.

Billingsgate is a place of strong smells, but the language is not as strong as of yore. The expletives of the booted, scaly fishermen and porters, as heard in passing, lack fire and originality, and one feels reprehensible disappointment. The waterman catches hold of a trailing rope at the stern of a Spanish fruit steamer and listens admiringly to the dialogue which floats from the decks of a "dumb barge" (this time misnamed), and a bawley-boat loaded with shrimps. They have collided with a prodigious bump and the skippers are employing profanity which has the spark of true invective, the kind that crackles and stings. "Billin'sgate is a ladies' parlor alongside o' that," says the waterman. "A bargee with a gift o' langwidge like that blighter yonder had ought to be in Parliament, so help me. He makes 'is meanin' quite clear, don't he, sir."

A Swedish tramp, riding high in ballast, threshes her way among the other craft, and through the lane in her wake it is possible to discern the Water Gate of London Tower and the passage ascending from the tide by which so many great and gallant men and women took their last sight of the city and of all else than the stone walls, the prison guards, and the headsman with his block and axe. On Tower Hill stands Trinity House, conspicuous from the river, the seat of the "Master Wardens and Assistants of the Guild, Fraternity, or Brotherhood of the most glorious and undividable Trinity," what we in prosaic America call, by way of anti-climax, the Lighthouse Board. It has somewhat more of romance, it harmonizes more nicely with the atmosphere of this time-hallowed London River to have the lights, beacons, and buoys of the British Isles safeguarded by the Elder Brethren of Trinity House who undertook these duties in 1515 and were incorporated by Henry VIII. The anxious shipmaster, making his landfall off rocky cape or chalk foreland has to thank, not the

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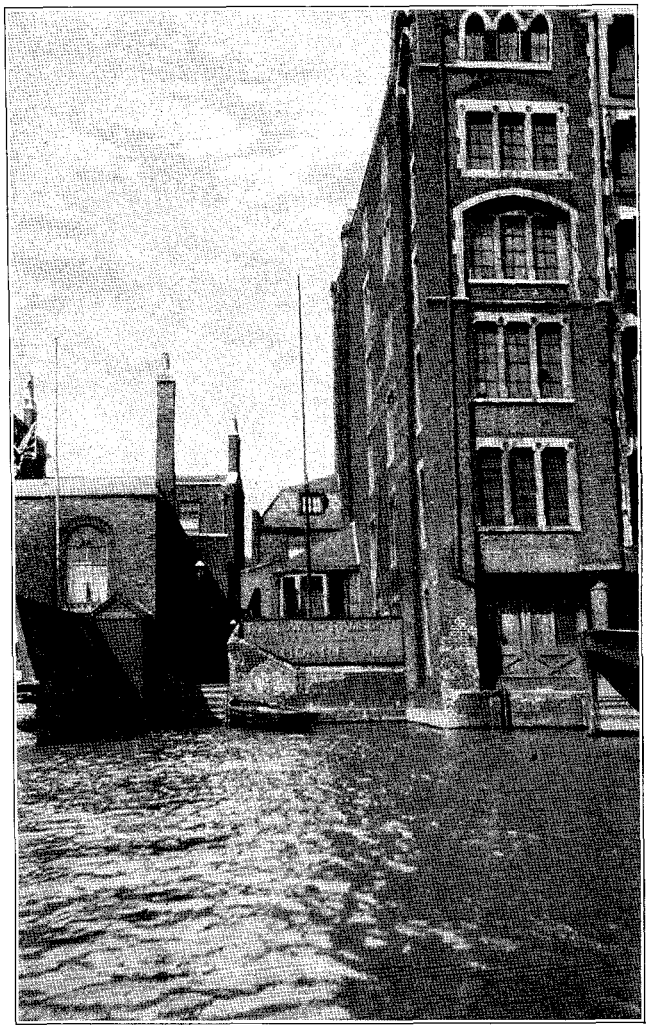
government, but a private company, for the flashing lights that guide him safe to port. And the Elder Brethren of Trinity House, like the Warden of the Cinque Ports, or the Admiral of the Blue, is one of those resounding English phrases which give a fillip to the imagination.

At the further end of the Upper Pool, like a portal of singular majesty, looms the lofty arch of Tower Bridge whose giant arms rise and fall to let the ships go through. Beyond it the river widens in a series of curves and reaches and begins to take on the semblance of a seaport. The sailing barges which have lowered their masts flat on deck to jostle through the up-stream bridges now hoist them and catch the wind which gushes salt across the marshes. The transformation is a kind of marine marvel. Instead of a clumsy hulk of a canal-boat, rowed and pushed and scraped among others of her kind, she becomes a weatherly vessel snoring along with lee deck awash or working to windward on the flood of the tide. Smartly kept and well handled, with mainsail, top-sail, jibs, and jigger aft, she spreads as much cloth as a coastwise sloop. White sails may be cloud-like and all else that poesy calls them, but every painter who gazes upon the Thames is grateful for the lovely splotches of color contributed by the dull red canvas of the innumerable barges which rest upon the water like flocks of great birds.



"Wapping Old Stairs"

The waterman indicates a worn, weedy flight of stone steps.—"Them is it, sir."—Page 573.

The Thames barge is as distinctive of rigging, design, and seamanship as the Yarmouth smack, the Lowestoft drifter, the Deal galley, the Bristol Channel pilot-boat, or the Manx lugger. Give her room to make sail, and the skipper becomes instantly nautical, no longer a plodding bargee. His orders ring out crisply, he strides the bit of a quarter-deck with the air of a true and seasoned British tar, and his crew of one or two lumpish lads moves at the trot. His barge is a salt-water craft, if you please, with a bolder, freer motion than the strings of bovine up-river tows trailing behind the *Scorcher* or the *Spitfire* tug, or the "monkey-boats," painted in rainbow colors, which brown, sun-bonnetted women are helping to work toward the canal entrance and the river Lea.

These barges transfer merchandise between docks and wharves and from ship to

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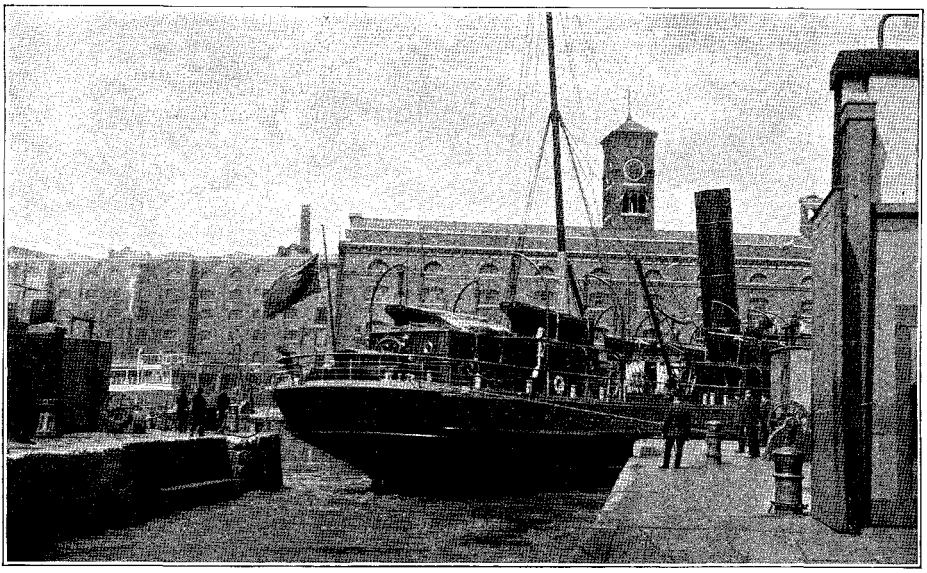

Warping into London Docks.

ship. London is a barge port, and they have their ancient rights which have stood in the way of modernizing the commerce of the river and making it adequate to its needs. Some two hundred years ago the Waterman's Company, which had been granted a monopoly in the sixteenth century of conveying passengers on the Thames, was merged with the guild of lightermen, or carriers of goods. By virtue of the privileges then bestowed, the barges have had the right of free entry to the modern docks whose owners could levy no tolls either on them or on the goods which they took from the vessels' sides. These exemptions, encrusted with the barnacles of tradition, have been a contributing cause of the decline of London's pre-eminence as a seaport. Pri-

A sailor's resort at Wapping.

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vate capital has been reluctant to make large investments in more docks and better equipment if fair returns were denied it.

It is only recently that an attempt has been made by means of a Royal Commission and acts of Parliament to bring about efficient co-operation among all the private interests and tenures which have made the growth of the port a sort of haphazard affair with authority divided among various picturesque mediæval bodies and private ownerships. Now the government has taken over the control of the docks and the jurisdiction of the water-front and river under the direction of a board called the Port of London Authority. Plans are under way for new docking enterprises and betterment of the channel.

The formidable competition of Antwerp and Hamburg, wide-awake, unhampered by the past and lavishing millions upon millions in water-front improvements, has made London bestir itself.

Below Tower Bridge are the gates leading to Saint Katharine and London Docks. From the landward side it is a puzzle to find them without a guide. Small cargo steamers, barges, and shabby old brigs and barks slide in from the river by a kind of vanishing trick and are lost to view behind massive brick walls. To wander afoot in this region and happen across these acres of vessels and warehouses is much as if you should chance to find such a spectacle in the heart of Greenwich Village of lower New York. Antiquated as is the London Dock and too small to shelter the ships of great tonnage which nowadays carry most of the commerce over seas, it receives vast quantities of very precious merchandise and has a flavor all its own.

Here are housed the heaps of ivory tusks, the spices of many tropic islands, and the good wines, port, sherry, and madeira, ripened in huge vaults and cellars underground. The tobacco sheds contain the leaf of the Vuelta Abajo, of Sumatra and Virginia, and beneath other dingy roofs are coffee, teas, silks, and the potteries of Cathay. It would be rank incongruity to have modern dock machinery and railroad tracks inside these walls which are entered

Here you may happen to find an Antarctic exploring steamer, the *Discovery* or the *Terra Nova*, fitting out for another daring voyage.—Page 574.

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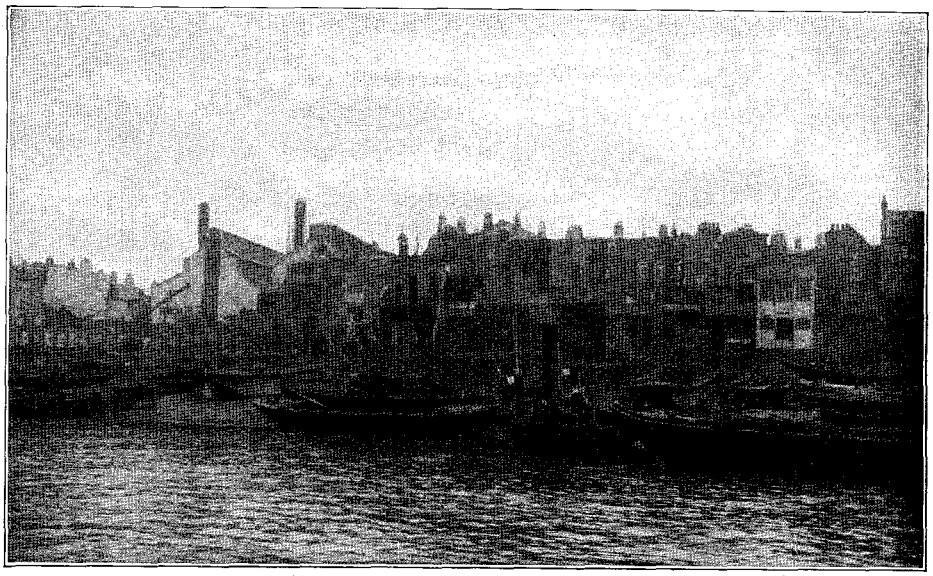

Limehouse water-front has the most picturesque conglomeration of bow-windowed, old-fashioned little houses on the river.—Page 573.

from the street through guarded gates. Manual labor shifts these romantic cargoes from the barges to the rutted pavements. The men come from the Minories and other alien quarters near by, a swarthy, chattering multitude, and among them mingle sailors born in many other climes.

This, in a way, is the England of by-gone centuries when Drake and Hawkins, and Raleigh and Martin Frobisher were bringing home just such cargoes as these, found in new, mysterious lands or looted with clash of boarding pike and smoke of carronade from the gilded galleons of the Spanish plate fleets of Manila and Peru. And foreign sailors, much like these, were winging it from Venice and Genoa and the Canaries and were singing their strange sea songs among the streets and buildings whose aspect is but little changed. Then the state barges of the great folk, gay with silken awnings and merry with the music of lute and viol were passing up and down the Thames, the jolly apprentice rowed in a wherry with his sweetheart, and bronzed seamen of Devon leaned over the heavy bulwarks of their armed merchantmen to chat with them of the wonders of the Carolinas, the Indies, and the Brazils.

Below these docks the river has no more hampering bridges and the vessels move unimpeded. They get into their stride, so to speak, and sweep past in orderly close formations. Our experienced waterman slips along close to shore, working from one decrepit wharf to another, flirting his skiff through the narrowest possible openings between tall prows and churning propellers. Past Hermitage Wharf and St. Savior's Dock he threads his way until the oars are lifted and he nods shoreward with the comment:

"Wapping Old Stairs, sir, wot the ballad was wrote about, and a werry lovely song it is. My old woman could sing it proper when she was a slip of a lass livin' aboard the barge wot her father was skipper of. 'Wapping Old Stairs.' Deary me! That was a time ago, sir."

Across the river, between Rotherhite and Deptford, extend the oldest docks of London, the Surrey Commercial, a maze of great basins, now given over to the lumber trade and filled with barks and ships from Norway, Sweden, Canada, and Oregon. The air is laden with the woodsy scents of fir and spruce and pine. The best of the old deep-water chanties were strung together by forecastle bards familiar with London River, and this glimpse of Rotherhite recalls that lilting refrain:

"As I was a-walking down Rotherhite Street,
Away, ho, blow the man down;
A pretty young creature I chanced for to meet,
Give me some time to blow the man down."

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Wapping must not be dropped astern without a search for the site of Execution Dock, where pirates and other sea rogues were hanged with much pomp and ceremony at high-water mark. The dock has long since been obliterated, but the waterman indicates a worn, weedy flight of stone steps flanked by a tavern and a warehouse and remarks with a doleful shake of the head:

"Them is it, sir. They've allus been called the Pirates' Stairs. The old codgers that set a-sunnin' themselves on the wharves will tell you how it has been handed down to 'em from their grandsirs. And I'd trust 'em sooner than wot is wrote in books about Execution Dock bein' impossible to find."

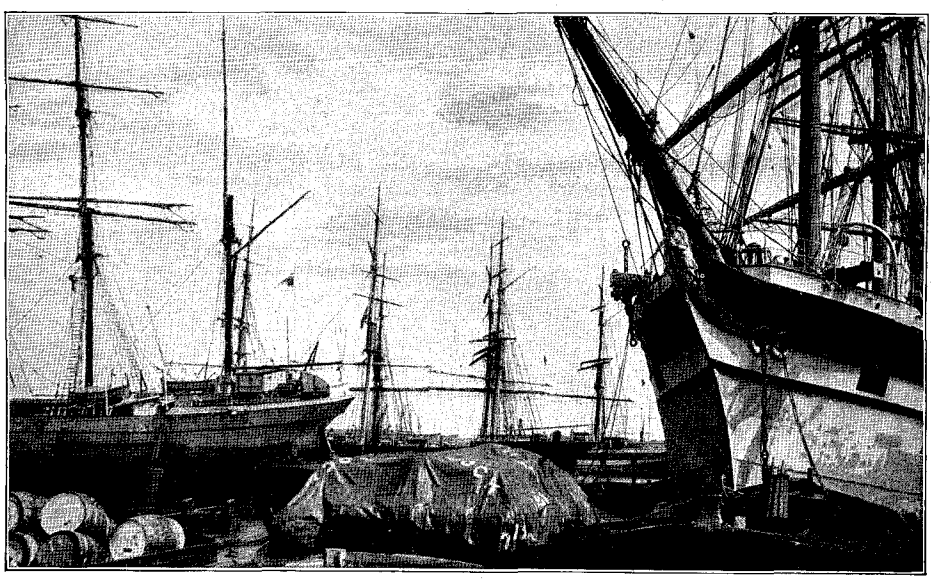
Local tradition is apt to be reliable on this score, and it is not improbable that Captain William Kidd walked forlornly down these stairs, leaving his treasure to be sought for from the Bay of Fundy to Key West. There is a very old ballad which pictures a pirate's life and fate with so much charm and briskness that a snatch of it ought to be fitted to the mention of this dismal stone staircase at Wapping.

"I 'lows this crazy hull o' mine
At sea has had its share;
Marooned three times and wounded nine
An' blown up in the air.

But ere to Execution Bay
The wind these bones do blow,
I'll drink and fight what's left away,
Yo, ho, with the rum below."

Below the Wapping Wall and the dry-docks of Shadwell is Ratcliff Road along which Kipling's seamen who took the *Bolivar* out across the bay reeled "drunk and raising Cain." Then comes Limehouse Basin, and "Lime'us Cut," as the waterman calls it, where the barges float into the back country through the Regent's Canal and the flats of Poplar among the daisies and marsh marigolds that bloom on the green banks. The barges strip down to a sort of jury rig for these rural voyages, a short bit of mast steeved forward on which a square-headed lug sail is spread to coax the breeze as they move in tow of slow-footed nodding horses.

Limehouse water-front has the most picturesque conglomeration of bow-windowed, bright-hued, old-fashioned little houses on the river, a bit of England remote in time but without the grime and gloom of the architectural relics facing the Upper Pool. The overhanging balconies display many flower boxes and the lower stories, opening on the shore, are the haunts of barge builders, riggers, and other webbed-footed persons of a leisurely habit and garrulous speech. At the wharves



The West India Docks lie close at hand between Limehouse and Blackwall.—Page 574

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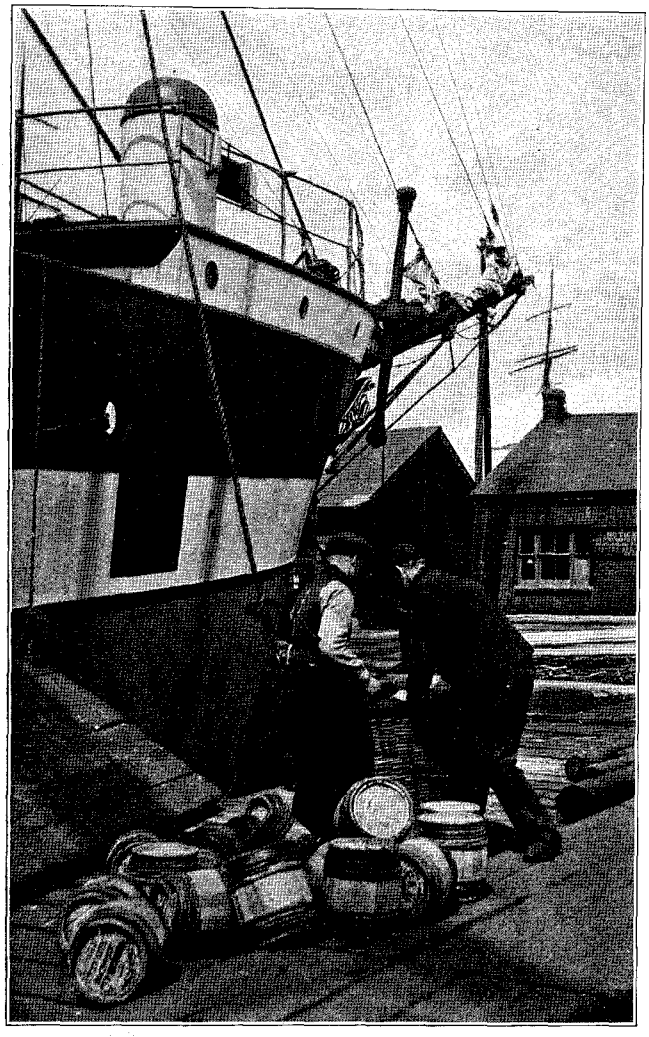
near by are moored the small schooners whose mates and skippers have found fame in the absurd misadventures of W. W. Jacobs's stories, and one feels acquainted in a pleasantly intimate kind of way with these simple-hearted sailor-folk who may be seen gossiping overside or passing the time of day with a damsel ostensibly busy with a watering pot among the flower boxes aforesaid or ambling toward the Foul Anchor Tavern for a mug of "bitter."



Loading the ship's stores for a voyage to Australia.

It is from here toward the sea that London becomes a port of great ships from other lands. The West India Docks lie close at hand between Limehouse and Blackwall, where a horse-shoe bend of the Thames forms the Isle of Dogs. Cuba Street and Havannah Street suggest the trade that these basins were built to hold. They still contain a large number of sailing ships, many of them empty and idle, and the finest of those in commission bring the wool-clip of Australia to market. To these docks the stout barks of the Hudson Bay Company fetch the furs of the Northwest wilderness and here you may happen to find an Antarctic exploring steamer, the *Discovery* or the *Terra Nova*, fitting out for another daring voyage. Such a one looks small beside the towering four and five mast clipper-built ships, Scotch and English, which survive to speak of another age of England's greatness on the sea.

Rosy lads of good families still sail in them as midshipmen to learn the trade of seafaring and work their way up the ladder of promotion to officers' berths in ocean steamers. I recall an episode in the West India Dock which seemed to have been lifted bodily from an English novel of sea life, more like Clark Russell than anything else, yet also with a flavor of Captain Marryat. It was unreal, stagey, because one had read so much of precisely the same sort of thing and took it for granted that the like could not happen in this generation.

One of these fine sailing ships was ready to take her departure and make the circuit of the globe before she should see London River again. A brace of midshipmen, fifteen or sixteen years old, quite resplendent in monkey jackets and trousers

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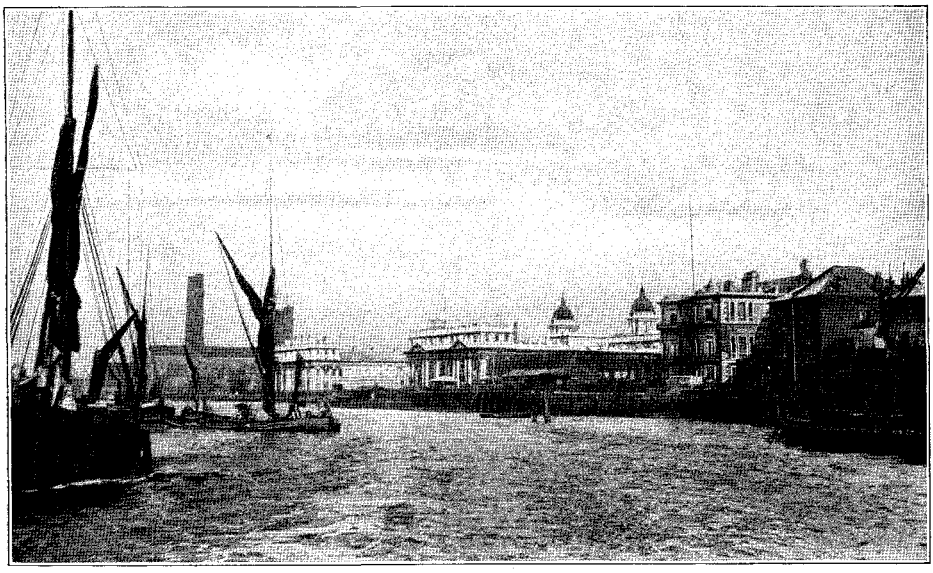

The stately, pillared palace of Charles II, now the Royal Naval College and Hospital, and the seat of Greenwich Observatory, by whose time skippers set their chronometers.—Page 576.

of blue navy cloth bedecked with many bright buttons, bustled importantly between deck and quay. To them came another of the same pattern, bouncing out of a four-wheeler which was driven in great haste. From its roof the cabby hoisted a sea-chest, very new as to varnish and cording and the curly-headed laddie, bound on his first voyage, helped carry it aboard.

There followed an English curate, and he belonged in a novel of Jane Austen, the sort of gentle curate who lives beside an ivy-clad church with a square Norman tower, has a walled flower garden, and when taking tea with the lady of the manor consults her about the welfare of the tenantry. From some such rural haven as this the stripling son, of the age when American lads are getting into long trousers and pre-

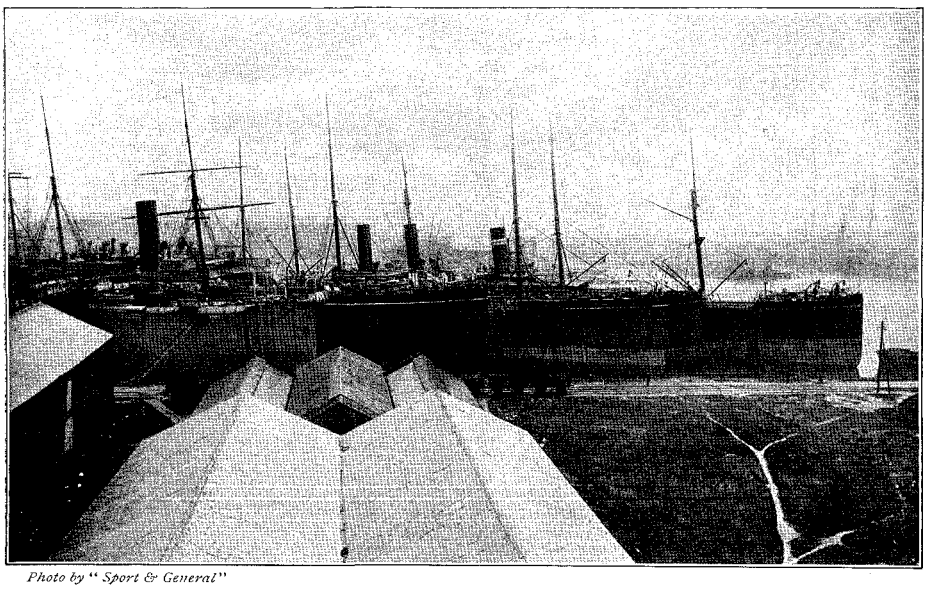

Photo by "Sport & General"

The Victoria and Albert Basins are filled with the largest steamers that come into the river. It is in these docks that one seems to feel the pulse of the British Empire.—Page 577.

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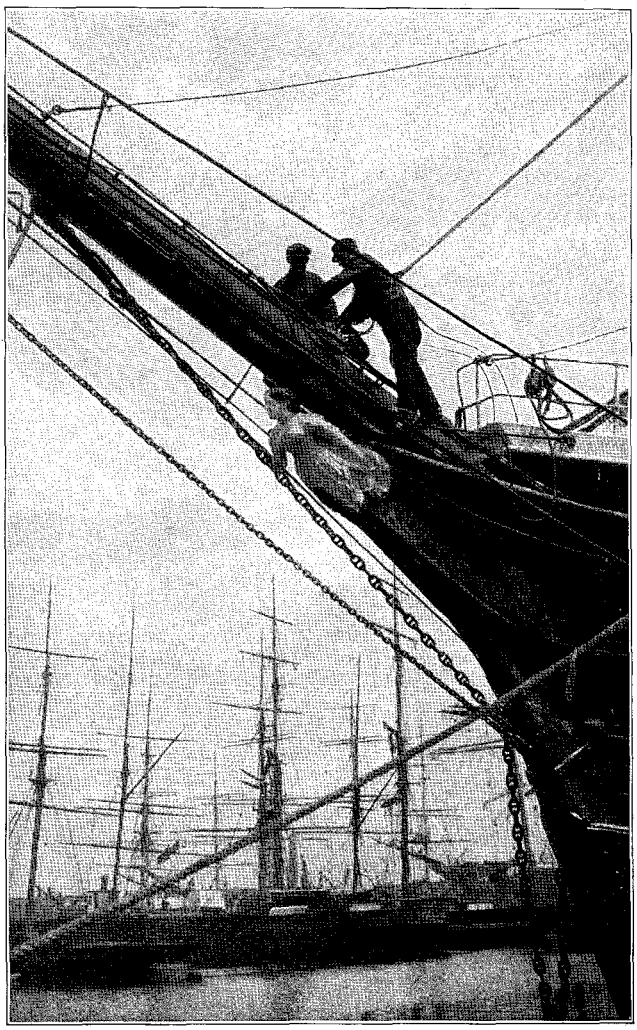
paratory school, was bravely embarking to learn the stern and perilous business of the seafarer. He ran down the gangway to stand on the dock with his father. What they said to each other was in farewell, for the tug was grinding along-side, the ship was loosing her moorings, and the sailors were scrambling aloft. The twain lingered beneath the soaring bowsprit which extended over the low roofed warehouses, and the white figure-head of some serene sea-goddess made the picture complete, gave it the touch of finality. The curate and his young midshipman parted company with a long hand-clasp and the seamen, who were heaving short a warping-line with a turn around the capstan, piped hoarsely, with drawling, melancholy cadence:

"Sing fare you well, my bonny young girl,
For we're bound for the Rio Grande."



The white figure-head of some serene sea-goddess.

Before rambling among the other docks down river, it is worth while slanting across the Thames to see the water-side of old Deptford, and the Royal Victualling Yard, which feeds the navy somewhat better than in Pepys's time or when Nelson's hearts of oak fought mightily on a diet of petrified salt horse and mouldy, weevily biscuit. Near by is the ancient dock-yard where Elizabeth came in state to welcome Drake after his marvellous voyage around the world in the *Golden Hind* and knighted him Sir Francis. In the church of St. Nicholas, whose tower was used as a light-house in by-gone days, rest the bones of two of the dauntless captains, Fenton and Hawkins, who smashed the Armada. And it was at Deptford that fine old Admiral Benbow puttered among his posies when he was not blowing the French out of water or blockading Dunkirk.

It is perhaps as well to hug this shore of the river as far as Greenwich and quit the water-man's skiff for a stroll along the terrace in front of the stately, pillared palace of Charles II, now the Royal Naval College and Hospital, and the seat of Greenwich Observatory, by whose time skippers set their chronometers and reckon their longitude around the world. The Thames is no longer brown and muddied but has a greenish cast of the sea, and on the further side, appearing remotely inland, are forests of masts and

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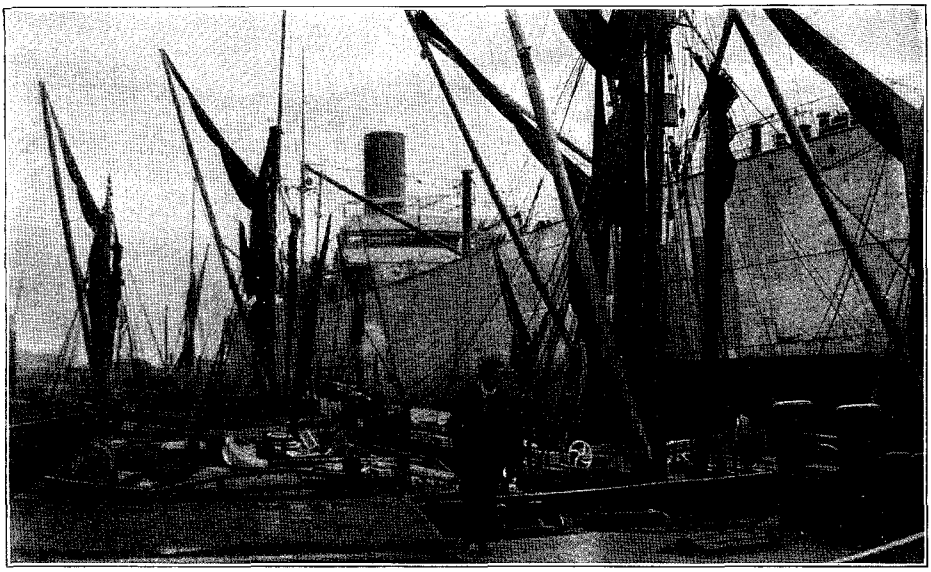

Out from them lead the roads to all the scattered colonies.—Page 578.

funnels in far extending docks. The waterman cocks a shrewd eye at the hurrying steamers, discerns a tug afar off and scrambles down to the gravelly shore on which he has beached his skiff. Rowing sturdily into the stream, he drops his oars, and catches up a heaving line to which is bent an iron grapnel. As the tug comes surging past he flings the hook, it rattles against a stanchion, and, swish! the skiff is towing astern with a wall of white water foaming higher than her sides. It is an easy, if somewhat hair-raising method of covering the distance to the lower docks.

Soon the massive gateways of the Victoria and Albert Basins come into view. These are filled with the largest steamers that come into the river. It is in these

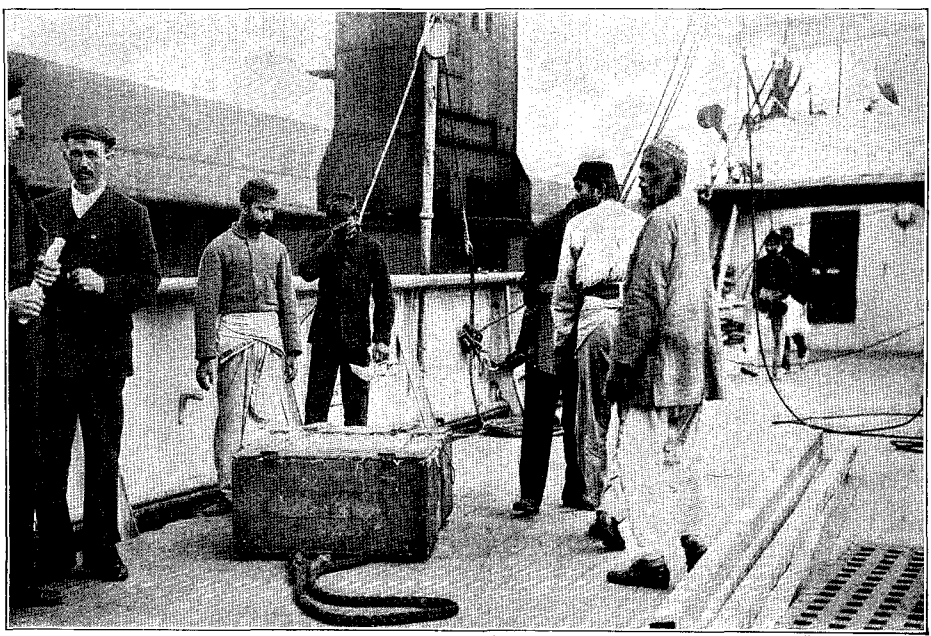

Photo by "Sport & General"

The Lascar seamen, turbaned, brown, and nimble, help to give the scene the proper color.—Page 578.

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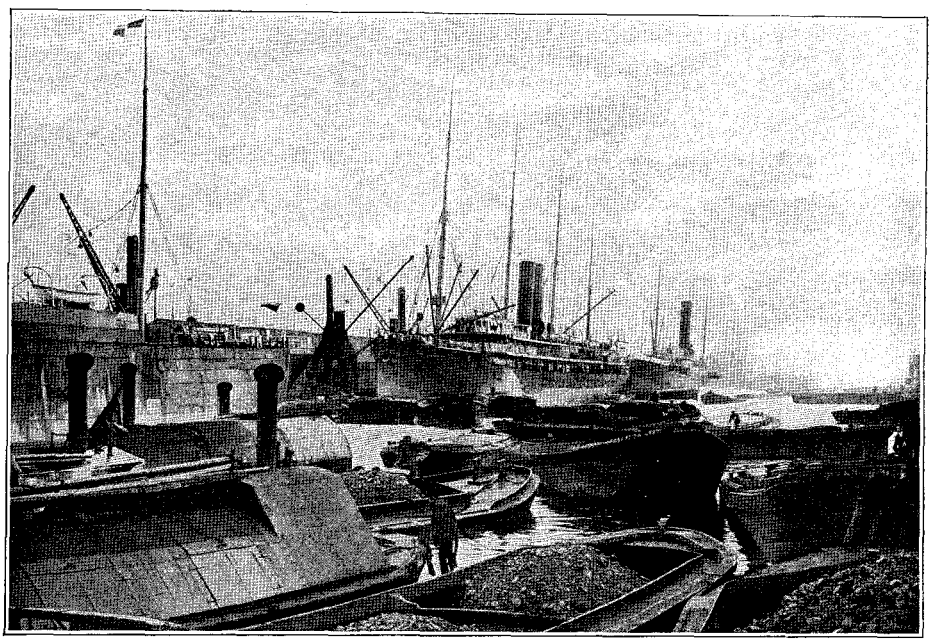

Photo by "Sport & General"

The Tilbury Docks are much larger than the Victoria and Albert Basins, but by no means as busy.

docks that one seems to feel the pulse of the British Empire beat most vigorously. Out from them lead the roads to India, South Africa, Australia, to Hongkong, to Jamaica, to all the scattered coasts and colonies where Englishmen are dominant. This is quite wonderful to think about, especially if it is sailing day for the P. and O., the Union Castle, the Shaw Savill, or the British India steamers. The Lascar seamen, turbaned, brown, and nimble, help to give the scene the proper color. Army men are going out to join their commands in blazing, dusty garrisons and cantonments. Younger sons are faring forth to seek fortune at the pioneering outposts of civilization. Gentlemanly remittance men whom nobody wants at home are nonchalantly sailing into the unknown to reappear under new names on the beaches of the South Seas and the Bund of Shanghai. Sweethearts are trustfully voyaging afar to marry their heroes who have earned the passage money in rupees by sweating in the Civil Service. Wistful mothers who have come home to place the children in school are returning to share their husbands' exile.

The passage across the Atlantic in a swift liner has become a ferry trip, almost commonplace. The departure is like that of a limited express train, not an event to thrill the observer and cause him to weave romantic fancies. It is something very different from this to watch the working force of empire scatter by divergent routes to pick up its appointed tasks. Not even the sight of a squadron of the grim, gray dreadnoughts of the Home Fleet, cruising in the Channel or anchored in the lee of Dover breakwater conveys a more moving impression of the power and influence of this sea-girt island of England than do these docks with their steamers and their people.

The Tilbury Docks, twenty-five miles below London, are much larger than the Victoria and Albert Basins, but by no means as busy. They spread over the Essex marshes in the midst of a most unlovely region of factories, waste spaces and dumping grounds in a kind of vast and empty isolation. Several of the best-known British shipping companies despatch their liners from Tilbury, but, for the most part, the steamers, scattered here and there, are like so many prisoners in solitary confinement. There are miles of tracks and hoisting cranes and capacious warehouses, but none of that animated confusion of scenes and sounds which one expects to find in the business of a mighty seaport. Further up the river there

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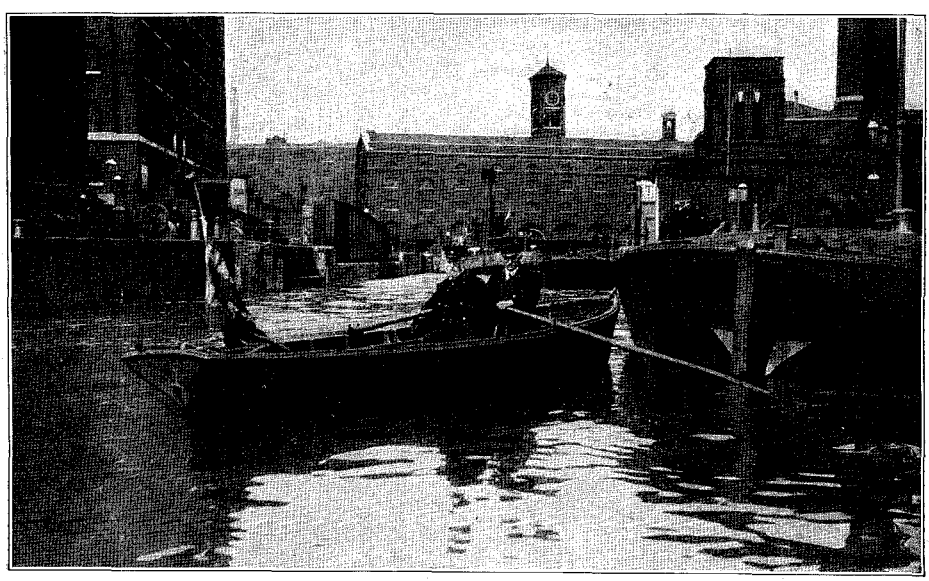
is nothing to indicate that London is losing her grip of the ocean commerce, but at Tilbury one begins to ponder and ask questions. Is England decadent, as many of her intelligent people profess to believe and as they will admit with a shrug and a sigh? Has the shipping of London River been largely diverted to other ports and other flags? It is true that the Tilbury Docks were far too large for the time of their building, which was soon after the opening of the Suez Canal, but the fact remains that while Antwerp, Hamburg, and New York cannot find sufficient room to harbor their swelling commerce, there are scores of vacant berths in London's greatest and most modern area of dockage.

It is a more cheerful pilgrimage to steer across the river to Gravesend, which some one else has compactly described as "all tea and shrimps, oilskins, sea-boots, and bloaters." This is really the seaward boundary of the port. Beyond it the Thames begins to widen into an estuary between low shores receding monotonously behind stretches of marsh and mud bank, a landscape of smoky distances. Off Gravesend the red mooring buoys sheer and twist in the strong tide and every vessel passing to and fro must slow down or round to for visits from the customs and health officers. The causeway has an idling maritime population of pilots, fishermen, men-of-war's men and merchant sailors ready with expert criticism of the manœuvres of the tugs, steamers, and sailing ships which throng the channel, and all the talk is, not of commerce, but of things saltily nautical. These and other signs indicate that the river is nearing the sea.

Dreary and inconspicuous as is the shore line faintly pencilled toward the mouth of the Thames, there are suggestions here and there to recall some of the most high-hearted pages of English history. The anchored training ships of the navy, obsolete three deckers with painted ports, bring to mind the exploits of Rodney, Blake, and Cloudesley Shovel. At the navy yards of Chatham Reach rides a line of modern battleships and cruisers, but on the lawn stands an old wooden figure-head of Nelson overlooking the bit of sloping shore from which the *Victory* was launched. The red lightship which warns mariners off the Noresands marks a stretch of water reminiscent of mutinies, of sea-fights, of fleets keeping watch and ward.

At the Nore the ships of London River cease to trail in column and turn to go their several ways, the little coastwise craft through the channel to the northward, the deep-sea ships steering east and south on through the Downs, then vanishing, hull down and under, to choose the solitary paths that lead them to all the havens of the chartered oceans.



River police of "The Port of London Authority."

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Lady Frances Wentworth.

From the painting by John Singleton Copley.

—See "Field of Art," page 638.

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GENERAL LEE AND THE CONFEDERATE GOVERNMENT

By Thomas Nelson Page

THE student of the Civil War will be likely to reach the conclusion that for at least the last two years of the struggle General Robert E. Lee carried the fortunes of the Confederacy on his shoulders.

It will possibly always be a question how far Lee's military operations were affected by his relation to the Confederate Government, and to what extent he was interfered with by the Richmond authorities. That he was much hampered by them seems quite certain, both from the nature of his subordinate relation to Mr. Davis and from the interference which is continually disclosed in the correspondence that took place between them.

The great Generals of History have almost invariably had a free hand in their campaigns and have been able to call to their aid all the powers of their government. Alexander, Cæsar, Hannibal, Cromwell, Frederick, Napoleon, were supreme wherever the interests of their armies were concerned. Turenne, Eugene, and Wellington had the fullest and most absolute backing of their governments. Moreover, they lived under different conditions from those of our time and subsisted their armies on the countries in which they operated. Until Grant received command the Union generals were continually interfered with by the Washington Government, and it was only when Grant stipulated that he should be commander in fact as well as in title that success, after long delay, rewarded the Northern arms.

On the Southern side, though the interference was never so flagrant, and though Lee appears to have always had the confidence of President Davis, and, from the time when he assumed command of the Army of Northern Virginia, to have had that of the Confederate Government; yet it is a question whether the interference, or, what was equally disastrous, the lack of prompt, practical, and efficient support on the part of the government, was not in the end as fruitful of misfortune. Colonel Henderson, in his "Life of Stonewall Jackson," declares that "a true estimate of Lee's genius is impossible, for it can never be known to what extent his designs were thwarted by the Confederate Government."

It may, indeed, be said briefly that a confederated government based frankly on the supreme power of the civil government over the military is not one under which a revolution can be fought out with best results. In the constitution of things the Confederate Government of the Southern States was inefficient to carry on such a war as that between the States. Each State was of equal dignity and authority with the others. Each one was of more importance in its own eyes than any of her sisters. Most of them were at times seriously, if not equally, threatened, and it was quite natural, when States' Rights was the cornerstone of the confederation, that each one should feel that her own interests were to her paramount to those of her sister States. Certainly, this was the case, and at times, particularly toward the close of the struggle, more than one of the South Atlantic States was in a ferment of opposition to the Richmond authorities bordering on secession.

The Confederate Government, indeed, was founded on certain principles of civil equality, which, however sound in themselves and making for liberty, yet furnished but a cumbrous machine with which to carry on a war. Theory, approaching dogma, controlled the minds of its legislators and of its officials. A few instances will illustrate the situation.

The war on the Southern side was conducted on the dogma of constitutional rights, and thus was limited during its earliest and most propitious stages to repelling invasion. No victory—not even one as complete as Bull Run—was consid-

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ered to give warrant to invade non-seceded States, and while the government at Washington was with a strong hand breaking up sessions of the Maryland Legislature, making wholesale arrests and flooding the territory of "neutral" Kentucky with armed forces to prevent her seceding, the armies of the South were held on the south side of the Potomac and the Ohio until the time had expired when they might, by an advance, have changed the destiny of the States and of the country.

The Confederate Government had theories about cotton; theories about political economy in which cotton played a controlling part; theories about the necessity of the South's being recognized by the leading powers of Europe. They held the opinion that not only the North, but Europe, was dependent on cotton—"King Cotton," as it was termed. To control the supply of cotton and withhold it from Europe was, in their opinion, to compel the recognition of the Southern Confederacy by Great Britain and France. Thus, though the Southern armies starved and supplies could have been had for cotton, the government forbade the transactions which might have relieved the situation, and while the ports of the South were being steadily sealed up, one after another, by blockade squadrons, and the cotton was being captured, abandoned, or burned, they still followed to the end the fatal *ignis fatuus* of foreign intervention, and failed to utilize to the utmost their own resources. The leaders were more high-minded than practical.

The Confederate Government had theories of finance. So, though the necessaries of life in the region where the war was carried on rose till it was said that it took a basketful of bills to buy in the market a basketful of food, they went on printing the money. In this they were ably seconded by the printing establishments of the North, which at times did a thriving business printing Confederate bills. Lee advocated at one time making Confederate money a legal tender, but this did not commend itself to those who controlled the Confederate finances.

In fact, the Confederate Government—by which is signified its officials—had theories about nearly everything—on which, indeed, they were quite willing to stake their lives, if this would have done any good.

Unfortunately, however, these views, whatever their soundness in the abstract, when put to the practical test in the crucible of war did not result in success, and the sincerity with which they were held did not add to their value. Lee's army starved and dwindled while the Confederate Congress debated and debated, often debating for weeks the most important measures till the exigency of the occasion had passed and the necessity for the particular action debated had been crowded from the stage by some new demand. Lee is said to have had meat on his table only twice a week on principle, and he protested against the order allowing officials in Richmond to get government meat at government prices while the men "in the field" were on starvation rations," but was overruled in the matter. Mr. Davis, in his Message to Congress on the 13th of March, 1865, complains of the "long deliberation and protracted debate," which caused a delay that "in itself was a new source of peril." Even when earlier there had been abundant supplies in the country, and the transportation was fully adequate, these "were not under control." It was not, indeed, until March, 1865, that the railroads were taken by the government. Up to this time no right was asserted.* Yet, that the public men of the South were in the main good, high-minded, and patriotic men there can be no doubt. The truth was that such a form of government was not suited to the needs of a revolution. What was required was the power to direct vested in one man responsible for the result. This was recognized at the time by many. The Confederate Congress in the early spring of 1862 passed an act creating the office of commander-in-chief with a view to having the conduct of the military operations free from the control of the civil power. This bill Mr. Davis vetoed as unconstitutional—as indeed it was—but he "assigned" General Lee "to duty at the seat of government and under the direction of the President," where he was "charged with the conduct of military operations in the armies of the Confederacy." The first clause of this order governed the whole. He was "under the direction of the President." And the President exercised his authority. No strategy on a grand scale could be attempted with-

* Letter of Judge John A. Campbell.

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out securing the approval of the Richmond authorities.

The chief disaster, perhaps, was the persistent policy of the government to attempt to hold all of the South instead of adopting the military policy, urged by Lee, of concentrating its armies and dealing the adversary a crushing blow. Joseph E. Johnston, when in command, proposed a campaign for the invasion of the North, in which Beauregard agreed with him; but the plan was not in accordance with the views of the Confederate Government and was rejected. Later on, Lee likewise was hampered in the same fashion, and to the end submitted his most far-reaching plans to the President for the approval of the government. It was a matter of common repute that toward the end of the struggle people constantly discussed the advisability of vesting in General Lee the power of dictator. Lee would have been the last man in the Confederacy to consent to this; but possibly it was the only way in which the South could have achieved its independence. It would, at least, have prevented the interference which kept the armies from reaching their highest efficieney.

When, after the expedition to Romney, the Richmond Government, through Mr. Benjamin, the Secretary of War, on a remonstrance of subordinate officers in Loring's command, approved by Loring, reversed an order of Stonewall Jackson's, and directed him to recall Loring's force from Romney, Jackson complied promptly with their instruction and then tendered his resignation. Johnston, who had likewise been slighted, remonstrated with him, but he said that "the authorities in Richmond must be taught a lesson or the next victims of their meddling will be Johnston or Lee." They learned the lesson so far as not to go again to such an extreme, but they meddled much in a different way, and both Johnston and Lee were the "victims." Johnston, who commanded in Georgia, in 1864, was finally, in response to public clamor, removed from his command at the most critical period of his campaign, and with results so disastrous to his command that, whatever the alternative, nothing could have been worse. Happily for Lee's peace of mind, he held views as to the relative rank and province of the civil and military authority which prevented friction and saved him all heart-burning. "As obedient to law as Socrates," was well said of him. If the law empowered others with authority he recognized it as fully as they themselves and governed his course accordingly. He did his duty and left consequences to God. But this did not alter the unhappy mistakes made in Richmond.

He differed with the authorities radically on many vital matters, as may be gathered inferentially from his correspondence and action, but he neither interfered nor criticised. His duty, as he apprehended it, was to obey those above him and command those under him. He was a soldier, and as a soldier he handled his army, leaving the rest to those on whom the responsibility devolved. The difference at times touched him nearly, for it touched his army. The authorities believed in the popular election of officers by their men. Inasmuch as the government of the Confederate States was a free government, based on the will of the people, it was decided that her soldiery, as free citizens of a republic, should have the privilege of electing their officers below the rank of general; this, too, though they were in the face of the enemy and though the election was destructive of discipline. Lee knew that it would result in demoralization, but his reference to it was simply that we are "in the midst of the confusion" incident to the reorganization of the army. Many of the most efficient and experienced officers of the line were, in fact, thereby deprived of their commands and supplanted by men who might never have worn a sword and "smelt damnably of the halberd." The Confederate authorities believed that England and France would certainly come to the aid of the South after "the *Trent* affair." Lee foresaw with clearer vision that the Federal Government would yield and surrender the envoys with apologies, and in private letters he stated the necessity of abandoning all expectation of foreign intervention and substituting therefor self-relience and fortitude.

However on questions of vital policy he differed with the civil authorities, he acted under their authority with unabated zeal. For example, on the subject of the employment of the negroes as soldiers, Lee held very different views from those of the authorities at Richmond. Many of them had been in the service all along as teamsters,

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axemen, and farriers, and by the autumn of 1864 the question was seriously debated whether they should not be armed and employed as soldiers. Lee was strongly of the opinion that they should be. He knew as no one else did the importance of filling his depleted ranks. He felt as well as others the difficulties of the measure he advocated, but he believed they could be overcome. He knew that the enemy used them by tens of thousands, and that under proper training and command they made good soldiers. He felt that it would only be proper to give them the reward of freedom. But on this point the authorities held different views, and the result was destructive.

They had theories about the institution of slavery, and in the main sound theories —moreover, it was a most complex and delicate matter to handle with reference to domestic concerns, and the new complication growing out of war and invasion. So, though the Union armies had mustered in some two hundred thousand negroes, it was not until the winter of 1864–5 when the Army of Northern Virginia had almost perished that it was decided to recruit negroes for service in the field.

The plan was proposed in the autumn, was agitated all winter, and was acted on only as Lee was being forced out of his intrenchments before Richmond, and then in a form which robbed it of the essential feature of granting them freedom, which alone could have made it operative.

Lee's views are expressed in a letter which he wrote to a prominent member of the Virginia Legislature in February, who had asked his views on the subject.

"Head-quarters Confederate States Armies,

"*February* 18, 1865.

"Hon. E. Barksdale,

"*House of Representatives, Richmond.*

"*Sir:* I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 12th instant, with reference to the employment of negroes as soldiers. I think the measure not only expedient but necessary. The enemy will certainly use them against us if he can get possession of them; and as his present numerical superiority will enable him to penetrate many parts of the country, I cannot see the wisdom of the policy of holding them to await his arrival, when we may, by timely action and judicious management, use them to arrest his progress. I do not think that our white population can supply the necessities of a long war without overtaxing its capacity and imposing great suffering upon our people; and I believe we should provide resources for a protracted struggle—not merely for a battle or a campaign.

"In answer to your second question, I can only say that in my opinion the negroes, under proper circumstances, will make efficient soldiers. I think we could at least do as well with them as the enemy, and he attaches great importance to their assistance. Under good officers and good instructions, I do not see why they should not become soldiers. They possess all the physical qualifications, and their habits of obedience constitute a good foundation for discipline. They furnish a more promising material than many armies of which we read in history, which owed their efficiency to discipline alone. I think those who are employed should be freed. It would neither be just nor wise, in my opinion, to require them to serve as slaves. The best course to pursue, it seems to me, would be to call for such as are willing to come with the consent of their owners. An impressment or draft would not be likely to bring out the best class, and the use of coercion would make the measure distasteful to them and to their owners.

"I have no doubt that if Congress would authorize their reecption into service, and empower the President to call upon individuals or States for such as they are willing to contribute, with the condition of emancipation to all enrolled, a sufficient number would be forthcoming to enable us to try the experiment. If it proved successful, most of the objections to the measure would disappear, and if individuals still remained unwilling to send their negroes to the army, the force of public opinion in the States would soon bring about such legislation as would remove all obstacles. I think the matter should be left, as far as possible, to the people and to the States, which alone can legislate as the necessities of this particular service may require. As to the mode of organizing them, it should be left as free from restraint as possible. Experience will suggest the best course, and it will

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be inexpedient to trammel the subject with provisions that might, in the end, prevent the adoption of reforms suggested by actual trial.

"With great respect,

"Your obedient servant,

"R. E. LEE, *General*."

The proposition to enlist negroes, though introduced in November, was not passed until March, 1865, and then the bill merely authorized the President to accept for service such slaves as the masters might choose to put into military service, and General Lee's recommendation as to their emancipation was not acted on. It came to nothing, and it is quite possible that it might have done so even had the measure been adopted in time; but the delay and the failure to approve General Lee's recommendation illustrate the difficulties with which Lee had to contend in dealing with the government. It was inherent in the existing conditions.

The interferences of the government affected soon the constituency of his army.

"The government, at the opening of the year 1864," says one familiar with the subject, "estimated that the conscription would place four hundred thousand troops in the field."* Lee saw with clearer eyes. The measure not only failed to provide what was expected of it; but by the end of the year it was, in the opinion of Lee, "diminishing rather than increasing the strength of his army." †

The pernicious system of details which prevailed contrary to Lee's wishes and the not less pernicious habit of setting aside the findings of the courts-martial and pardoning deserters contributed to render his difficult position one of yet more extreme difficulty.

Desertions were perilously frequent, and the government at Richmond prevented the execution of sentence on the culprit. Longstreet protested and Lee endorsed on his protest, "Desertion is increasing in the army, notwithstanding all my efforts to stop it. I think a rigid execution of the law is mercy in the end. The great want in our army is firm discipline."

To this, which was referred by the Secretary of War to the President for his information, Mr. Davis, on November 29, 1864, replied: "When deserters are arrested they should be tried, and if the sentences are reviewed and remitted, that is not a proper subject for the criticism of a military commander."

Hardly any fact lets in a clearer light than this on one of the basic difficulties with which Lee had to contend in his titanic task of defending the South. Mr. Davis was so jealous of his constitutional rights that he could insist on them in face of Lee's solemn statement that his army, the chief bulwark of the whole Confederate fabric, was being undermined by the erroneous exercise of the right.

The idea had got abroad that men who left Lee's army could be enrolled for service in organizations nearer home, and under this temptation in the fearful winter of 1864–5 numbers of men left his lines and went to their own States with this in view. Indeed, it might almost be said that toward the latter part of the war the people of more than one of the States to the southward considered themselves so neglected by the government as to be almost ready for open revolt against the Confederacy. At least three States had "passed laws to withdraw from service men liable to it under existing laws." * And as late as the 13th of March, 1865, Mr. Davis sent in a message asking the Congress to provide a law for organizing the militia and empowering him to call them out. He stated in this message that the governor of one State had declared that he had no power to call the militia to cross a county line, while the executive of another State had "refused to allow the militia to be employed in the service of the Confederate States in the absence of a law for that purpose." † The government had doubtless done the best that it could do; but it is certain that if it had not lost the confidence of the people at large, it was rapidly doing so. By the end of 1864, all eyes were turned to Lee. He was recognized as the sole hope of the Confederacy. In January, 1865, the Virginia Legislature testified unmistakably its lack of confidence in the general government, and a committee with the speaker at its head waited on the President to inform him of the fact, while a yet more significant omen was the opposition of the Congress.

* "Life of General Lee," by J. D. McCabe (1866), p. 573.
† Letter of December 31, 1864.

* Letter of Judge John A. Campbell to General John C. Breckinridge, Secretary of War, March 5, 1865.
† "The Civil War during the Year 1865," by John A. Campbell, pp. 49-50.

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Before the close of the last session of the Congress, they were almost at an open breach, as is shown by the tart reply of the Senate Committee to the President's message of March 13th, 1865, taking them to task for their "protracted debate" on vital subjects. Among other resentful charges, they twit him with their having created the office of general-in-chief, without any suggestion from him, "with a view to the restoration of public confidence and the energetic administration of military affairs." It was apparent at last that some other plan of conducting the war than that which had hitherto been followed was necessary. A change was made in the War Department, and General Breckinridge became Secretary of War, while General Lee was made Commander of the Armies of the Confederacy. The Legislature of Virginia passed a resolution declaring that the appointment of General Robert E. Lee to the command of all the armies of the Confederate States "would promote their efficiency and operate powerfully to reanimate the spirits of the armies, as well as of the people of the several States, and to inspire increased confidence in the final success of our cause." To this Mr. Davis replied with dignity that the opinion expressed by the General Assembly in regard to General Lee had his full concurrence; and that Virginia could not have a higher regard for him or greater confidence in his character and ability than was entertained by him. "When General Lee," he added, "took command of the Army of Northern Virginia he was in command of all the armies of the Confederate States by my order of assignment. He continued in this general command of the Army of Northern Virginia as long as I would resist his opinion that it was necessary for him to be relieved from one of these two duties. Ready as he has ever shown himself to perform any service that I desired him to render to his country, he left it to me to choose between his withdrawal from the command of the army in the field and relieving him of the general command of all the armies of the Confederate States. It was only when satisfied of the necessity that I came to the conclusion to relieve him of the general command, believing that the safety of the capital and the success of our cause depended, in a great measure, on the retaining him in the command in the field of the Army of Northern Virginia. On several subsequent occasions, the desire on my part to enlarge the sphere of General Lee's usefulness has led to renewed consideration of the subject, and he has always expressed his inability to assume command of other armies than those now confided to him, unless relieved of the immediate command in the field of that now opposed to General Grant."

Mr. Davis, however, had unyieldingly opposed the proposition for Congress to call Lee to the position as an infringement on his constitutional rights, and earlier in the war had, as already stated, vetoed the bill passed for this purpose. Alexander H. Stephens declares that Lee asked to be relieved from the position of responsibility because he had no power. In the imminent danger of immediate collapse it was now agreed that the Congress should provide the position, and the President then appointed Lee to fill it, the order being dated February 5, 1865. The measure even in this form was opposed by many of Mr. Davis's friends, and one of the historians of the time states that on the final passage of the bill fourteen of the President's friends voted against it, and that Mrs. Davis declared that before she would have submitted to the humiliation of being deprived of her rights in this matter she would have been hanged.* Another difficulty, however, stood in the way. Lee himself had declared that he would not accept the position in opposition to Mr. Davis, but only at his hands. The phrase in his first general order to his armies is significant of his point of view:

"HEAD-QUARTERS, CONFEDERATE ARMY,
"*February* 9, 1865.

"General Order No. 1. In obedience to General Order No. 3 . . . I assume command of the military forces of the Confederate States. . . ."

Longstreet declares his astonishment at Lee's failure to exercise the enormous powers vested in him. But it was too late now for any exercise of power to have changed the issue.

Fortunately for Lee, the relations between him and the President of the Confederacy were ever of the most cordial kind. They had known each other long and well,

* McCabe's "Life of General R. E. Lee."

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and each recognized in the other the qualities that ennobled them. During a considerable portion of the war the President kept near him General Lee's eldest son, General Custis Lee, himself an accomlished engineer and soldier. Mr. Davis was a man of the highest character and of absolute devotion to the constitutional principles to whose preservation he pledged his life and powers. He was a trained soldier, and in the Mexican war had displayed marked dash, courage, and ability as a regimental commander. Moreover, he had had great experience, and as Secretary of War of the United States had made a reputation for breadth of view and power of organization which to-day places him second to none among those who have held that important office. It was under him that the first regiments of cavalry as an independent arm of the service were organized, and one of these Lee had commanded. Thus, the two men knew and respected each other, and when, after the unsuccessful "West" Virginia campaign, Lee was the object of much foolish criticism and clamor, Mr. Davis stood by him and not only relied on him as his military adviser, but, on Johnston's being wounded at Seven Pines, appointed him commander of the army before Richmond—the Army of Northern Virginia. When he assigned Lee to the duty of defending the South Atlantic coast, and protest was made against his choice, his reply to the delegation was: "If Lee is not a general, I have none to send you."

This, however, did not prevent Mr. Davis being a doctrinaire, and one whose theories, at times, honest as they were, interfered disastrously with practical action. "As he was courageous, physically and morally, he was a man of convictions—absolutely direct, frank, and positive," says one of his friends of Mr. Davis (General Breckinridge). Or, to use Lee's own expression about him, who ever held him in high and affectionate esteem, he was "very tenacious in opinion and purpose." Possibly he was too positive. At least he had the courage of his convictions, and, conscious of his own rectitude of intention and conduct, he was hard to change. He was subject to strong impressions, and was consequently not only inclined to favoritism, but was liable to be influenced by persons of strong convictions and determined will who might be about him; and at times he displayed what was not far from sheer obstinacy. He was described by an enemy—and he had many—as "standing in a corner telling his beads and relying on a miracle to save the country." It was not true; but it contained this grain of truth, that he shut his eyes at times to facts plain to other men, and stood firm for a policy which, sound under other conditions, was now destructive. Against all criticism of him—and he was the target for much abuse and adverse criticism—we have Lee's judgment that he did "as well possibly as any other man could have done in the same position."

Toward Lee he was ever considerate and kind, yet he held on to his own power even where Lee was concerned. Lee could only get Major—afterward General—Long promoted to the rank he wished him to have, by appointing him his military secretary, and his request for the appointment of his chief of staff was not granted. Mr. Davis declared afterward in his autobiography that Lee had long been, to all intents and purposes, commander-in-chief of the Confederate States armies; but Lee was, as we have seen, expressly assigned to act "under the direction of the President," and was not appointed and commissioned to chief and independent command until in February, 1865, and every experienced man knows the vast difference between being the untitled adviser of an official and the responsible official himself.

The difference would have been peculiarly marked in Lee, who never exceeded authority nor shirked responsibility. Had he been commander of all the armies of the Confederacy, Johnston would probably not have retired from the line of the Rappahannock in 1862. And it is certain that he would not have been relieved from command before Sherman in the summer of 1864. It is also probable that the well-nigh impregnable line of the North Anna would have been selected as the defensive line against Burnside and Hooker instead of the heights of Fredericksburg, which in the judgment of critics were likewise impregnable, but did not present the advantage of a field for efficient pursuit of the defeated assailants. But, quite apart from these errors, had Lee been in supreme command of the armies of the South, his hand-

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ling of the weapon with which he fought McClellan and Pope, and Burnside and Hooker and Grant would have been freer, and probably it would have been a more efficient weapon than it was, as efficient as Grant's casualty list proves it to have been.

Not only was Lee's judgment as to strategy and the disposition of troops even in the face of the enemy, often in overwhelming force, cramped by the need to defer to the authorities in Richmond; but the very life of the army was subject to the same disastrous influences. Reinforcements, exemption, straggling, desertion, promotion of inferior men and failure to promote superior men, subsistence, and equipment were all dealt with by the Richmond Government.

And Lee, already overburdened, was weighted down by the additional burden of having to bow to the inevitable in the form now of political interference, and now of personal incompetence.

Lee repeatedly found himself obliged to write to the President urging with insistence the absolute necessity of upholding his hands with respect to the suppression of straggling and desertion and other offences that were "injurious to the cause." His urgency appears, as has been stated, to have been taken as a usurpation of executive authority.

That "an army moves on its belly" has as good authority as Napoleon. But the belly of the Confederate armies was nearly always empty. The commissary-general of subsistence was an old comrade and a favorite with the head of the government, and he had theories as to the regular way in which to gather supplies and subsist an army which nothing could shake. It mattered not that the armies starved and the generals protested. He had read somewhere—in works on the conduct of war—of the proper method of subsisting an army, and no amount of experience served to change his views. He took orders only from the President, and naught could move him. That he was patriotic and honest did not make amends for his unpractical theories or fill the haversacks of the Confederate soldiery. Johnston said his army had not more than two days' provisions stored, and we know what the necessities of Lee's army were during the years he fought it, and the well-meaning incompetents of the Commissary Bureau undertook with so little success to feed it. Lee at times had not one day's rations. The tale of the killed and wounded in battle may be arrived at with reasonable approximation; the tale of the starved and depleted victims of incompetence will never be imagined.

But among the most disastrous consequences of Lee's dependence on the civil authority was his inability to command the production of the necessary supplies for his army. An illustration may be found in his correspondence with the government at Richmond in the winter of 1863, when his army was at Fredericksburg, after the victory of Fredericksburg and before that of Chancellorsville.

On the 26th of January he wrote to Mr. Seddon, the Secretary of War—himself a high-minded and unselfish patriot of large experience—"As far as I can learn, we have now about one week's supply: four days' fresh beef and four days' salt meat of the reduced ration.* After that is exhausted I know not whence further supplies can be drawn. The question of provisioning the army is becoming one of greater difficulty every day. The country north of us is pretty well drained of everything the people are willing to part with, except some grain and hay in Loudoun. Nor can impressment be resorted to with advantage, inasmuch as provisions retained for domestic use are concealed. A resort to impressment would, in my opinion, in this region produce aggravation and suffering among the people without much benefit. But I think if the citizens in the whole country were appealed to they would be willing to restrict themselves and furnish what they have to the army.

"I am more than usually anxious about the supplies of the army, as it will be impossible to keep it together without food."

On this letter the following endorsement was made at Richmond by General L. B. Northrup, the commissary-general of subsistence:

"Subsistence Department,
"*January* 28th, 1863.

"Fifteen months ago this bureau foresaw that the supply of cattle in Virginia would be exhausted. . . . The meat has held out longer than was expected. . . . The order

* ¼ pound. Lee's letter to J. A. Seddon, Secretary of War, April 17, 1863.

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of the War Department reducing the ration of meat and increasing that of flour as referred to has not been observed in the Army of Virginia for a period of between three and four months, by order of General Lee, and the use of the whole beef (necks and shanks included) which was attempted to be instituted by the commissary-general of subsistence has not been observed in that army, the discontent and other obstacles being urged as insurmountable in the field. . . . All the transportation that can be begged will be needed to get wheat to be converted into flour for the same army that now wants meat. General Lee's suggestion that an appeal be made to the citizens to forward supplies is noted by this bureau and is not approved. . . .

"Respectfully,

"L. B. NORTHRUP,*

"*Commissary-General of Subsistence.*"

Could anything be imagined more tragic than this? A commissary disallowing the suggestion of a commanding general as to food for his army, and rebuking him for insubordination.

It is small wonder that Lee's health gave way that winter and that a year later he asked for his son to come and act as his chief of staff, on the ground that he was sensible of a diminution of his strength since this illness. Yet, as stated, this request was denied.

Two years after this Sherman destroyed what he estimated as one hundred million dollars' worth of crops in the South and made other disposition of the transportation which the commissary-general of subsistence could only secure by begging.

Subordination to the civil authority was the key to Lee's action throughout the war. It speaks in all of his correspondence and utterances relating to the civil government of the Confederacy. It is found in the very beginning of the war in a letter to Mrs. Lee, where, in reply to her suggestion of the rumor that he was to be made commander-in-chief, he stated simply that this position was held by President Davis. It is found at the end of the war in his reply to General Gordon, who, in an interview with him in the beginning of February, 1865, having learned from his lips his view of the almost desperate situation, inquired if he had made his views known to President Davis or to the Congress. He received the reply, states his corps commander, "that he scarcely felt authorized to suggest to the civil authorities the advisability of making terms with the government of the United States. He said that he was a soldier, that it was his province to obey the orders of the government, and to advise or counsel with the civil authorities only upon questions directly affecting his army and its defence of the capital and the country." *

Though his administration of every office which he ever filled showed his ability to grapple successfully with whatever problems life presented to him, he was careful to abstain from all that savored of political work. He gave his advice frankly when it was requested; but beyond this held himself scrupulously aloof from interference in political matters. His views on this subject were set forth clearly when on one occasion, toward the end of the war, Senator B. H. Hill, of Georgia, approached him with the suggestion that he should give his views on "the propriety of changing the seat of government and going further South."

His reply was: "That is a political question, Mr. Hill, and you politicians must determine it. I shall endeavor to take care of the army, and you must make the laws and control the government."

"Ah, General, but you will have to change that rule," said the Georgia senator, "and form and express political opinions; for if we establish our independence the people will make you Mr. Davis's successor."

"Never, sir," said Lee; "that I will never permit. Whatever talents I may possess (and they are but limited) are military talents. My education and training are military. I think the military and civil talents are distinct if not different, and full duty in either sphere is about as much as one man can qualify himself to perform. I shall not do the people the injustice to accept high civil office with whose questions it has not been my business to become familiar."

"Well—but, General," persisted Hill, "history does not sustain your view. Cæ-

* O. R. C., VIII, pp. 674, 675. Bigelow's "Chancellorsville Campaign," 33–4.

* "Reminiscences of the Civil War," General John B. Gordon, p. 390.

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sar, Frederick of Prussia, and Bonaparte were great statesmen as well as great generals."

"And great tyrants," replied Lee promptly. "I speak of the proper rule in republics, where I think we should have neither military statesmen nor political generals."

"But Washington was both," urged Hill, "and yet not a tyrant."

"Washington was an exception to all rules and there was none like him," said he, smiling.

It was doubtless this conversation which led Hill in after years in pronouncing his eulogy on General Lee to utter the fine saying that "he was Cæsar without his ambition, Frederick without his tyranny, Napoleon without his selfishness, and Washington without his reward."

Lee also held different views from those which controlled in the Confederate civil councils on the more vital subject of proposals for peace.

When he first crossed the Potomac he had in mind the possibility of its leading to negotiations for peace and so wrote Mr. Davis. (Letter of Sept. 8, 1862.) And again, on the eve of his second invasion of the North, he addressed to Mr. Davis a letter advocating measures for encouraging "the rising peace party of the North," almost urgent in its terms. (Letter of June 10, 1863.) "Nor do I think," he wrote, "we should in this connection make nice distinction between those who declare for peace unconditionally and those who advocate it as a means of restoring the Union, however much we may prefer the former. . . . When peace is proposed it will be time enough to discuss its terms, and it is not the part of providence to spurn the proposition in advance." This was certainly a very different view of the case from that held by the civil rulers in Richmond, who, even as late as the Hampton Roads Conference, were as firm in their demands for independence as on the day after first Manassas. They could not understand that conditions had changed since the preceding summer, and they were still misled by accounts of disaffection at the North and by the *ignis fatuus* of foreign intervention.

Yet, however little inclined Lee was to interfere in civil matters, he was ready, at need, to lend his aid to further the cause of peace whenever it was desired by the civil authorities. Such an occasion occurred in February, 1865, and Lee, on finding that it was the wish of the President, acceded to the suggestion to open a correspondence with Grant, who had been reported as desirous to discuss with him the possibility of arriving at a satisfactory adjustment of the unhappy difficulties in the way of a peace settlement by means of "a military convention."

Longstreet, who it appears was first approached on the subject, has given the following account of the negotiations. He states that on the 20th of February, 1865, General Ord, commanding the Army of the James, sent him a note asking him to arrange a meeting with him with a view to putting a stop to the bartering which went on between the troops in the picket lines; and that inasmuch as Ord knew that he could at any time put a stop to his men doing this by a simple order, he surmised that there must be some other matters which he wished to discuss with him, and accordingly acceded to his request. They met next day between the lines, and presently Ord asked for a "side interview," which was acceded to.

"When he spoke of the purpose of the meeting," says Longstreet, "I mentioned a simple manner of correcting the matter, which he accepted without objection or amendment. Then he spoke of affairs military and political.

"Referring to the recent conference of the Confederates with President Lincoln at Hampton Roads, he said that the politicians of the North were afraid to touch the question of peace, and there was no way to open the subject except through officers of the armies. On his side they thought the war had gone on long enough; that we should come together as former comrades and friends and talk a little. He suggested that the work as belligerents should be suspended; that General Grant and General Lee should meet and have a talk; that my wife, who was an old acquaintance and friend of Mrs. Grant in their girlhood days, should go into the Union lines and visit Mrs. Grant with as many Confederate officers as might choose to be with her. Then Mrs. Grant would return the call under escort of Union officers and visit Richmond; that while General Lee and General Grant were arranging for better feeling between

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the armies they could be aided by intercourse between the ladies and officers until terms honorable to both sides could be found.

"I told General Ord that I was not authorized to speak on the subject, but could report upon it to General Lee and the Confederate authorities, and would give notice in case a reply could be made.

"General Lee was called over to Richmond and we met at night at the President's mansion. Secretary of War Breckinridge was there. The report was made, several hours were passed in discussing the matter, and finally it was agreed that favorable report should be made as soon as another meeting could be arranged with General Ord. Secretary Breckinridge expressed especial approval of the part assigned for the ladies.

"As we separated I suggested to General Lee that he should name some irrelevant matter as the occasion of his call for the interview with General Grant, and that once they were together they could talk as they pleased. A telegram was sent my wife that night at Lynchburg calling her to Richmond, and the next day a note was sent General Ord asking him to appoint a time for another meeting.

"The meeting," continues Longstreet, "was appointed for the day following, and the result of the conference was reported. General Ord asked to have General Lee write General Grant for an interview, stating that General Grant was prepared to receive the letter, and thought that a way could be found for a military convention, while old friends of the military service could get together and seek out ways to stop the flow of blood. He indicated a desire on the part of President Lincoln to devise some means or excuse for paying for the liberated slaves, which might be arranged as a condition and part of the terms of the convention and relieve the matter of political bearing; but those details were in the form of remote probabilities to be discussed when the parties became advanced in their search for ways of settlement."

On the 1st of March, Longstreet wrote General Lee, giving a report of the second interview with Ord, and on the 2d of March, Lee wrote Grant the following letter:

"Head-quarters Confederate States Armies,

"*March* 2nd, 1865.

"Lieutenant-General U. S. Grant,

"*Commanding United States Armies.*

"*General:* Lieutenant-General Longstreet has informed me that in a recent conversation between himself and Major-General Ord as to the possibility of arriving at a satisfactory adjustment of the present unhappy difficulties by means of a military convention, General Ord states that if I desired to have an interview with you on the subject you would not decline, provided I had authority to act. Sincerely desiring to leave nothing untried which may put an end to the calamities of war, I propose to meet you at such convenient time and place as you may designate, with the hope that upon an interchange of opinions it may be found practicable to submit the subjects of controversy between the belligerents to a convention of the kind mentioned. In such event I am authorized to do whatever the result of the proposed interview may render necessary or advisable. Should you accede to this proposition, I would suggest that, if agreeable to you, we meet at the place selected by Generals Ord and Longstreet for their interview, at 11 A. M. on Monday next.

"Very respectfully,

"Your obedient servant,

"R. E. Lee, *General.*"

This letter was sent to Longstreet open, with instructions to read, seal, and forward. Longstreet, having read it, disapproved of the true object of the interview being so frankly mentioned, and, as he states, "rode in to Richmond to ask that some other business should be named as the cause of the call for the interview, but he [Lee] was not disposed to approach his purpose by diplomacy, and ordered the letter to be delivered. He, however, wrote and sent another letter also, which related to the exchange of prisoners, and closed by saying: 'Should you see proper to assent to the interview proposed in my letter of this date, I hope it may be found practicable to arrive at a more satisfactory understanding on this subject.'"

To this proposal of Lee's, Grant replied two days later in a letter, nearly three-fourths of which related to the question of

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the exchange of prisoners mentioned in his second note. As to the matter suggested by Ord, he replied, declining the interview, saying:

" . . . In regard to meeting you on the 6th instant, I would state that I have no authority to accede to your proposition for a conference on the subject proposed. Such authority is vested in the President of the United States alone. General Ord could only have meant that I would not refuse an interview on any subject on which I have a right to act, which of course would be such as are of a military character, and on the subject of exchanges which has been entrusted to me.

" U. S. GRANT,
" *Lieutenant-General.*"

It would appear that Grant, on receiving Lee's letter, notified the Government in Washington, and Mr. Lincoln sent him, through Stanton, on the 3rd of March, a telegram instructing him to "have no conference with General Lee, unless it were for the capitulation of Lee's army," or on some minor and purely military matter, and stated further that Grant was "not to decide, discuss, or confer upon any political question."

This gleam of hope, which for a moment had appeared so promising, having disappeared, Lee went back to his post behind the trenches in which his army, now but a wraith, still held back the foe, in no small part by the awe which its valor and fortitude had inspired. Here, still obedient to the civil government, as he deemed it his duty to be, he held on until swept away by Grant's irresistible numbers ably thrown against him. And even then by a tragic fate he was the victim of the incompetence of the civil authorities. He had successfully accomplished one of the most difficult movements of his career. He had withdrawn his army by night from Grant's front extending against his lines for thirty-odd miles, in places so close that the movement could not be begun till the moon set. He had crossed the Appomattox twice and, marching past Grant's left, was well on his way to Danville when the disastrous consequence of civil incompetence overtook him. In the first place, a letter in which Lee had stated the condition of his army and his plans to the civil authorities had been left in Richmond and fell into the hands of the Union commander, thus apprising him fully of Lee's route and the desperate condition of his army. And secondly, when Lee reached Amelia Court House, where he had ordered that rations should meet his army, it was found that though they had been sent as directed, the train carrying them had been ordered away again a few hours before his arrival. It used to be charged that this train was ordered back to Richmond to help take away the retiring Government officials; but this charge Mr. Davis indignantly denied, and no one has since believed it. As to the effect of this disaster we have Lee's own views given in his final report of the surrender at Appomattox:

" . . . Not finding the supplies ordered to be placed there," he says, "nearly twenty-four hours were lost in endeavoring to collect in the country subsistence for men and horses. This delay was fatal and could not be retrieved."

When Lee sheathed his sword the Confederate Government vanished like a morning cloud.

With this report to the President of the Confederate States the Army of Northern Virginia passed into history.

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THE MAIL-ORDER COWBOY

By Hugh Johnson

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. HERBERT DUNTON

SERGEANT BLAINE stood at the bunk-house door and surveyed the Mexican-American town of Alcodones. A huddle of dun-colored adobes, flat-topped, deep-windowed, swam down in the strong sunlight from the bare, yellow hills that were Mexico to meet a conjoined huddle on the bare, yellow hills that were Arizona. A wide swath of a street held them apart, and here a dismounted cavalryman was lazily patrolling the well-marked boundary line whose inviolability, in those stirring times of revolution, was Sergeant Blaine's charge.

The sergeant was not pleased, for the trooper, rifle slouched across careless shoulders, was amusing himself by making tantalizing gestures toward a group of cotton-clad *Rurales*, who, squatting barefooted, broad-hatted, in the quilt of shade from the *Commissario de Policia*, sucked brown cigarettes and affected not to see. From the bunk-house, behind the sergeant, the voice of his corporal droned monotonously:

"We'll be across the line in two weeks. The Japs is flirtin' with Magdalena Bay an' yer Uncle Sammy won't stand fer it—why it's as plain as the nose on yer face."

"I don't know how plain it is," growled Blaine, "but it's a blame sight plainer than the nose on the face of the man that crosses that line before I give the word'll be. It's the President's order that you don't cross, an' I'm responsible for you, you hair-brained recruits. Do you think I'm goin' to take a chance at a court-martial an' clankin' a leg-iron over the rocks at Alcatraz for ten years so that *you* can trifle with that line? It's international complications you'd be bringin' on—an' me all ready to retire on three-quarters pay fer thirty years' service. Look at that fool sentinel, stirrin' up them greasers an'—for the love of *Mike!*"

The sergeant's shocked gaze passed beyond the patrol and the men tumbled out of the bunk-house to follow it. Before the open window of a straggling adobe abutting on the neutral zone giggled and simpered a gawky youth in the shirt and hat of a cavalryman, but below his waist, strapped on over his drab riding breeches, gleamed new, fleecy, and dazzling white *chaparejos*. As they watched, an arm appeared at the window and a faded and withered desert rose circled out to drop to the earth with perhaps six feet of pebbly Mexican soil between it and the border. The boy took a step forward, some one within the house laughed, and Sergeant Blaine dashed forward.

"You, Rethers," he yelled, "you cross that line and I'll have you drawn and quartered." The boy had retrieved the rose, but he shortly dropped it before the sergeant's angry hail of questions.

"What you doin' here? Where'd you git them close? You git into proper uneeform an' you do it quick! What are you, anyway, a solger or a cowboy?—Cowboy—!" he snorted in disgust. He had placed a strong hand on the recruit's elbow and was impelling him toward the bunk-house at a rapid if resisting gait.

"Look at 'im!" Blaine roared, as he pushed the boy toward the grinning group of soldiers. "He's a cowboy. He ordered 'em from the East out of a catalogue—a Mail-Order cowboy, that's what he is. *You*-nited States solger—he ain't no calvaryman, he's a cowboy—a Mail-Order cowboy. An' *I* promised his mother I'd take care of him!" the sergeant's voice dropped to the sepulchre of seriousness. "Henery Retheres, you shuck them pants." And the old man left the boy to the guffawing mercy of his comrades and went surlily away to nurse his wrath.

Responsibility lay heavily across the shoulders of Sergeant Blaine. The troops had come to the border on hurry orders. Now hurry orders usually mean a fight. There was no fight yet, but in spite of the old sergeant the soldiers were doing their best, and the line was to them as a leash

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upon a bull-dog's neck. This their wise captain had accurately foreseen when he sent them to Alcodones.

"I know you're due to retire," he had told Blaine, "but I *must* have some one at Alcodones that I can trust, and there's no officer to send. The men are spoiling for a fight, but they're not going to get it. Go down there, sergeant, but as you hope to retire—sergeant as you hope for heaven, keep the men out of that greaser fight down there and safe on our side of the line. I trust you, sergeant. See to it."

"And see to it he will, bless the old blunderbuss," he added as Blaine saluted dubiously and turned away. The sergeant knew what to expect, and even his love for his captain would not have induced him to accept the hazard save for another trust that antedated Alcodones by a good three days.

Cavalry regiments—the older ones—are likely to see the same names perpetuated on their rosters from one generation to another. Blaine had served his novitiate under First Sergeant Rethers and he had been nursed through a cholera epidemic in the Philippines by Mrs. Rethers, so when the widow of his old first sergeant sought him out in the chaos of puffing engines, rumbling truck-loads of supplies, loud-voiced officers and hurrying men, where he was scientifically swearing at "L" Troop's stable crew, in the approved fashion of forcing the frantic horses in train, he wiped his offending mouth with the back of his hand and came forward like a naughty schoolboy.

"I want to see you before you go, sergeant," she began oblivious, "about the boy. He's young an' *flighty*, sergeant, an' he needs his mother yet. No women go on this trip. He's just a gawky, awkward Rookie, sergeant, but he's his father's son and he's my baby, and I want him back again safe—and *clean*." Blaine stammered and stumbled, but he was thinking very keenly of his promise now.

"They's no good for a young gringo mixin' with them *Señoritas, any* time, an' most partickelerly not *now*. Plumb daffy—buyin' *chaparejos* an' gigglin' in front of her window all the time. I'll just send *him* to Tres Bilotas to forgit it. The men'll josh him sick an' sore an' then he can go out there [illegible] 'll come."

Young Rethers *was* flighty. For him the Arizona desert had rolled out as a stage setting for the memory of every moving picture and ten-cent thriller he had seen. He peopled the hills with outlaws and Indians. In every swarthy *Paysano* he saw a Spanish villain, in every dowdy señorita, a dreamy-eyed Dolores. He was atmosphere-crazy and he took his detail to the lonely outpost at Bilotas with a surprisingly happy grace that would have troubled Sergeant Blaine had that veteran had time to note it. For on that very day the tide of insurrection rolled up from the interior.

A detachment of *Rurales* galloped into Alcodones, Sonora, filled the streets with worn-out, drooping horses and mounted an automatic on the flat-topped church. Scarcely was the tripod settled when the muzzle began to bark, for the ponies of the pursuing insurrectos had appeared on the nearest hill-tops. They drew up, with the bullets scattering sand and gravel at their feet, and the three days' fight at Alcodones was begun.

The insurrectos entrenched just outside of rifle range from the entrenchments of the defenders. From the limits of this mathematically accurate safety both sides began a fusillade of long-range potting that in the wildest hopes of neither could have ever been effective. The American troopers, oblivious to danger in their friendly excitement, danced up and down on the line like neutral collegians at a foot-ball game and begged and entreated and implored the patriots to "get in and mix it." But the patriots were fighting to suit themselves. There was no slaughter and much noise, and both sides were satisfied.

The news spread and grew as it spread and the next day the States read of it as the "Bloody Battle of Alcodones." Of these head-lines Sergeant Blaine knew nothing until the day the Alcodones stage drew up at the post-office, and its single passenger was beaming upon him through round-lensed glasses.

"I couldn't stand it, sergeant," she explained. "I been some place nigh the regiment fer the last thirty years, an' it's too late to change. Where is the boy?"

The mother of the Mail-Order cowboy was not the Old Pummeloe of fiction. She was neither fat nor formidable and she neither took in washing nor swore. She was

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"Look at 'im!" Blaine roared, as he pushed the boy toward the grinning group of soldiers.—Page 593.

a kindly-faced little old lady, and the men trooped out to greet her because they loved the ground she trod. In thirty minutes they had made her comfortable in her own adobe, and they stood awkwardly about the walls answering "Yes'm" and "No'm" to her cataract of questions.

Yes'm, Henery was well. He'd been at Tres Bilotas for a week. No'm, they wasn't no war. The greasers made a noise like a war, but that was as fur as it got. Yes'm, they reckoned Uncle Sam'd go down an' put a stop to it purty short. No'm, Henery wasn't in no danger, an' yes'm, he'd been a good boy. Yes'm, they reckoned Sergeant Blaine'd send some one out to relieve him now 'at she'd come. And, Oh, no, *mum*, they wouldn't none of 'em mind goin'—they all loved Tres Bilotas.

This last was not true, but the man who rode out to relieve Rethers whistled as he went and [illegible] with

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kindly act done. He drew up at the sweltering tent of the Bilotas outpost in the middle of a hot afternoon and hallooed out a tired rider, who stood rubbing his eyes and mumbling thickly.

"He was stallin' aroun' that *Señorita's* house, chewin' the fat an' gigglin' through the window two weeks before Blaine caught him. He knowed what he was goin' to do for weeks. That explains them *chaps*.

"He's just a gawky, awkward Rookie, sergeant, but he's his father's son . . . and I want him back again safe—and *clean*."—Page 594.

"Relieve Rethers—why man! Relieve Rethers?——"

A lump choked the throat of the suddenly alert trooper.

"Why Rethers ain't been here since Sat'day—I sent him in for bacon."

The evil news spread quickly to Alcodones. Rethers had deserted to the insurrectos across the line. Every incident of the past month took on an enlightening face and explained itself in retrospect. The men talked of it in whispers and drew loyal conclu-

They say he's a captain now—'magine Rethers a captain of *anything*."

"*Desert!*" scoffed Rethers's bunkie. "That boy didn't have no more intention of desertin' than I have. He was full up with wild idees about the poor patriots fightin' in the hills—an' cowboys an' Injuns. *He* thought he was doin' a noble thing—*Desert!*"

"We've got to git word to him that his mother's here—that'll bring him back, an' we can keep the whole thing quiet."

But the t[illegible]ae [illegible]d word to poor fool-

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Drawn by W. Herbert Dunton.

A detachment of *Rurales* galloped into Alcodones.—Page 594.

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ish Rethers had passed. A vacquero from across the line who had ridden in to see Sergeant Blaine answered the man's question on that point.

"*Yo cr-r-e-eoe que no*," he droned, leaning forward on his saddle horn and pensively chewing his oily hat-string. "Ten insurrectos were captured in the Canada Oro this morning by the *Rurales* Colonel Vasquez. They were spying on the defences. You know how the *Rurales* work—and then they *were* spying. They will be shot tomorrow against an adobe wall—eyes bandaged—so-o. *Sin duda*. The American was among them. They are now in the Alcodones jail." Sergeant Blaine received this news with a hopeless flight of profanity that stopped suddenly as he turned at a coughing gasp at his elbow to face Mrs. Rethers, whose coming he had been too preoccupied to note. She looked at him a moment quizzically, as though he were some one she had once known slightly but no longer remembered. From her eyes had faded every trace of kind sweetness that he had known. They were dry and bleak and some smoothing hand seemed to have wiped expression from her face. At that moment firing began across the line. The attackers had crawled up within eight hundred yards of the town and the men on the church had just discovered them. A purring roar announced the opening of machine-gun fire, a fusillading chorus swelled it, and the long yellow stretch of debatable ground began to spurt geysers of sand and gravel as the poorly aimed shots ploughed across its face. The woman turned at the sound, hesitated a moment, and, before the sergeant could guess her intention, was off at a shambling little run, straight toward the church, straight across the line, and straight in the zone of fire from both trenches.

Sergeant Blaine forgot the orders of the President. He crossed the line with one leap and followed her. The firing abated not one shot as he overtook her and touched her on the elbow. She seemed not to feel. A Mauser bullet whipped across the buttons of his blouse, and a whining 30-30 kicked sand and dirt upon them both. It was no time for parley. He stooped and picked her up in his arms, and ran toward safety. He carried her to her house, where the men [illegible] in an [illegible]ward, helpless group, fastened the chain lock and left her a prisoner, with the corporal on guard at the door. Then he walked to the bunk-house, and there the men found him an hour afterward, still sitting with his bristly old head held between his knee-supported arms, still cudgelling his shocked brain for some way out of a desperate situation that seemed wholly without hope. They had just been peering in at another window, these men, and there they had seen the slight form of a broken-hearted old lady lying still, and apparently lifeless, face down across her white bed.

They had endured inaction as long as endurance was in them. Experts say that Americans will never make good soldiers because they are too self-reliant. The Alcodones patrol had submitted themselves to the pleasure and command of their leader for one hour. Now they took counsel with themselves.

They had seen Mexican fighting and they were not afraid of that, but they feared the sharp tongue of their old sergeant. In another hour they were holding a whispered altercation in the cover of the little gully that began back of the bunk-house and deepened into a respectable cañon, where it crossed the line a mile to eastward. The sergeant heard them and raised a belligerent head.

"But we *can't* tell him. He won't stand for it, I tell you. He can't. It'll all go for nothin'."

"Nothin' yer gran'mother's concrete eye. He's desperit, he is—an' he'll stand fer anything. Didn't ol' Rethers raise him from a herrin'-backed little recruit—same as you are now, Wynne? Didn't the ol' lady pull him through the cholera over in the Islan's when the medicos had give him up. Them things is more'n orders, young feller—even the President's. If you leave the fool kid there to-night—he's dead. If you go after him, somebody'll git punished. Well—let 'em git punished, *I* say—they'll git over it. Pore little Rethers, *he* won't ever git over bein' dead."

The sergeant walked quietly to the door and took one look at what he knew to be his patrol. They held their high-power rifles in their hands and their shirts were bulging with bandoliers of ammunition, but apart from this the mark of uniform was not upon them. They wore denim jumpers, they

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"Ten insurrectos were captured this morning. . . . The American was among them."—Page 598.

wore ragged coats and trousers culled from every *jacal* in a five-mile radius. Their hats were the battered cast-offs of a desert town where stores were not. Even the tatterdemalion insurrectos in the hills were more graced in the habiliments of war than they. The sergeant saw—and approved.

"Where'd you git 'em," he fairly yelled, "you worthless [illegible] guns—you horse-wrasslin' young Napoleons—where—how—what?"

Neither Vasquez of the *Rurales* nor Garcia of the Insurrectos has ever been able to intelligently explain the flanking movement of the insurrectos in the second "Battle of Alcodones." Of course, Vasquez, who [illegible]d in

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bered two hundred. Garcia, who pretends to know, says forty. Sergeant Blaine and the twelve men of his patrol say nothing.

The flankers came unaccountably out of the hills to eastward at sunset. Such a

And neither minded him as he closed the door and tiptoed away.—Page 601.

force could not possibly have come through the American border guard, so it is supposed that they were a detachment of Corral's army in the South. They fought as no other insurrectos have fought before or since, and the men on the church privately think that they were some embodiment of evil spirit armed with three-inch field-pieces. They appeared at first in a wide intervalled line, with, say, ten yards between them. They lay flat at the seven-hundred-yard range and sent an unhurried and carefully aimed volley at the church top. It was such shooting as neither Mexican force knew anything about. A bullet took away a leg of the machine-gun tripod and seven or eight others ripped great bricks from the adobe battlements and scattered the defenders with litter. The garrison promptly lay flat on its face and fired many, many shots straight up in the air. The machine gun was dragged frantically forward, but it's bravado of purring dwindled in ten seconds to a sputtering staccato and then ceased. The gunner lay across the trail with a shattered shoulder and the crew scurried for the general cover.

Out across the open hill-side the attacking line was doing a most unpardonable and discourteous thing in the light of all known precedent. It was unhesitatingly advancing. Half of it lay flat, firing in a deadly, accurate, and most leisurely manner, while the other half rushed forward a full hundred yards. From that moment, succes-

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sively (like the two feet of a man walking), this unaccountable skirmish-line in two halves came on—one firing while the other advanced. The church had been battered into silence, but from the buildings and the trenches the *Rurales* were keeping up a pretence of resistance. At two hundred yards the attackers did some fancy shooting through the windows and along the top of the trenches. About fifty of the defenders considered the time auspicious for escape to the rear, but at the same moment the real insurrectos opened fire and they ran frantically back to cover.

Colonel Vasquez denies knowledge of it, but the facts remain—a white flag fluttered from the church top. The firing ceased, but the first conical hat that raised above the battlements was withdrawn very quickly with a bullet through its crown, and a litter of adobe on its brim.

Some one rushed to the *carcel* door, shot the lock away and released the prisoners who were to have been shot next morning, and the mysterious column disappeared across the eastern hills more quickly than it had come.

Colonel Vasquez says nothing about this attack in his official report of the battle, so of course it did not occur. Garcia mentions a demonstration, but he is very sketchy and indefinite. Sergeant Blaine knows that he stood in the door of a half-dark room and saw a sobbing boy, in dirty and bedraggled *chaparejos*, kneeling with his head in the lap of his mother, and that neither minded him as he closed the door and tiptoed away.

The men of the Alcodones patrol are bubbling over with a secret which would not last ten minutes if they dared to tell. They do not dream that their captain has an inkling, but Sergeant Blaine was a faithful soldier. He rode forty miles next day to report to his captain. He got no further than the peroration. The captain stopped him with a friendly hand on his shoulder.

"Now, sergeant," he said, "don't be a gill-flitted, dunder-headed old fool. There was a vacquero in here this morning with some rumors. I know nothing definite, but I can guess a lot. There are reasons why Vasquez will never report this. You go back there to Alcodones and take command of your patrol. When I sent you there I said I trusted you—well, I still trust you—I trust you more than ever. Now go back and keep those blessed young fools from talking. That's all, sergeant."

STORNELLO

Rosamund Marriott Watson

FROM the dark wharf beside the long dull stream
We watched the winter sunset's fading fire
Illume tall towers and parapets of dream,
Gray bastions of the land of heart's desire.

Unto our ears the murmurous stillness bore,
Flung from some craft unseen that passed along
Wrapt in the sombre shadows of the shore,
A flute's frail voice, a vagrant waif of song.

And then a veil of sudden darkness fell—
The heavenly gates were gone—we knew not how—
Only the tolling of a distant bell
Swung slow athwart the water-way, and now

The dream enshrined in that strange sunset's glow,
The word that wistful air seemed fain to say,
I cannot tell you, though at last I know,
For you have wandered far, too far, away.

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CLEVELAND'S ADMINISTRATIONS

By James Ford Rhodes

II

THE tariff act of 1894 belongs to the second year of Cleveland's second administration, but, in the first year, the President had to contend with a still more vital question, that of the purchase of silver. The brief history of our silver legislation resembles the long history of our tinkering with the tariff: as the more protection the manufacturing interests got, the more they demanded, so was it with the producers of silver. In 1878, Congress provided for the coinage of two to four million silver dollars per month, making them a full legal tender. The different Secretaries of the Treasury used their option to purchase silver for the coinage of the minimum amount, yet, when this act was superseded by that of 1890 there had been coined three hundred and seventy-eight million 412½ grain silver dollars, popularly known as the "dollar of the daddies." The intrinsic value of this dollar as measured in gold was, in 1878, 89 cents; in 1890, 81 cents. This indicated, of course, that the supply of silver was in excess of the use for it, therefore the silver producers asked that their government furnish them a wider market. This was on their part an entirely natural demand and, had it been confined to the silver producing States, could not have led to mischievous consequences. But the silver propaganda working on men in debt, on men who had converted their liquid capital into land and manufactories, on others who from its history believed in silver as money, had constantly gained adherents, until in 1890 a majority in Congress and in the country believed that there should be "an increase of money to meet the increasing wants of our rapidly growing country and population" [John Sherman]. The sentimental affection which, in the decade succeeding the Civil War, had attached to greenbacks was transferred in 1877 to silver and had grown in warmth and intensity. The movement was bolstered by the teaching of able economists and had gained the active support of the Secretary of the Treasury [Windom], and the passive sympathy of the President [Harrison]. The Senate by a vote of 42 to 25 had passed an act providing for the free coinage of silver. The House would not go that far, and the difference in sentiment between the two led to a compromise, effected by John Sherman, which resulted in the Act of 1890. This act provided for the purchase monthly of 4,500,000 ounces of silver, requiring a money investment of about fifty millions annually in bullion, for which treasury notes of full legal tender were issued: and these treasury notes were redeemable in gold or silver at the option of the holder. It was an excellent scheme for the silver producers, as the purchases virtually absorbed the product of the American silver mines, but it was bad policy for both government and people. The historian may well share the wonder indicated in the nearly contemporaneous expression of John Sherman, "I never could comprehend why any one not directly interested in the mining of silver, could favor a policy involving so heavy a loss to the people of the United States." The government purchased the silver on a declining market incurring an annual loss, according to Sherman's reckoning, of ten millions. When the act was passed, silver was worth $1.09 per ounce, and when Cleveland addressed his special session of Congress [August 8, 1893], it had declined to 75 cents. The government belonged to the people and its loss was their loss. Moreover the mass of the people always lose by "cheap money" and a departure from the recognized standard of value of the civilized world. In 1893 we were in imminent danger of going on to a silver basis.

Thus a strong hand was needed when on March 4, 1893, Cleveland assumed the reins of government. He had to cope with a deficit, a drain of gold for the purchases of silver and the daily expenses of the government, and an imminent financial panic. It

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is to his credit that he set himself at once to grapple with the vitally important question. A president less wise and patriotic would have yielded to the temptation to tackle the tariff. He and his Congress had been elected on that issue, and on it his party was better united than on any other. He was the new apostle of a reduction of the tariff: to recommend that his doctrine be put in practice was easy and natural, but, if he hesitated at all, he came to a decision during the financial panic of June, 1893, and called an extra session of Congress for August 7, to consider the financial situation. He addressed the House and the Senate earnestly and forcibly. He had called them together on account of "an alarming and extraordinary business situation" which he thought was due principally to "the purchase and coinage of silver." One hundred and forty-seven millions of treasury notes had been issued in the purchase of silver bullion and many of these notes had been paid in gold. The gold reserve of one hundred millions had been encroached upon; more than eighty-seven millions of gold had gone abroad. The country was approaching silver mono-metallism and, should it reach this basis, it would lose its place "among nations of the first class." "I earnestly recommend," he concluded, "the prompt repeal of the provisions of the act passed July 14, 1890, authorizing the purchase of silver bullion." The House responded at once to his earnest request and, in three weeks after their meeting, repealed the purchase clause of the act by a vote of 239 to 108.

Although the financial panic was increasing in intensity, the Senate wrangled over the repeal and did not pass it until October 30th. The vote stood 43 to 32; of the yeas 23 were Republican, of the nays 19 were Democrats. This shows the non-partisan character of the issue and the delicate position of Cleveland. The triumphant leader of his party in 1892 was forced less than a year later to beg Democratic Senators to unite with Republicans in an enactment which he deemed of vital importance. The support of the Committee on Finance was essential, and a formidable stumbling-block in the President's course existed in the person of Daniel W. Voorhees, of Indiana, its chairman, who had previously been an advocate of the free coinage of silver. Voorhees and other objecting Democratic Senators were won by a discreet bestowal of offices: that the Voorhees "gang" and the Voorhees family were provided for was one of the incidents of the repeal. The President's action seems to have been necessary, but he incurred severe criticism from the civil service reformers. It was not alleged that he had broken the law, but that he had violated the spirit of the reform and had been recreant to his earlier professions. It is impossible, I think, that Cleveland should have made the defence attributed by Ostrogorski, to a certain high official, that "a man had never yet been hung for breaking the spirit of a law"; indeed, he said later, "I do not believe that we should do evil that good may come"; so that his justification must be held to rest upon the ground that seeing a divided duty, he disposed first of the matter which admitted of no delay. When the danger of the country being forced to a silver basis was lessened and finally averted, he made, as I have already related, a further and significant extension of the merit system in the civil service.

It is clear that had it not been for the repeal of the purchase clause of the Act of 1890, the country would of necessity have adopted the standard of silver mono-metallism, and yet this action of Congress, only brought about by the resolute and persistent work of the President, did not wholly avert the danger. It was generally acknowledged that a law passed in 1882 gave statutory recognition to one hundred millions as the lowest limit of the gold reserve to provide for the redemption of the 346,000,000 greenbacks then outstanding; and the provisions of the Act of 1890 added 152,000,000 in treasury notes to the burden. Moreover, as Cleveland wrote, this gold reserve of 100,000,000 was regarded by the people "with a sort of sentimental solicitude" which, during the panic of 1893 and its aftermath, was an element worthy of grave consideration. When Cleveland became President the reserve was less than one million above the lowest limit; on April 22, 1893, it fell for the first time since its establishment below the one hundred millions, and on January 17, 1894, as a result of the financial panic and the deficit, to less than seventy millions. If the government ceased to pay gold on demand for greenbacks and for the treasury notes is-

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sued under the Act of 1890, it was in the condition of a bank refusing to redeem its bills or of an individual unable to meet his obligations; in other words it was bankrupt. A notable feature of the financial history of Europe and the United States for at least the last thirty years is the scramble for gold; our country now entered vigorously into this contest.

Cleveland was keenly alive to the situation, but Congress would not assist him with the new legislation that was obviously required; so he was compelled to sell bonds authorized by the resumption act of 1875 in order to replenish the gold reserve. At two different times [January 17, 1894; November 13, 1894] he asked for bids in gold for fifty millions five per cent ten-year bonds and, with the aid of New York banks, sold them at a rate that gave the government its gold on a basis of an interest rate of about three per cent per annum. Twice he thus raised the gold reserve above the one hundred millions limit, but it did not remain there. Greenbacks and treasury notes were presented and redeemed in gold, but under the law they must be reissued, and the holders employed them again in the scramble for gold, much of which went abroad. "We have," said the President in his annual message of 1894, "an endless chain in operation constantly depleting the Treasury's gold and never near a final rest." There followed, wrote Cleveland ten years later in his calm review of this work of his administration, "a time of bitter disappointment and miserable depression" culminating in the first days of February when the reserve fell below forty-two millions. Having appealed in vain to Congress for aid, he now had recourse to advice from the leading financial expert of the country, J. Pierpont Morgan, with whom he had a long interview on the evening of February 7, 1895. The two were in the position of buyer and seller, and Cleveland, although not suspicious of his adviser's motives, was nevertheless on his guard against any possible mischance. But the clear comprehension and far-sighted patriotism of the financier (even though, as might be suspected, self-interest coincided with love of country) won his entire confidence, and when Morgan asked, why do you not buy one hundred millions in gold at a fixed price and pay for it in bonds under authority of the Act of 1862? Cleveland was struck with the wisdom of the suggestion and made a contract on that line with Morgan although for a less amount. Morgan for himself and his syndicate agreed to furnish sixty-five millions in gold in exchange for four per cent bonds (issued under authority of the Act of 1875) on a basis of $3\frac{3}{4}$ per cent interest per annum; but if Congress would authorize an issue of 3 per cent bonds distinctly payable in gold, he offered, in lieu of the other agreement, to take such bonds at par. He further contracted to obtain one half of the gold from abroad and promised that he and his associates would use their influence and efforts to protect the Treasury against withdrawals of gold.

By special message Cleveland made a plain statement of the case to Congress, saying that, if he could issue 3 per cent bonds, payable in gold, he would save sixteen millions, but Congress refused to give him the needed authority. Although he and his friends were disappointed, and both at the time and since have severely blamed the legislative body, yet its refusal was undoubtedly wise. If sixty-two millions of bonds were singled out and made distinctly payable in gold, in what were the other bonds of the government payable? "Coin" meant either gold or silver and an ugly question might have arisen, leading to the conclusion that if gold were not specified, bonds payable in "coin" might be discharged in silver. What was needed was a declaration, similar to that of the Act of 1869 [which pledged the government to payment in coin of obligations that the "cheap money" advocates believed could be lawfully discharged in greenbacks], that all bonds of the United States were payable in gold; but no such action could be hoped for from Congress nor would public sentiment have justified it.

Morgan and his associates therefore took the loan on the basis of $3\frac{3}{4}$ per cent and floated it successfully. They paid $104\frac{1}{2}$ for the bonds. The subscription price was $112\frac{1}{4}$; in twenty-two minutes nearly seven times the amount of the loan was subscribed for in the United States, and in two hours more than sixteen times the amount in London. In July the bonds were quoted at 120. It is clear that the syndicate made a handsome profit in the transaction.

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Yet it is equally clear that Morgan's taking hold of the loan and being at the back of it was an important element in its success. He made it go. "Mr. Morgan," asked Cleveland, "how did you know that you could command the co-operation of the great financial interests of Europe?" "I simply told them," he answered, "that this was necessary for the maintenance of the public credit and the promotion of industrial peace and they did it."

Nevertheless, the President was gravely censured; and when intimations appeared in the press and in private conversation that he had made a corrupt bargain with Morgan, the censure overstepped the bounds of decency. No one can study Cleveland and his political life fairly without becoming thoroughly convinced of his sturdy honesty and that his conscience was a harder master than Congress or the people. "I know there is a God," he wrote in a private letter; in Cleveland indeed is found that belief so widespread in America, that when man dies he must face a personal God and give an account of his actions on earth. This religion, the man's antecedents, and his native uprightness of spirit made dishonesty of the kind alleged, as impossible to Cleveland as to Lincoln or George Washington.

But for the well-known liability of our public men to become the objects of malignant aspersion, I should have hesitated before devoting a paragraph to the defence of Cleveland's action in this matter. Whether or not the contract with Morgan was a good trade is another question, as to which opinions differ, my own being that under the circumstances it undoubtedly was so. The government was within a few days of bankruptcy and only men who had control of the money market could save it. It seems clear to me that Morgan did not drive a hard bargain and that Cleveland and Richard Olney, the Attorney-General who was an adviser of the President during the transaction, were conspicuously safe men for looking after the financial interests of the government. A shrewd merchant does not grudge paying one or two per cent a month for a limited amount of money to save himself from bankruptcy, nor should a rich government regret a loss of sixteen millions for the sake of maintaining its high credit. When a financial negotiation has proved a decided success in averting calamity, it is difficult to make the general public recall the state of peril that preceded the solution. To the student of contemporary documents, however, is it given to see things as they were in the time of stress, and because he can, in a measure, enter into the feelings and comprehend the reasoning of Cleveland and Olney, he can have no hesitation in justifying the contract which saved our country from dishonoring its obligations.

Nearly a year passed before the reserve needed replenishment by another sale of bonds. On January 5, 1896, a call was made for a popular subscription of one hundred million four per cents. This loan was taken at a little over 111, netting the investor 3.4 per cent. The gold from this loan was needed; by the time it had begun to be available, the reserve had fallen somewhat under forty-five millions. Cleveland issued in all two hundred and sixty-two millions of bonds to maintain the gold reserve. With no aid from Congress, with little support from his own party, in the face of trenchant criticism from the Republicans, he preserved his country from financial disaster.

In his book Cleveland speaks of 1894 and 1895 as troublous and anxious years, and a survey of the events falling within this period will fully corroborate his words. During the summer of 1894, while engaged with the tariff question, he was suddenly confronted with the labor disturbance known as the Chicago strike. This began in May at the Pullman Palace Car Company's works, having been brought about by a reduction of wages, which was due to the depression in business following upon the panic of 1893. The sympathetic strike of the railroad employes arose from the circumstance that nearly 4,000 of the Pullman laborers belonged to the American Railway Union, whose total membership was about 150,000, and it took the form of the railroad men positively declining to handle Pullman cars. It started on June 26 with the refusal of a switchman to attach a Pullman car to a train which was making up, and when this man was discharged all the switchmen struck. The sympathetic strike spread to other departments, causing the partial or complete paralysis of a number of

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railroads. Although its ramifications were wide throughout the West, it is best studied in Chicago, the most important railroad centre of the country.

The first interference of the national government came from the necessity of moving the United States mails, which were generally carried by the fast trains to which Pullman cars were attached. The President had an able Attorney-General in Richard Olney, who interpreted soundly the laws that applied to the situation, himself acted in strict accordance with them, and advised the President that he would in no way overstep the limits set by the Constitution and the statutes in the course that he proposed to follow. Olney used the United States District Attorney, a special counsel, and the marshal to furnish him accurate information and to carry out his orders. He empowered the marshal to appoint a large number of deputies and directed the attorneys to apply to the courts for injunctions. On July 2 a sweeping injunction was granted against Debs, president of the American Railway Union, and others, restraining them from obstructing the United States mails. By this time the strike had become a riot. The city police and deputy marshals were unable to preserve order, and the President, who had been carefully preparing for the emergency, ordered about 2,000 United States troops to Chicago. These arrived on July 4, but failed at first to quell the trouble. The outcasts in Chicago swelled the mob who openly defied the injunction of the United States court, demolished and burned cars and railway buildings, and obstructed traffic to the extent that of the twenty-three railroads centring in Chicago, only six were transporting their freight, passengers, and mails without violent interference. The troops were active in dispersing various mobs, and where they appeared a semblance of order was restored, but the President and law-abiding citizens were hampered by the attitude of the Governor of Illinois, Altgeld, the so-called "friend and champion of disorder." Anarchy was threatened and the police of Chicago under the Mayor and the militia under the Governor seemed powerless to avert it. Had the Governor been like the State executives at the head of their States in 1877, he would have called upon the President for troops who would be sent under the constitutional provision; but not only did he decline to make any such requisition, but he even protested against the sending of United States troops to Chicago, and when they came, demanded their withdrawal. The President answered him with dignity, stoutly and correctly maintaining that the "Federal troops were sent in strict accordance with the Constitution and laws of the United States."

The situation became so serious that on July 8 the President issued a solemn proclamation of warning and, as ample reinforcements of regulars were at hand, the riot was checked. On July 10 Debs was arrested upon an indictment for complicity in the obstruction of mails; three days later the strike was practically broken. One week after his arrest, while he was out on bail, Debs was brought before the court to show why he should not be punished for contempt and, as he saw that the game was up, he declined to give bail and allowed himself to be imprisoned as a martyr. On July 20, the United States troops were withdrawn from Chicago.

The action of Cleveland in repressing this alarming disturbance is on a par with the best work of this kind accomplished by our presidents. In the precedent that it established it amounts to something more. Olney furnished Cleveland with a powerful weapon in the new use of the injunction and expounded the law under which he was empowered to act after the Governor of Illinois had failed in his duty. When at the height of the trouble a resolution was introduced by a Populist Senator declaring that no Federal process should issue for alleged obstruction of trains unless the interference was with that part of the train essential to carrying the mails, the President of the Duluth branch of the American Railway Union asked Davis, a Republican Senator from Minnesota, to vote for this resolution. Davis replied: "You are rapidly approaching the overt act of levying war against the United States, and you will find the definition of that act in the Constitution. You might as well ask me to vote to dissolve the government."

The President's action was deemed so well-advised and opportune that he received approval from all sides. On July 11 the Senate and on July 16 the House passed resolutions, by a very large majority,

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endorsing his action. The Catholic Church, true to her conservative record in our country, was correctly represented by Archbishop Ireland when he said: "I approve President Cleveland's course in the strike. His prompt action brought State and city officials, citizens, and strikers to their senses." Cooley, a distinguished jurist, expressed his unqualified satisfaction with Cleveland's "vindication of the national authority and the restoration of law and order." You proceeded, he wrote, with "caution and deliberation" and gave with "remarkably little bloodshed" a "great and valuable lesson in constitutional construction." Best of all, the United States Supreme Court, in a unanimous opinion delivered by Justice Brewer, declared that the President had acted correctly and within his legal competency. Later President Taft spoke of the great debt which the country owes to Cleveland for the assertion "through him, as its chief executive, of the power of the Federal government directly to defend the Federal jurisdiction through the process of Federal courts and by Federal troops against the lawless invasion of a mob." To Cleveland and to Olney we, in this country of reverence for just decisions, owe a precedent of incalculable value.

I approach my last topic, the Venezuelan boundary dispute, with some diffidence for the reason that here for the first time my criticism of Cleveland's acts cannot eventuate in admiration. Let me, however, own in advance that the position taken by Cleveland and Olney (then Secretary of State), in their intimate knowledge of all the relevant facts and conditions, is a presumption in favor of the correctness of their action. Moreover, the two matters that gave Cleveland the most satisfaction, as he reflected on the events of his public life, were his management of affairs in the Chicago riots and in the controversy over the Venezuelan boundary. Doing my best to see things as he saw them, I have been unable to agree with his conclusions.

In 1841 a dispute arose between Venezuela and Great Britain concerning the boundary-line between Venezuela and British Guiana and, though interrupted by thirty years of revolution in the South American country, continued to reassert itself in desultory fashion up to Cleveland's first administration. It had the characteristics of most boundary disputes. Both countries displayed a shrewd trading instinct and each claimed more than it expected to get. England's attitude was the usual one of the strong toward the weak; yet, while it is difficult to consider this question without prejudice, I am led from a careful study of the map and of Cleveland's and Olney's abstracts of the correspondence to the belief that Venezuela made the more extravagant and less justifiable claim. In 1876 she invoked our kind offices and four years later proposed to Great Britain to leave the whole territory in dispute to arbitration. This proposition was at first ignored and afterward rejected. During his first administration, Cleveland offered to England our mediation between the two disputants, but was unable to secure the acceptance of his offer. In 1894 he recommended arbitration to her and told in his annual message of the efforts that he was making toward a settlement of the controversy. Congress supported the President and by a joint resolution earnestly recommended that Great Britain and Venezuela "refer their dispute as to boundaries to friendly arbitration." Having become Secretary of State in June, 1895, Richard Olney, by his despatch of July 20 to our Ambassador in London, brought our participation in the controversy to an acute stage. His despatch met with the President's complete approval, which is not surprising inasmuch as its clear style and vigorous reasoning supplied the best possible presentation of the case which Cleveland had deigned to make his nation's own. The sturdy Americanism in every line is singularly persuasive and the logic is hard to resist; one can approve it in many aspects but, devoted as it is to an assertion and exposition of the Monroe doctrine, it has to my mind the fatal defect of applying that doctrine to a mere boundary dispute between a European and American power. A careful reading of Monroe's statement and of Webster's exposition of it convinces me that it did not apply to the controversy in regard to the Venezuelan boundary. The Monroe doctrine is best understood through the concrete example of the French occupation of Mexico which was a clear violation of it, but the difference

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is vast between that occupation and this boundary dispute with its extravagant claims and counter-claims, its concessions and withdrawals. That they are not in the same category will be evident from a glance at the map of Venezuela and British Guiana, showing the extreme claims of each, the line on which England would probably have settled at any time [Schomburgk] and the line finally determined.

Secretary Olney, in his despatch of July 20, 1895, demanded "a definite decision upon the point whether Great Britain will consent or will decline to submit the Venezuelan boundary question in its entirety to impartial arbitration." Lord Salisbury, Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary, in his response of November 26 argued that the Monroe doctrine did not apply to the controversy, which therefore was one "with which the United States have no apparent practical concern" and their proposal to impose arbitration on one of the disputants "cannot be reasonably justified and has no foundation in the law of nations." He thus plainly refused to submit the case to arbitration. However sound Salisbury's reasoning may be, his despatch was in what Andrew D. White calls the "cynical Saturday-Review, high-Tory" style and, in connection with the general attitude toward Venezuela that had been maintained throughout by Great Britain it undoubtedly greatly irritated Cleveland. He did not, however, reply on the spur of the moment, but, after taking abundant time for consideration, he took the question out of the diplomatic channel and, on December 17, 1895, sent a carefully prepared message to Congress. He asserted stoutly that the Monroe doctrine did apply to the case, that Great Britain ought to have submitted the controversy to arbitration, but, as she would not, we must "accept the situation, recognize its plain requirements, and deal with it accordingly." It is therefore "incumbent upon the United States to take measures to determine with sufficient certainty for its justification what is the true divisional line between the Republic of Venezuela and British Guiana." He asked Congress to authorize him to appoint a Commission "who shall make the necessary investigation." When its report "is made and accepted," he continued, "it will in my opinion be the duty of the United States to resist by every means in its power as a wilful aggression upon its rights and interests the appropriation by Great Britain of any lands or the exercise of governmental jurisdiction over any territory which after investigation we have determined of right belongs to Venezuela. In making these recommendations I am fully alive to the responsibility incurred and keenly realize all the consequences that may follow."

The message made a profound sensation. Congress at once gave the President the authority that he asked for. The press and the public mainly supported his position, although there were some notable exceptions. The message was sent to Congress on Tuesday. On Friday the stock market reached the verge of panic with the result that Wall Street and certain large business interests condemned the message in terms such as had from the first been pronounced by a number of prominent journals. On Sunday the pulpit thundered against the President, treating his message as a threat of war to England. And the clergymen were right in their construction. No amount of explanation and justification after the event can alter the meaning of Cleveland's uncompromising words. That war was possible, even probable, as a result of the President's ultimatum to England was the belief of most thoughtful men. Between Christmas and New Year's Carl Schurz was asked, "If the President of the French Republic had sent such a message to his Chamber of Deputies concerning a dispute with Germany, would not she have considered it a cause of war?" "Yes," said Schurz, "but Germany would not have waited to declare war. She would at once have put all of her available troops in the trains, started them for the French frontier, and issued a pressing order to mobilize the rest of the active army and the reserves."

The message was a surprise. Cleveland had hitherto been reasonable though firm in his diplomacy and had shown no Jingo propensities. Of his high and patriotic motives in this action there can be no doubt, but one may read between the lines of his chapter on the "Venezuelan Boundary Controversy" and find a clue to the sentiment that prompted him to this determined stand.

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It was once a not uncommon impression in America that English diplomacy, so far as it dealt with our country, was unscrupulous. I had this in mind when I made my study of the diplomatic correspondence of our Civil War, but in the course of this research I failed to discern the lack of scruple so frequently attributed to Great Britain. From 1861 to 1864 we were weak and England was strong. Earl Russell's diplomacy was in the main evasive and procrastinating, yet in certain plain cases it showed quick decision, as in the Trent case against us, when we were in the wrong, and in the stoppage of the iron-clad rams in our favor. That Cleveland deemed England procrastinating and evasive in her negotiations with Venezuela is indubitable, and he may further have thought her to be knavishly encroaching upon and oppressing Venezuela. This idea being in his mind, Salisbury's cool reply was sufficient to produce an explosion.

The obvious criticism of Cleveland is that he read the correspondence through South American spectacles and made Venezuela's case our own. Shakespeare showed the nature of a boundary dispute in Percy's speech to Glendower about the tripartite division of England:

> "Methinks my moiety, north from Burton here,
> In quantity equals not one of yours.
> See how this river comes me cranking in,
> And cuts me from the best of all my land
> A huge half moon, a monstrous cantle out.
> . . . I'll give thrice so much land
> To any well-deserving friend;
> But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
> I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair."

The one-sidedness of disputants over a boundary should teach the utmost caution in the espousal of such a cause beyond our own domain. When our own limits are in question, the President may have the counsel of our jurists, publicists, historical and geographical experts; for a dispute involving a South American power, these without special arrangement are lacking.

The interval between December 17 and January 2 was a gloomy period for patriotic and peace-loving Americans. The prospect of possible, even probable, war with England was dismal enough. I remember that on the evening of January 2 I asked General Francis A. Walker what way there was out of the situation when each nation had given the other an ultimatum. "One or the other," he said, "must crawl, but the news in to-night's paper shows the resolution of the difficulty." This was the report of Dr. Jameson's raid into the Transvaal. His capture and the congratulatory despatch of the German Emperor to Kruger followed. Though the British government had remained silent since Cleveland's message of December 17, the English press had been bellicose, but now the irritation of the public at the German Emperor's despatch was so acute that Cleveland's offence was forgotten. Thenceforward things moved steadily to a harmonious settlement. Salisbury said in the House of Lords on the opening of Parliament [February 11, 1896]: "The mixture of the United States in this matter [Venezuela] may conduce to results, which will be satisfactory to us, more rapidly than if the United States had not interfered. I do think the bringing in of the Monroe doctrine was controversially quite unnecessary for the United States. Considering the position of Venezuela in the Caribbean Sea, it was no more unnatural that the United States should take an interest in it than that we should take an interest in Holland and Belgium. . . . I believe that means may be found by the combination of negotiation and arbitration to bring matters, which are not really very recondite or difficult, to a settlement."

The President appointed a Commission of able jurists and scholars, who were assisted by scholarly experts and who proceeded to their work in a scientific manner. Meanwhile negotiations were begun in Washington; Olney contributed a legal suggestion of great value which disposed of an obstacle to Great Britain agreeing to arbitrate the whole territory in dispute; and the result was a treaty of arbitration between the contending powers [February 2, 1897]. A mass of material collected by the President's Commission, filling fourteen volumes and a large atlas was laid before the Court of Arbitration for its guidance. Finally the Court determined the boundary-line between the two countries on October 3, 1899.

A study of the map and correspondence shows that the claim of Venezuela covered "two-thirds of the colony of British Guiana" and impeached "titles which have

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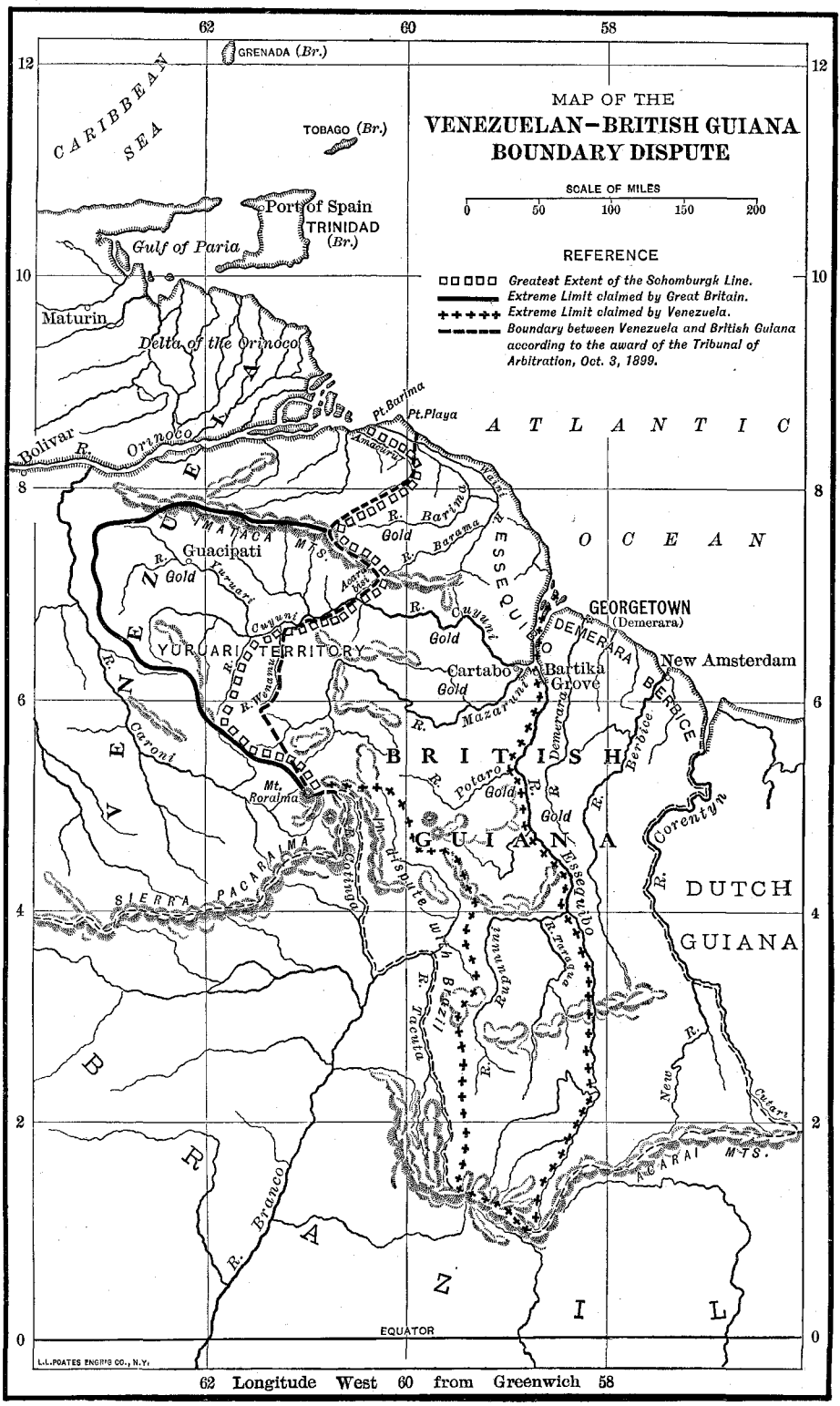

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been unquestioned for many generations"; that the line determined by the arbitral board differed very little from the Schomburgk line, which, at times during the dispute, England was willing to accept as the boundary and which at any time could probably have been secured by reasonable and fair diplomacy. In sum it would seem unwise to have risked a war with England for a difference so small, especially when the principle supposedly at stake, the Monroe doctrine, was of very doubtful application.

Edward J. Phelps said: "No advocate of the President's proclamation has undertaken to point out how it can affect us, whether the line through the jungle of bushes and water, which makes up most of the territory really in dispute, is drawn a few miles one way or the other." Andrew D. White, one of the President's Commission, wrote of their first grapple with the subject: "We found ourselves in a jungle of geographical and legal questions with no clue in sight leading anywhither."

Cleveland in his chapter on the "Venezuelan Boundary Controversy" rates the un-Americans who lauded "the extreme forbearance and kindness of England," "the timid ones who feared personal financial loss," and "those engaged in speculation and stock-gambling." The allusion to Wall Street is plain, but Wall Street, notorious for chicanery, has not always proved a national scourge. It stood at Cleveland's back for the maintenance of the gold standard and in December, 1895, used its influence for peace between two nations to whom the thought of war should never come. The reference to Anglomaniacs need trouble no one who allows himself to be guided by two of Cleveland's trusted servants and friends. Thomas F. Bayard, Secretary of State during the first administration and the actual Ambassador to Great Britain wrote, in a private letter on May 25, 1895: "There is no question now open between the United States and Great Britain that needs any but frank, amicable, and just treatment." Edward J. Phelps, his first minister to England, in a public address, condemned emphatically the President's Venezuelan policy [March 30, 1896].

Within Cleveland's message itself denial is to be found of some of the justifications of it forthcoming after the event. He is reported to have said in conversation: it is "a peace message, the only way to prevent a probable collision between the two nations;" "Thurber, this does not mean war, it means arbitration." And a supporter has urged that "the message was like a prairie back-fire to prevent Congress doing something very radical when the facts became known." I pass over the defence that it was intended to put the Republican Jingoes in a hole, as Cleveland was too great a patriot to run the risk of involving his country in a horrible war for the sake of partisan advantage. A Jingo vindication is that England will not respect you unless you give her a rap. I will not here account for my conviction of the general fallaciousness of this statement, but will oppose to it the remark of one of our sanest and most powerful leaders of public opinion, President Eliot: "We owe it to our self-respect not to give a rap to any nation."

After the message of December 17, 1895, the conduct of the President and Secretary of State merits high praise. While the Venezuelan negotiations were in progress, they agreed on a treaty "for the arbitration of all matters in difference between the United States and Great Britain." Although this failed unfortunately of ratification by the Senate, it paved the way for the present treaty and was one of the considerations which has brought about the existing cordiality between the two countries.

In dealing with these important topics, I have covered enough ground to warrant a general estimate of Cleveland's presidency. I have no doubt that it will rank high in our history despite his conduct of the Venezuelan affair and his failure as a party leader. By his course on the silver question and his attitude toward the Democratic Senate on the tariff question, he lost the leadership of his party which for a long while afterward tended toward disintegration. At the close of his last administration he thought that he was the most unpopular of all public men in the South, and he grieved, as any Democrat would, that he had lost his hold upon that section, whose influence was so potent in his party. But time wrought in his favor. He eventually commanded the respect and admiration of independent thinkers all over the country, irrespective

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of region or party. "As Civil Service Commissioner," said Theodore Roosevelt while President, "I was much impressed by Cleveland's high standard of official conduct and his rugged strength of character." Cleveland "was a great President," declared President Taft, "because he was a patriot with the highest sense of public duty, a statesman of clear perceptions, of the utmost courage of his convictions and of great plainness of speech," and "a man of the highest character."

"GOING DOWN FROM JERUSALEM TO JERICHO"

HOW ONE GOES, AND THE PEOPLE THAT ONE MEETS ON THE WAY

By Lewis Gaston Leary

WHATEVER else may or may not happen on the journey, the traveller to Jericho always goes "down." If you go up to the roof of one of the hotels near the Jaffa Gate, you can look quite over the little city of Jerusalem, past the ugly roofs of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and the glittering dome of the Mosque of Omar, to the southernmost knoll of the Mount of Olives, and then far down the Valley of Kidron into the wilderness that lies west of the Jordan. Sometimes at sunset a long, bright ray pierces deep into the wedge-shaped opening between the hills, and you can follow the sunlight down through gorge after gorge until it rests over the chasm which lies just this side of the purple mountains of Moab.

But the bottom of this chasm cannot be seen from the Jaffa Gate. You must cross the city and climb the steep side of Olivet. Stand then on the gallery of the minaret at Kefr et-Tûr, or, better yet, climb to the top of the tower by the Russian monastery, and you can see as far as the Jordan River. On the west are the domes and minarets of the Holy City, on the south the green olive orchards and vineyards of Judea; but to the east you look down over bare, brown mountain peaks that drop away in wearisome succession down, down, down, until at last they dip suddenly into the Jordan Valley.

This valley is long, straight, and very deep. Its smooth, brown floor is in startling contrast with the bewildering hills which lie all around. The thin, green line of the brush along the river banks is very distinct, but seems mysteriously distant. So do the dark blue waters of the Dead Sea, which lies silent and motionless at the bottom of the lowest valley on earth. It is only twelve miles away in a straight line, but the sea is almost four thousand feet below the city of Jerusalem, and it is a world away in climate, scenery, and action.

The Jericho road runs through this grim wilderness. It passes along the Kidron Valley between the Temple Site and Gethsemane, rises over the low southern slope of the Mount of Olives, curves around Bethany, and then dives into the desert. From the tower of the Russian monastery you can see now and again the thin, white line of the dusty road as it twists around some steep ridge, always becoming narrower and always lower until it sinks out of sight among the hills. Even by the winding carriage road it is less than twenty miles from Jerusalem to Jericho, but all the way is through the wilderness, and it is always down, down, down—below the hills of Judea, below the surface of the Mediterranean, deeper than the cisterns under the Mosque of Omar or the fishers' nets by Jaffa, down on a level with the lowest mines and the blind, slimy things which crawl through the ooze at the bottom of the sea.

Yet all the way the mountains rise around, and the Syrian sun makes the road wavy with tremulous heat!

It is not a pleasant highway, and to-day, as in ancient times, the traveller who goes

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down from Jerusalem to Jericho is very apt to fall among thieves; for this route through the wilderness is one of the most dangerous west of the Jordan. Every Frank who attempts the journey is sup

Our own little company were all residents of Syria, who had ridden up and down through the country without any thought of interpreter or guard, and it was with considerable chagrin that we con-

The Jaffa Gate at Jerusalem—Page 612.
Where the journey was started.

posed to do so under the protection of a guard, obtained from the *serai* at Jerusalem. These soldiers are all chosen from one Arab tribe, which enjoys the monopoly of policing the Jericho road; and it is said that the tribe is careful to arrange enough robberies to keep its young soldiers in constant demand. Certain it is that whenever a parsimonious tourist refuses to hire a protector, the news flies over the desert pathways until, in some secluded turn of the road, a little company of Bedouins relieve the venturesome Frank of his valuables, and perhaps enforce the lesson by a salutary beating.

templated the humiliation of travelling behind a Turkish soldier; but the consul at Jerusalem refused to be responsible for our safety if we went alone, and the genial consular dragoman entertained us with tales of recent ambuscades, until at last we engaged a young Arab to go as our escort.

Ali was a son of the sheikh, and was a handsome young cavalier, although the desert sun had burned him almost as black as a negro. His costume was that of a regular Turkish soldier—a dirty blue coat with tarnished brass buttons, and dirtier blue trousers just short enough to show a

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Jerusalem—Page 615.
From near St. Stephen's Gate.

considerable amount of dirty brown ankle above the dirty yellow slippers. But, as a free son of the desert, Ali refused to wear the fez of Turkish supremacy, and bound his flowing *kafûyyeh* with the horsehair ring of the Arabs. A long scimitar, inlaid with silver and gold, clattered bravely against the saddle-bags, and a rainbow-hued sash was stuck full of antique pistols and short, sharp knives.

There was nothing servile or shoddy, however, about Sheik Ali's bearing; no false regrets for the boulevards and 'buses of an effete civilization; but a supreme content with life as Allah had ordered it. Ali had two chief assets: a good horse and a good voice. The former he rode at a break-neck pace, with his accoutrements rattling like the pans of a runaway pedler. Most of the time he was galloping gayly along, quite out of sight and hearing, and so far ahead of his convoy that we might have been robbed and murdered and buried, without the obsequies attracting the attention of our protector. Once in a while, however, Ali would graciously wait for the carriage and, after inquiring anxiously concerning our distinguished healths, would canter along with us for a few rods, singing to himself in a pathetic minor key.

They were no hackneyed music-hall ditties that he sang, for every Arab is a poet and an improvisatore. A moment of intense, frowning thought, and then Ali would raise his head and gurgle out a new distich of Arabic gutturals. He sang of the speed of his horse and of the barley in the *khan* at Jericho; he sang of the beautiful weather—it would have been about a hundred in the shade, if there had been any shade—he sang of the magnificent honorableness of the *Inglezee* gentlemen; and especially he praised the immense *bakhsheesh* which the generous travellers would surely bestow at the end of the journey.

It was the great day of the feast of *Neby Mûsa*, when Jerusalem is thronged with Moslems who have come to celebrate the festival of the prophet Moses, and to show the pomps Latin and Greek dignitaries

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that Islam is not losing its hold upon the Holy City. All the morning companies of peasants have been marching through the Jaffa Gate, with drums beating, cymbals clashing, and banners waving as if for a *jahad*, or holy war, while the seven thousand Moslems of Jerusalem have put on their holiday attire and joined the crowd that is streaming through the winding streets across the city, toward St. Stephen's Gate and the Jericho road.

The Neby Mûsa Procession entering the Jaffa Gate.

Along the city side of the Valley of Kidron there are grouped companies of wise men in long, white robes, and descendants of the Prophet in green turbans, elbowed by dirty soldiers and negro slaves and tall, black Nubian eunuchs; but the men are almost lost in the crowd of women on the hillside. Peasant women are often quite careless about wearing their veils, but to-day there seems to be such safety in numbers that even the ladies from the city harems have shamelessly uncovered their faces. The steep, brown hillside is for once as gaudy as a field of Syrian wild flowers. It is a motley mixture of races, ranks, and colors. The background is composed of *fellah* women in the inevitable soiled blue dresses, kilted above faded blue trousers; but the city folk are clothed in purple and fine linen. There are expensive silk dresses from Paris, kerchiefs from Damascus, shawls from Persia, gorgeous striped stockings, and patent leather slippers run down at the heels, besides many nameless luxuries which are displayed with the innocuous indecency of a ladies' fashion journal.

From near the top of each heap of silk and lingerie there looks forth a sickly countenance, lined with Eastern henna and blotched with French cosmetics. Some of the faces are pretty, with the unformed beauty of a wilful child, but they seem utterly lacking in character and health. The confinement of the harem, and the habit of wearing veils when out-of-doors, have given to the better class of women pasty, dead complexions, like that of a drowned girl whom I saw once at the Paris morgue. The hillside is covered with a myriad of graves; and the dull, white faces, with their sensuous lips and round, lustrous eyes that look out from among the tombstones, seem to belong to beautiful ghouls who have left their feasting to come forth and ensnare the hearts of the sons of men.

But in reality they are only harmless, ignorant women, who know very little of the world. The unwonted liberty to-day has made them as nervous and excited as children, and they are chattering among themselves as only the lights of the harem can do. Babies and lunch-baskets are everywhere. Pedlers go between the ranks of the spectators selling sweetmeats and sherbets; but we miss sadly the "*Booz, Booz, Bo-o-z!*" of our Beirût hawkers, for not a spoonful of ice-cream is to be had in the whole city of Jerusalem. At last the long-expected procession comes out of St. Stephen's Gate, and the noise becomes ten times more deafening than before. Beggars beg, lepers wail, the men cheer, and the women exclaim in a high hysterical key. Dervishes howl, dance, *fakîrs* stick

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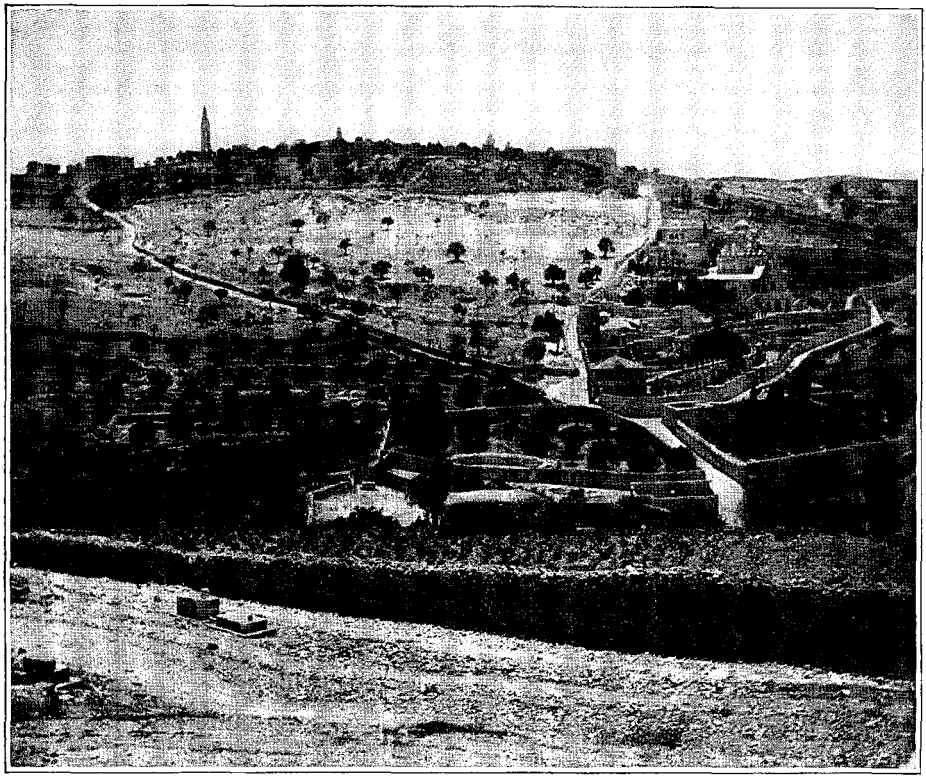

The Mount of Olives from St. Stephen's Gate.—Page 612.
Again showing the Russian Tower.

long iron skewers through cleverly concealed holes in their cheeks—and on the outskirts of the crowd the ubiquitous boy dodges irreverently among the legs of the pilgrims.

There happen to be very few tourists in Jerusalem this week, and we see no Europeans on the hillside, except one tall, gaunt Franciscan monk, who towers head and shoulders above the noisy multitude in the very pose of Sargent's "Hosea," and looks out from under his brown hood with an inscrutable frown.

It takes us a full half-hour to push through the crowd. Then the road climbs slowly over the hill, passes above the slaughter-houses that lie hidden to the east of Jerusalem, makes a bold sweep around the little village of Bethany, which in the Arabic is called "Lazarus"—and suddenly we are in the Wilderness! Only a few minutes ago we were by St. Stephen's Gate; the shouts of the *Neby Mûsa* procession have hardly ceased to ring in our ears; but here there is neither tree nor vine, ploughed field nor wild flower, sheepfold nor hut. All along the downward stretch of the dead white road there is not even a leprous beggar to raise up his fingerless hands and cry "Miserable! Miserable!" It is *Jeshimon*—desolation!

This wilderness between Jerusalem and Jericho is not a flat, sandy waste, but a jumble of mountains. It looks as if all the hills that could not be set down elsewhere in this hilly country had been thrown down here in one vast refuse heap; some right end up, some on their sides, some lying upon lower layers with their peaks downward and their roots pointing helplessly skyward. Now and then there are sudden valleys and deep-cut gorges; but there are no level places and no long prospects, for the traveller is always at the bottom of a trough, shut in by dreary hillsides. The prevailing color is a muddy brown, but sometimes a stratum of limestone crops out in a streak of dazzling, thirsty whiteness. The upper soil is caked almost as hard as rock, and the rock is of a chalky consist-

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ency, almost as soft as earth. Both are dry and cheerless, and bear no vegetation except a tiny thorn-bush which sometimes specks the hillside with a darker brown.

After you have been in the wilderness a while, the monotonous succession of hills seems like the billows of a sea. They are so different in form and position, yet so alike in size and coloring and barren joylessness, that it is as if the traveller were always standing still, while vortex after vortex of rocky waves whirled up around him. And when at last a vista between the hills shows a real sheet of water lying far beneath, the Dead Sea looks less fluid than the rolling strata of the wilderness. The hills are the swift surges of this hideous ocean, caught for an instant by the lightning flash. Ten thousand brown slopes curl themselves up like stormy breakers, while here and there a long ripple of sparkling white shines like the crest of a tidal wave. But far down at the bottom of the tumult of rock and sand the calm surface of the Dead Sea lies quiet and imperturbable as ancient Leviathan brooding beneath primeval chaos.

The journey across the desert is not such a lonely one, however; for to-day, as in days of old, many travellers pass along this shortest route from Jerusalem to the Jordan River and Moab. Just beyond Bethany we caught up with a hundred Russians, who were going down to bathe in the sacred river. Thousands of pilgrims come to Palestine every spring. There are some Abyssinians, Egyptians, and Greeks; but for the most part they seem to be Russians. The women have the endurance and the

The women on the hillside and the gaunt Franciscan monk.—Page 616.

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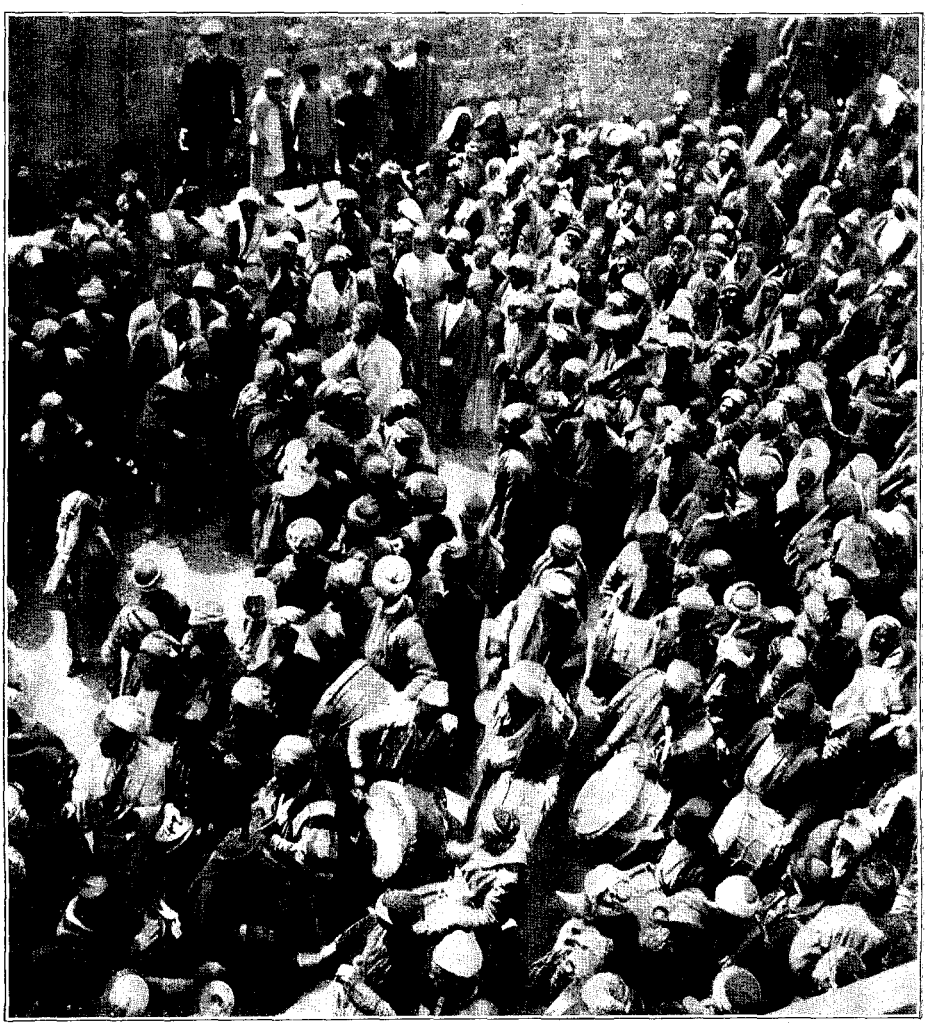
intelligence of cigar-store Indians. The men are great, hulking fellows, who wear brown beards and long hair which is parted in the middle and then falls down over their shoulders; so that the upper part of the face looks like a mediæval saint, and the lower part resembles a grizzly bear, while the dull eyes stare pathetically like those of a harmless cow. All of them, men and women alike, have a patient, puzzled look, as if the world in general and Palestine in particular were too complex for them to understand. Yet they seem to be simple, kindly, ignorant folk, who are not really bestial, except in their inability to reason.

Of course none of these Russians know either Arabic or French, and they are continually getting lost, though they try their best to follow closely after the priests who guide them from one holy spot to the next. They do not understand what it is all about; but when their mental processes are blocked they smile amiably, whenever they see a beggar they timidly drop him a kopeck, they attend faithfully all the masses, and they kiss everything in sight, from the cobblestones of the Via Dolorosa to the sword of Godfrey de Bouillon and the hands of their monkish guides. Also they never think of changing their clothes—perhaps they have no others—but wander around



The head of the procession.—Page 615.
The man walking backward has an iron rod thrust through his cheeks.

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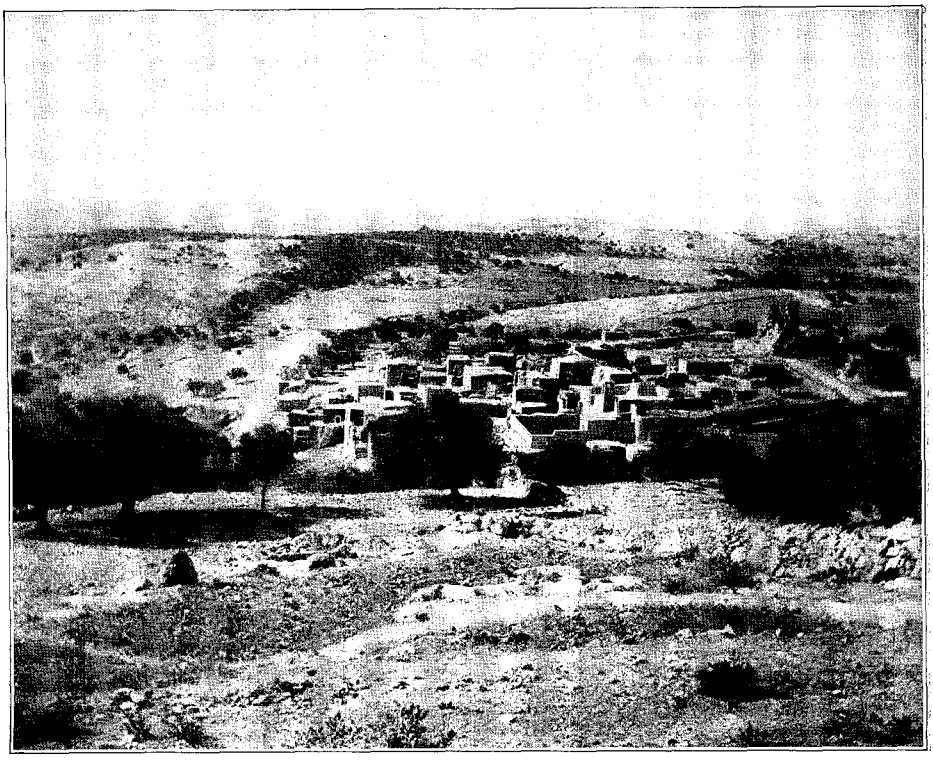

Bethany.—Page 616.

under the burning Eastern sun and down to the furnace heat of Jericho in the same long woollen cloaks and heavy boots which they wore amid the snows of the Russian winter. They resemble nothing so much as tremendous bears that have somehow got lost and are looking for a convenient snow-drift to burrow in or for a new master who will kindly beat them. But, after all, they are happy on their pilgrimage, and who knows but that they get more out of their visit to the Holy City than do we sophisticated folk who are always wanting to know the why and the wherefore of things!

The Russians, like ourselves, are aliens and intruders. Not so the gray-haired Arab who trudges slowly past us, with an ancient flintlock six feet long over his shoulder and a whole arsenal of rusty weapons stuck into his capacious sash. The desert is his by right, since the time of his father Ishmael. He might rob and murder us if occasion arose, but there is no beggar's whine in the voice with which he returns our greeting and wishes us a safe journey. The next wayfarer, however, is another pilgrim, a coal-black Abyssinian in a long robe of snowy whiteness. Then we pass a couple of mules carrying grain from the Jordan Valley to Jerusalem. We charge a caravan and send it scurrying over the desert. An Arab shepherd gathers together his flock, so that we can get a good picture of the fat-tailed sheep.

Toiling up the hill there comes a gigantic camel, swaying slowly like a heavy laden tramp steamer, and bearing upon his back a deck-house full of giggling women. We stop this "ship of the desert" and exact toll in the shape of a pose before the camera. Moslems are often supposed to object to being photographed, but I have usually found them very complacent subjects. Moslem merchants have again and again put their shops in order and then posed themselves in the midst of their merchandise. I have photographed the interior of mosques in full view of the guards and worshippers, without even being asked for a *bakhsheesh*. In the present instance the young Arab seems overjoyed at the prospect of having his picture taken, and the

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camel stands with a broad grin. The Moslem women, however, are decorously hidden behind the curtains of the *houdah*—and are peering most curiously from between the half-opened hangings!

"Welcome!"
An Arab at his tent home.

At the time of the visit of the German Emperor, this whole road was practically rebuilt, and is now a highway of which any country might be proud; but there are only two houses between Jerusalem and Jericho. Of course these are both *khans*. The first is not far from Bethany, just across the road from the *'Ain el-Ḥôd*, which is also called the "Apostles' Fountain," because it is quite evident that whenever the Twelve went from Jerusalem to Jericho they must have stopped there to drink. The second *khan* lies about half-way to Jericho, and is known as "The Inn of the Good Samaritan." Here, too, the name is probably well given; for it is hardly likely that there has ever been any other stopping place near this most dangerous part of the road, and the inn situated here was doubtless the one referred to in the parable.

It is a typical *khan* of the better sort; half stable, half café, and wholly fortress. One side of the square enclosure is taken up by the only gate and three or four rooms for eating and sleeping. Around the other three sides of the court runs a stone wall, eight or ten feet high, with broken bottles on the top, and loop-holes below for the rifles of the defenders of caravan and caravanserai against predatory bands of Bedouins. At the *khan* you can buy twenty different kinds of sherbets, besides melons, grapes, oranges, and unsavory foods cooked in ancient melted butter. A large collection of "antiques" and souvenirs is hung in the south room. The inn-keeper is an American citizen, though Syrian born, and the combination of inherited Semitic business instinct and acquired Yankee shrewdness is such that the Inn of the Good Samaritan will not suffer bankruptcy in our generation.

Another name for this inn is the "*Red Khan*," probably so called from the streaks of red which, at this stage of the journey, are splashed along the brown hillsides. "The Ascent of Blood" was near by, and the thought of blood or redness survives in many local names. The contours of the hills are now less rounded. Sometimes they are jagged, or deeply and regularly chiselled, like the turrets of a fortress. More than once we have pointed out a squared summit which looked like a ruined castle; so when at last we pass the remains of a real stronghold, it is hard to believe that the *Castel Rouge* is not merely another sculpt-

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ured hill, instead of a grim fortress where once the Crusaders guarded the Jericho road and the Ascent of Blood.

After we leave the Inn of the Good Samaritan, the road descends more rapidly than ever, until it seems as if we were going down into the Pit itself. As the quick twilight passes, it casts strange lights and shadows on the wilderness. The pebbly beds of the winter torrents are hidden at the bottom of deep valleys which look like extinct craters, and the hills press around in a shadowy panorama of goblin castles and donjon towers and mysterious, impassable walls. At the left is the chasm of the *Wâdi el-Ḳelt;* but darkness shrouds its bleak, steep sides, its monkish prison, its inaccessible cavern tombs and the "Brook Cherith" five hundred feet below. Back of this gloomy gorge rises in the distance the darker hulk of the Mount of Temptation, honey-combed with cells where once ascetics told their beads; but now inhabited only by bats and robbers and—so they say—demons! At nightfall the gorge of Cherith seems as dark and unfathomable as that

> "Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
> Through caverns measureless to man
> Down to a sunless sea."

It is a place for dark, creepy legends and ghoulish denizens; a fit home for no human beings but demoniacs or zealots. Indeed, such have always been its inhabitants. And as I have ridden through the wilderness in the night hours, when there was no sign of hut or inn or other human abode; not even a faint gleam along the horizon to tell of a distant village, but only the bare hills rolling away in arid solitude to the black mountains behind, and the clear, starlit sky seeming almost a living thing in comparison with the silent desolation all around; then the thought has come that a man who could live here, month after month and year after year, *must* become either a madman or a prophet.

The uncanny feel of the wilderness is now increased by the fact that it is hot. Even at night it is hot. With a noisy wind blowing over the hill-tops, it is hot. Up at Jerusalem the weather was so cool that it was hardly comfortable to sit out on the housetop after nightfall. This very morning, when we rode out to the Mount of Olives to see the sunrise, we sought the shelter of a great rock which kept off the chilling breeze. But as soon as we entered the wilderness, little puffs of hot air began to come. Before long the desert sirocco was blowing clouds of dust in our faces, and every foot we travelled seemed to bring another degree of heat. I once went to Jericho in midsummer, after the spring tourists had all sailed away from Jaffa and even the inn-keepers had fled from the plain of the Jordan. It was hot then—not warm and sticky and uncomfortable—but HOT! An ordinary thermometer registered 135 degrees in the sun. With a black-bulb instrument we could have done better than that. You need not actually suffer on a two days' trip to Jericho, even in August, but as a summer resort the city has its drawbacks. I have visited Cairo during the hottest month of the year and have spent part of a summer in a tenement in the Suburro Quarter of Rome; but I have yet to meet with anything in the temperate zone quite so hot as a Jericho sirocco.

A last steep descent, so steep that we must get out of the carriage and walk behind the tired horses, and then we are down on the flat floor of the valley and the mud walls of Jericho are dimly seen in the starlight. Every lamp is out, and the squalid village is wrapped in hot, malarial sleep. Through the deserted market-place and under the thatched porches the sirocco rushes with the roar of a Dakota blizzard and the heat of a blast furnace. The shady garden of the hotel looks very dark and inviting, and the breeze in the tree-tops has a most refreshing sound; but we wander from garden to court and from bedroom to housetop in a vain search for a breath of air which is not hot and stifling.

Then we try to eat a tasteless supper under the dusty green bower. After experimenting with lukewarm water and sickening bottled stuff, we find that boiling hot tea is the only drink that will somewhat assuage our thirst. One of our party has a copy of Omar Khayyam, whose cynical quatrains just fit our present mood. Somewhere in the court our servant unearths a couple of old English magazines which, strangely enough, are full of tantalizing accounts of Alpine ascents and sufferings from Arctic cold. At last we drop down on couches and rocking-chairs in the parlor of the lonely hotel and fall into a fitful slum-

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ber which must be broken at three o'clock in the morning, for we are to visit the Jordan and the Dead Sea before another blazing sunrise.

In the memory of him who has gone down from Jerusalem to Jericho, one object stands very clear. Turn where he will, conjure up what panorama he choose, and high in the distant background is a thin, black line, like a seal set upon the picture by its painter. A score of times, out among the rocks and thorn-bushes of the desert, a sudden turn of the road has brought again into view this slender tower which watches inscrutably from above. In the midst of solitude and desolation, where the brown mountains blot out every minaret of the Holy City, there is that tall, slim tower, peering silently over the crest of some distant hill, like a light-house without a light or an inaccessible haven of refuge. When the pilgrim stands by the salt driftwood which is scattered along the shore of the Dead Sea, he is all alone, save for that column which rises three-quarters of a mile above him; and through every vista between the shrubs which line the western bank of Jordan, the narrow profile of that distant tower stands black against the blue Judean sky.

If some day another Moses shall stand above the cliffs of Moab and look across the wilderness to the fertile slopes of central Palestine, he will not be able to see the Holy City. The rolling hills will conceal from his view the Mosque of Omar and the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. The German Church, too, and the American Consulate, the English Hospital, the Moravian Leper Asylum, and the Jewish colonies of Baron Rothschild will all be hidden by the mountains round about Jerusalem. But, outlined clear against the sky, with a message of welcome or of challenge, the watcher from Pisgah's summit will see the tower of the Russian monastery on the Mount of Olives.

A PRAYER

By Laurence C. Hodgson

O God of Love! make me of love, that I
May give to Her a Life that shall not die;
I who have dared to breathe Her name must be
First of all worthy to have walked with Thee.
Let me grow sweet with Beauty till my heart
Shall always be an altar where Thou art;
O save me from the fevered ways of men
That my breath shall not blight upon Her when
I look into Her face, and give my eyes
Rapture of dreaming on the white surprise
Of Her pure virgin beauty, that the more
Shall train my soul to worship and adore.
Make me as pure as night that I may rest
With dreaming fragrance on Her lilied breast;
Make me as clean as dawn that I may be
Holily wed to Her simplicity.
O may my life forget all other things
Save that I need the consecrated wings
Of Love that is a Prayer to reach the place
Where I may turn my eyes up to Her face,
Seeing all purely, what I need to see—
That if I love Her, I am loving Thee!

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AN IMPRESSION OF CORONATION WEEK

By Mary King Waddington

LONDON is perhaps attractive in a certain way these days. There are so many people everywhere, all with a happy and expectant look, enjoying beforehand the sights of the wonderful two days; but it is certainly not picturesque. Almost all the houses on the route of the cortege are still encased in wooden scaffoldings; there are armies of workmen putting up shields, draperies, and seats, a great noise of hammers and an incessant rumbling of heavy vans filled with poles, benches, green wreaths, flags, bundles of red stuff, gold fringe, long red cushions, gold crowns—all the paraphernalia that comes into the light when a great fête is being prepared.

Circulation is very difficult. The crowd seems to be everywhere. We went out the other day in the carriage, but that was hopeless. We got wedged into a tight jam of omnibuses and motors; the horses got frightened and restive, gave little jumps forward every now and then, which were anything but pleasant for the occupants of the carriage. We had thought of going down to the Abbey to see the door by which I was to go in, but I very soon gave up that idea, and we never got beyond the foot of St. James Street. Royal carriages with servants in scarlet liveries, and often men in uniform inside, were dashing about in every direction, and there seemed a permanent red carpet down at Victoria Station. At some of the big houses, one just near us in Grosvenor Square, a sentry box was established on the pavement, and a tall grenadier pacing up and down, which always means that royalties inhabit the house. Some people put their houses at the disposal of the court, and left London, going to the country or to the Continent, but some remained and did the honors themselves to their guests. The list of princes is bewilderingly long. One can only remember the most prominent ones. The shops are very gay; everything "coronation"—fans, scarfs, chains, china mugs, cushions, screens—all with pictures of the King and Queen, and feathers and veils arranged for the head for the great ceremony at the Abbey. All the ladies wear court dress, which necessitates white feathers and veils, but not the long train. I think there are a number of strangers, a few French, Americans in quantities, all wanting to get into the Abbey, and all thinking they have a perfect right to be there. I should think the American Ambassador must be almost crazy. If there are places reserved for distinguished strangers, how difficult the choice must be!

To-day, Wednesday, the city looks quite festive. All the scaffoldings are down and the red seats and draperies make a great effect. Constitution Hill has a long line of red seats rising in tiers, one above the other, all the way from the arch to the palace. The fine old trees behind make a beautiful background. Some of the decorations, too, in Piccadilly are charming. Devonshire House is very striking—no red, which is the prevailing color, blue draperies fringed with gold, and festoons and branches of natural flowers, yellow and white. The Burdett-Coutts house, too, where I think the American Special Mission is staying, had a trellis of red roses all over the façade. Flags, of course, everywhere—shields and crowns, pictures of the King and Queen, and many inscriptions—"God bless our King and Queen"—"God bless King George"—but I did not see so many quaint ones as at King Edward's coronation. I remember such a nice old-fashioned one, near Westminster: "God's angels guard your sacred throne, and may you well become it."

Flags make the best decoration. I drove through Baker Street last night, which was brilliant with flags and lanterns and festoons of greens and flowers waving over our heads. It is not on the line of the procession, but every one seems to want to make a demonstration of some kind and take part in the glories of the coronation. Circulation was very difficult to-day, Piccadilly a curiosity. Every description of vehicle,

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from the royal carriage to a donkey cart filled with children, almost tumbling out in their eagerness to see everything. There were some nurses, with babies in perambulators. One would think all the mothers in London would have given instructions to their nurses to keep in the quiet back streets and squares to-day, but there were several waiting to cross Piccadilly, and even the stalwart London policeman, accustomed to nurses and children and perambulators and a crowd, looked anxious until they were safely across the street without falling under motor wheels or horses' hoofs. It is drizzling a little, but not a regular downpour, which would make havoc of all the gold fringes and "natural flowers."

We crossed the King and Queen in the park, in an open carriage; no escort, merely a policeman riding in front. They looked very smiling, his hat was never on his head; and she bowed most graciously right and left.

They say there are more people in London these days than have ever been there for any fête, but the streets don't look so crowded to me as they were for Queen Victoria's jubilee, or King Edward's funeral. For the last they were more concentrated, perhaps, in one part of the town. Hyde Park is a great white city with hundreds of tents. One hears drums and bugle calls all day, and quantities of pretty girls, dressed mostly in white, are walking about with the red-coated warriors; ambulance stations and red-cross tents are scattered about. There is an ambulance station at Albert Gate, just outside the French Embassy, and very business-like it looked. Three or four sturdy young men, a nurse in her uniform, stretchers, coils of rope, and cushions lying on the ground. There are always crowds at Buckingham Palace, patiently waiting for a glimpse of the King and Queen. The colonial troops excite great enthusiasm whenever they pass. They are a fine lot of men, tall, well set up, and marching very well. The universal khaki is not becoming, but looks business-like. The Indians, too, make a great effect. We saw two young Maharajahs riding in the park one morning, dressed in quite immaculate, well-cut tweed suits, but they had gold spurs on their boots and a white spangled gauze turban on their heads. One or two Indian women, too, drive about in open carriages, all dressed in white, with white veils—*not* over their faces.

Saturday, *June* 24th.

To-day is the naval review, and London is comparatively empty and quiet. It is a lovely day, but quite a wind. I think the smaller boats on the Solent will dance pretty well.

Thursday was a most interesting, most fatiguing day. I left the house at 7½, in full dress, and returned at 5 quite exhausted. I got to the Abbey without any difficulty, and with not too many stops. I gave the footman my carriage card and invitation to the Abbey, and the color told the policeman (of whom there were hundreds on duty) which streets we should take. Royal carriages and English gala carriages (very handsome, these, with powdered servants—three sometimes behind, in gala liveries, more standing at some of the big houses). I was evidently in good time. We had a long wait in St. James Street, but I didn't mind. There was so much to see. Soldiers all along the route, their red coats making a long line of color; quantities of policemen, quantities of people, all perfectly good-natured and doing as they were told—no roughness nor pushing. Staff-officers riding up and down between the lines, and mounted policemen keeping the crowd back, quietly but decidedly, when they tried to push out a little upon the pavement. Occasionally a royal carriage would pass, with a great blaze of jewels and uniforms inside. I was for some time behind an English gala carriage, which had evidently something very attractive inside. All the crowd, the women particularly, were peering into the windows, and I heard one woman say, "Oh, say, look at her, how she shines!" There was another long wait; almost at the door of the Abbey. All the windows and seats were crowded with people, from the top of Piccadilly to the Abbey. Almost all the seats were covered with red; the quantity of white and light dresses and parasols and flowered hats made a brilliant effect. The men in plain dark clothes were quite effaced. Once inside the Abbey, it was easy enough to get to one's place. There were ushers and chamberlains in every direction. I had no idea where I was; wooden partitions and staircases

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completely transformed the interior of the Abbey. I had an excellent seat, just over the peeresses, facing the altar, and saw beautifully. I found myself in very good company with all the British Ambassadors from abroad come to attend the coronation. My cousin, Sir Maurice de Bunsen, British Ambassador at Madrid, sat next me and very well he looked in his blue silk cloak with red facings and white bows on his shoulders. The Goschens, McDonnells Cartwrights, and Ladies Herbert and Egerton were near me, also Sir Frank Lascelles, ex-Ambassador in Berlin, looking very well in his red cloak—Bath. I think the blue cloaks were St. Michael and St. George. It was a wonderful sight as I looked down into the Abbey—a brilliant moving mass of color—as peers and peeresses in their robes were arriving and court functionaries and chamberlains in splendid full-dress uniform and gold lace and embroideries were walking about in the centre aisle, seeing that every one got their appointed place. It was some little time before I could recognize any one, but by degrees familiar faces stood out from ermine capes and uniforms. The Duke of Norfolk was superintending the whole function. He and the Archbishop of Canterbury have had the organization of the ceremony. The peeresses en masse looked very well. The uniformity of dress was very happy, as it prevented any of them from indulgence in any eccentricity of toilette—artistic or Burne-Jones. It was interesting to see them come in with their long trains sweeping out behind them, and splendid tiaras on their heads. They all carried small bags in which were their coronets. The putting on the coronets was a source of great tribulation. The coronet is placed on the top of the head inside the tiara and looks like a red velvet pouffe with an ermine border, and the requisite number of balls standing up around it. It seems they were all rather nervous as to how they should put them on. They couldn't start with them all comfortably and solidly pinned on by their maids in their dressing-rooms as they could not put them on until the Queen was crowned. Just as her crown was put on her head, the peeresses were obliged to put on theirs.

The putting the ladies into their places was no sinecure, as there was sometimes a little confusion, and the ladies had to change once or twice. I tried to make out one of my friends, who was on duty at the peeresses' box, as I had seen him two days before the coronation, and he told me their orders were to be civil but firm. He also told me that the various rehearsals had been complete. Every one who had the smallest service in the Abbey was obliged to rehearse several times. They all were on duty very early in the morning—at 5 o'clock and breakfasted in the Abbey. Their invitations were not banal. "The Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal, requests the pleasure of Mr. A's company at breakfast, at 7 o'clock A. M., at Westminster Abbey, on Thursday, June 22d."

Very soon the seats filled up, and we divined from the stir in the aisles and the hurrying to the door of the officials that processions were arriving—the corps diplomatiques, special envoys, princes, etc. We couldn't see them. We were too high up—a screen shut off the nave. The regalia was carried down in great state to the big door, and there was a splendid procession of clergy in gorgeous vestments, with staffs and mitres and crosses, very like a great ceremony in the Catholic church. It was impossible to see all the details. There was one pretty sight. Just before the processions appeared two of the officials brought in two nurses in their uniform. There were several on duty in the cloak rooms of the Abbey in case of need. They came in by a side door near the peeresses' box, and were very conspicuous as they stood there a few moments looking about them. I couldn't see the ambassadors, but they told me the two Americans—Mr. Reid and Mr. Hammond—were very prominent in their perfectly simple black. There was a certain amount of black, as the English court-dress is black velvet, but with lace ruffles and silver buttons.

Finally a great noise of cheering outside, and bells and cannon, told us the royal procession was nearing the abbey and the procession of princesses—sisters and aunts of the King—made their entry into the choir, all with royal purple velvet trains, heavily embroidered in gold and trimmed with ermine. They took their seats in the royal box, just behind the two arm-chairs where the King and Queen sat until they were crowned. The last to arrive was the Princess Mary, aged 14, and looking like a

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picture, so serious and childish. She wore a short dress of white satin, the regular royal train of purple velvet and ermine, which was carried by one of her mother's ladies-in-waiting; on her head a little red velvet crown, and her hair hanging down her back. After her came her three brothers, the eldest in naval cadet's uniform, the two youngest in Scotch dress. They were looking at everything with the greatest eagerness. Princess Mary sat at the right of the royal box, just where I had seen Queen Mary sit as Princess of Wales at the last coronation. There was a little wait and then another procession appeared, with more state and gorgeous officials, in the midst a young, slight figure, with round boyish face emerging from the heavy purple mantle of the Knights of the Garter, a plumed cap on his head, with the well-known three feathers of the Prince of Wales. The boy looked straight before him, was evidently very shy, but he walked very well, with a certain sort of youthful dignity. Then, with a great burst of music and preceded by a brilliant procession of dignitaries of the church and court, carrying her regalia, came the stately young Queen, all in white, nothing on her head, her long, heavy train of purple velvet, lined with ermine and embroidered in gold, carried by six tall, slim girls, all in white, with trains, the extreme end held by the Duchess of Devonshire, who was followed by a page carrying her long peeresses' train and a bag with her coronet.

The Queen held herself very straight and looked every inch a queen as she advanced with a simple, dignified grace to her seat. She looked straight before her and passed through the crowd of people bowing and courtesying, acknowledging no salutations of any kind. The Archbishop of Canterbury had decided that as it was purely a religious ceremony no greetings could be allowed inside the Abbey. She was a splendid figure when she was seated in her high-backed arm-chair, her heavy train thrown over the back, and her ladies making a charming, youthful group around her. There was another short wait, then again a triumphant peal from the organ and the choir of Westminster boys, whose privilege it is to sing the hymn at the coronation, and all eyes were turned toward the great door as the head of the King's procession came in sight. It would be impossible to give any details or even to recognize any one in that long line of color, all the great officers of the clergy and court in splendid vestments, uniforms, and costumes carrying different objects of the regalia. The King looked very well, though he was pale and grave, as if he felt it was a solemn moment in his life. He was dressed exactly as his father was at his coronation, a tight, short, red velvet doublet, white satin breeches, white silk stockings, and the flat red cap that gave King Edward such a look of Henry VIII (who was almost always painted in that cap). There is a picture of Henry VII at Sandringham, which could easily be mistaken for King Edward in the costume of his ancestor. He, too, looked straight before him as he moved slowly along. He knelt a few minutes in prayer before he took his seat. Then his brilliant suite took up their position behind his chair and the ceremony began. It was a magnificent scene as we looked down from our places. I couldn't follow the details of the service. There were prayers and psalms and hymns, and a sermon, magnificently clad ecclesiastics passing backward and forward, the King always the central figure. He looked very grave and dignified when the Archbishop of Canterbury presented him to his people, turning to the four corners: north, south, east, and west, the King always turning with him, as he asked the people if they accepted "King George, the undoubted King of this Realm." The roars of "God save King George" which answered the primate's question must have given the King one of the proudest moments of his life. I wonder what would happen if the lords and commons once said "No," refused to recognize the monarch so presented to them as their lawful king.

I watched him very closely during all the ceremony; when he took his oath, kneeling on the steps of the altar, speaking very clearly and distinctly, when he moved to the famous chair, black with age, of Edward the Confessor, where for centuries every King of England has sat for the final ceremonies of the coronation. He went through all the ceremonial with the same simple, serious manner. The canopy was held over his head by four Knights of the Garter: Lords Rosebery, Cadogan, Crewe, and

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Minto. There was stillness in the Abbey at the moment of the anointing; one heard the Archbishop's words quite distinctly. The King was then dressed in his state robes, cloth of gold and ermine, and received all the emblems of royalty: sword, belt, spurs, garter from the hands of his great nobles kneeling at his feet. Then came the supreme moment: the Archbishop raised the famous old crown high in his hands so that every one could see it, and placed it reverently on the King's head. There was a blaze of light, a great sound of trumpets, bells, and cannon, and all his people knew that George V was crowned their lawful sovereign.

During one part of this ceremony the choir sang splendidly "Zadok the Priest" and the "Long Live the King"—"May the King Live For Ever" and the Hallelujahs sounded magnificently, echoing through those great vaulted chapels.

As all this ceremonial was rather long, one had ample time to look about. The Queen sat very still and was absorbed in all that was going on, never taking her eyes off the King. The Prince of Wales interested me very much. He, too, had his head always turned to the altar and Edward the Confessor's chair. It was pretty to see the grave look on the young face. I wondered what he was thinking about. A boy's thoughts are long thoughts. Was he quite engrossed with the present, when for the first time he was taking his place with the people as their future sovereign, or was he dreaming of that future when he, too, would be the centre of all eyes, as his father was that day, and be taking the solemn oath to do his best, with God's help, for his people and his country.

At last there was a move in the choir and the King appeared, facing the great assembly. Dressed in his royal robes, the crown on his head and a sceptre in each hand, he came slowly down the two or three steps, seated himself on his throne, and the homage began. The first to kneel and make their homage were the bishops. Then, preceded by two or three officials in splendid uniform, the Prince of Wales left his seat and advanced toward the throne. I think every eye in the Abbey was on the slight, boyish figure. He wore his cap with the three feathers on his head until he arrived just in front of the throne. Then he knelt and took it off, knelt again, his cap in his hand, on the steps of the throne at his father's feet, saying the words of the oath quite distinctly: "I, Edward, Prince of Wales," etc. One couldn't imagine a more charming picture. The young, fresh-faced, fair-haired, English boy, so shy and so *ému*. His long purple mantle falling back from his shoulders, kneeling at the feet of his father and sovereign seated on his throne with all the pomp and state of royalty around him. The King, too, looked *ému* when the boy kissed his cheek. He raised him, kissed him on both cheeks, and the young prince went back to his seat. It was most amusing to see the brothers of the prince when he came forward to do his homage. They were seated in the front of the box, and when they saw the prince in his unaccustomed dress, kneeling in front of the King, they nearly fell out of the box, pitching forward and stretching out so far that their aunts held them in by their trousers.

Then followed a long train of princes, peers, and gentlemen, headed by the Duke of Connaught, a fine martial figure in his peer's robes over his marshal's uniform. There was only one of each order. It would have lasted till midnight if each peer and great officer of state had made their personal homage.

As soon as the homage was over, the Queen's coronation began. It was much shorter than the King's. She went through it with the same quiet dignity that she had shown all through the service. She looked beautiful when she knelt on her prie-dieu (only the Kings are anointed and crowned in Edward the Confessor's chair). The only kneeling figure in that great assemblage—the Archbishop in his splendid robes standing in front of her and again holding the crown high in his hands before he placed it on her head. At the exact moment when she was crowned all the peeresses put on their coronets. It was curious to see the movement, both arms lifted at the same moment. As a rule they were well put on, though some were a little on one side. I think they were all very glad to have that moment over, for the bags had evidently been an inconvenience. Some of the old ladies dropped theirs periodically, and there was a great fumbling about under the benches and the trains to find them.

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The Queen looked very royal as she appeared at the top of the steps, attired in her robes of state and royal crown. She carried a sceptre in one hand, a wand in the other, and walked very deliberately to her throne. It isn't easy to walk, carrying something held up straight in each hand. Her dress was very well cut, just long enough in front for her to walk, with no danger of tripping. We saw the points of two white satin shoes appearing underneath. She made a low courtesy as she passed the King and took her place on her throne on his felt. He rose as soon as she came down the steps and remained standing until she was seated.

There was again a long wait while the royal couple took the communion and afterward retired for about half an hour to St. Edward's Chapel, just behind the high altar to rest before beginning their triumphal progress down the Abbey. Almost all the people in the choir knelt when the King and Queen were taking the communion. It was getting late and I was very hungry. I had a small package of sandwiches in my bag, but didn't like to eat anything, as no one around me was eating. At King Edward's coronation there was the same wait after the communion, and we in the boxes were a little impatient, but one of the gentlemen behind me said we were very lucky not to be kept longer—at King George III's coronation he took a bath in the middle of the ceremony. However, the time passed not too slowly, and very soon the stir in the choir and the forming of the Queen's procession told us the end of the gorgeous ceremony was approaching. The Queen was escorted to the door with the same pomp as when she came into the Abbey. She looked splendid, radiant. The King, too, looked quite different—grave but happy. There wasn't a sound until they passed out of the choir—behind the screen. Then there were ringing cheers; for the King, the Queen, and the Prince of Wales. It is almost impossible to remember everything or to write one's impressions. The royal children certainly made a charming note in the stately ceremonial, and appealed, I am sure, to all the people. One had the impression of a young king and queen, with a fine young family growing up around them, with their life before them, and youth and strength to help them through the many difficult moments which must come to all sovereigns in these democratic days. One heard all sorts of amusing stories about the children: that in instructing the Prince of Wales in the various duties of his high position they told him that all the princes and "Grand Seigneurs," beginning with the Duke of Connaught, would bow to him as they left the Abbey, and he must return it very courteously. He was much astonished. "Uncle Arthur bow to *me!*" However, he acquitted himself very well of his task. When Princess Mary and his three brothers passed, the Princess made a pretty little courtesy, and his two next brothers very proper bows. The last one, instead of bowing, gave him a kick on the shins. . . . Apparently this was resented as soon as they left the Abbey, as some of our friends, who were standing on the pavement when the children passed alone, in the carriage, with no tutor or governess, said there was a free fight going on, with kicks and cuffs, Princess Mary with one hand trying to separate the combatants, and with the other holding on her crown, the crowd delighted, calling out: "Go it, young un'! Give it him!"

The getting away from the Abbey was awful. The only thing that was not well arranged. The footmen were not allowed to leave the box, but moved off at once in the carriage to the place assigned to them. The carriages were to be called by telephone. When I got to the door there was no possibility of getting anywhere near the telephone. There were rows of people, four or five deep, waiting to speak, and soon after it gave out altogether and the wait was most fatiguing. Some carriages came up several times, among others two of the Dominion Parliament. When they had appeared about half a dozen times, nobody answering to the repeated call, I heard an exasperated woman's voice saying, "Heavens! how I wish they had stayed in the Dominion." At last I had to walk to the carriage, which was some distance off. Sir Mortimor Durand, late Ambassador to the United States, most kindly took charge of me, and we started off on foot, both of us holding up our garments. We must have looked funny walking through the crowd; he in his cocked hat and white feathers, long blue cloak of St. Michael and St. George, his coat covered with gold embroidery and orders; I in my long satin

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dress, diamond tiara, veil, and feathers, but nobody was astonished at anything that day. At every turn we met people walking about in wonderful clothes. Some of the peers, elderly stout men, with red faces, did look funny in flowing robes and coronets.

It was nearly five when I got back to the house, quite exhausted. My eyes were so tired, looking steadily at the ever-changing mass of color. We didn't attempt going out in the evening to see the illuminations. We should have been obliged to walk, as no carriages were allowed and it would not have repaid us, as they don't understand street illuminations nearly so well in London as on the Continent. We dined quietly with Mr. Morgan, and it was a rest to sit in his rooms filled with beautiful things, all the pictures and vitrines lighted. I had my coffee seated opposite a splendid Italian lady—a Marchesa Spinola—painted by Van Dyck. One could almost have pushed back the heavy folds of her dress, and she looked as if she might have played a part in the stately procession we had just seen.

Friday it was gray and a little drizzle, not enough to really wet anything, was falling. We had again an early start, as we were going to Mr. Morgan's balcony, corner of Piccadilly and Park Lane, to see the procession pass. I wanted very much to see it, as, curiously enough, I had never seen one. Either I was in it myself in the gala carriage or else in the Abbey or the House of Lords, or wherever the ceremony took place. I had never seen the famous long-tailed, cream-colored horses except in the royal mews.

We got to our destination easily enough through the back streets and Park Lane. It was a pretty sight when I stepped out on the balcony; the street lined with red-coated soldiers as far as the eye could reach; draperies, flags, flowers, and red seats filled with people before each house. Troops were already moving up Constitution Hill; the gleams of red from the seats showing through the trees and the flash of sabres and cuirasses giving a fine touch of color. Officers by twos and threes were patrolling the centre of the street, and, just before the head of the procession appeared, Winston Churchill drove past in a plain landau. He had the direction of everything, and had his hands full, as the route was long, all through the city. At the entrance King George received an address. The military display was very fine. The household troops, life-guards, blues and lancers had a great success. They are a splendid troop, also the marines. The colonials had an enthusiastic reception, of course. The khaki is less striking than the splendid uniforms of the guards and the Indians, but the men looked and marched very well. Some of the Indian princes were magnificent. One fat man, sitting alone on the back seat of his carriage—an Indian officer and an English officer opposite—was attired in mauve, embroidered in gold and silver, with enormous diamonds and emeralds on his coat and turban. Another was in pink, with countless rows of pearls. They looked perfectly unmoved, quite conscious of the effect they were producing, but I should think not at all impressed by the show. Their own fêtes are on a scale of such magnificence, with such a lavish expenditure, that this could not say much to them. They are curious relics of an old race and civilization in this very commonplace world we are living in. Lords Roberts and Kitchener were much applauded when the crowd recognized them.

A series of cheers, and people in Green Park, just opposite, running to the railings, told us the King and Queen were approaching, and it was wild enthusiasm when they appeared in an open landau, the King in admiral's uniform, the Queen in light blue, with a quantity of blue feathers in her hat. They looked radiant as they acknowledged the cheers. Lord Kitchener, in his field-marshal's uniform, rode on the right of the coach, a brilliant suite of princes and foreign attachés following. There was still a long defile of troops, then a squad of mounted police and the procession had passed. It was certainly a very fine military display, but I didn't think better than ours, in Paris, for Berteaux's funeral. (The Minister of War who was killed by an aeroplane.) Our hussars and cuirassiers on their enormous horses looked splendid, and the group of ambassadors, military attachés, in fact the whole corps diplomatique, walking behind the gun-carriage was very impressive.

We waited some time to let the troops move off a little, and then walked down to the Ritz, where we were to lunch. It was most amusing walking through the crowd,

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which was, like the day before, perfectly good-humored and orderly. There was an ambulance station at our door. We saw a nurse kneeling down, fanning a woman, who was stretched out on a mattress. She said it was nothing; the woman a little faint after so many hours' standing. What would it have been if the sun had come out! Ritz was a curiosity. I should think the whole of the United States was lunching there. A great many pretty women, very well dressed, all talking about the procession and the opera gala to which apparently all were going.

Wednesday, *27th June.*

We have again had two fatiguing days—all our hours changed, which is very trying—as with the two gala performances, opera and his Majesty's, it was not possible to dine before getting to the theatre. We had sandwiches with our tea and supper when we came home. Monday morning we walked about a little in the streets. There were a great many people, and all the decorations were still up. We dressed early, as we were to start soon after 7. Every one was to be in the opera house by 8 o'clock. We got there quickly enough, only falling into line when we got near. We were among the first to arrive, but it was interesting to see the people come in. The *salle* was very well decorated and very light, all the front of the royal boxes dressed with real flowers. Ten thousand roses they told us. I don't think I ever saw so many handsome women, and the tiaras and jewels, generally, were splendid. Again the black court-dress or ordinary evening dress took away a little from the brilliant effect, but I will say nobody looked at the men. A little before 9 the foreign princes and corps diplomatique began to arrive. The Crown Prince and Princess of Germany looked very well. He tall, straight, fair, young; and she with a quite indescribable charm of bearing and manner, a pretty bending movement, as she acknowledged the various greetings.

Precisely at 9 the King and Queen appeared. The whole house rose, and all remained standing through the "God Save the King." The King looked very well, in the uniform of a field-marshall this time, I think, but it was difficult to distinguish with so many uniforms surrounding him, and the Queen splendid, blazing with diamonds, wearing the Kohinoor and the big Australian diamond, and, of course, the blue ribbon of the Garter. The performance began at once, and was not at all interesting. Melba sang badly, or, rather, didn't sing at all, giving very little voice and all of them seemed ill at ease, they, like us, perhaps, were taken up with watching the people. There is no applause when royalty is present. The court applauds slightly, but not the public. There was an interval of about half an hour, and then we saw all the notabilities well. The court and their royal guests retired to a refreshment room. During that time one of my friends, a minister's wife, whose seat was not in the first row of the balcony, came forward to look at the house, and sat down for a moment in the Duke of Norfolk's place, who was absent for a little while. He soon re-appeared, and, when she got up to give him his place in front, he begged her to keep it. He was trying to find a quiet, dark corner behind somewhere, where he could go to sleep. He must be exhausted. He has had all the preparations and invitations to look after, and has certainly done it all wonderfully. There has never been a mistake of any kind, and he has always been to the fore. It was amusing to hear the hurrahs, and few bars of "God Save the King" as the various royalties departed. We got our carriage quite early. There were still some foreign envoys waiting for theirs when we got off. One swarthy gentleman enwrapped in pale blue was very impatient. He was scowling at his unfortunate attendants and muttering to himself. I suppose in his own country he would have cut off the head of any one who dared to keep him waiting.

Yesterday the weather was not altogether settled, and until 11 o'clock one was rather afraid there would be a notice on Buckingham Palace to say that the garden-party was off on account of inclement weather, but about 12 it cleared off beautifully and the afternoon was lovely.

The park looked very gay as we drove through it on our way to the palace; quantities of people seated all along, looking at the carriages. It was a triumph for well-turned-out open carriages. There were many more than on any preceding day, and they looked like great moving flower-beds,

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with the women's enormous hats trimmed with flowers, and parasols of every color imaginable. There was no advantage in having a motor, as one couldn't go quickly. There were a great many people in the garden when we arrived, and the King and Queen were already making their journey through the grounds—which are really a park—with green lawns and fine old trees. They were followed by a cortege of princes, who afterward left the royal procession and walked about, talking to their friends. I was glad to have a few words with the Duchess of Saxe Coburg (Grande Duchesse Marie de Russie), and wanted very much to see her daughter, the Crown Princess of Roumania, a beautiful woman whom I used to know as a girl, but it was impossible to find any one in the crowd. I had a little talk with the Queen, who looked very handsome. She was standing on a raised platform, an awning overhead, and banks of flowers all around. Her dress was very striking: large pink roses on a cream ground, but she was quite right to wear something very unlike all the other dresses in the garden. She was the central figure, and for many people it was their only opportunity of seeing the Queen. They must have carried away the impression of a radiant young sovereign. The royal children were standing just behind her. Princess Mary looked charming with a child's wondering eyes taking in everything. The Queen said she was not at all tired, not even the day of the coronation. I asked her if she could see the Prince of Wales when he made his homage to the King as she was seated in the choir, a little to one side. She said she could just see him by leaning forward a little. Several people were brought up to the Queen while I was standing near the tent, among others the Begum of Bhopal, a very great personage in her own country. She was a curious figure; very short, dressed or rather wrapped in pink silk or gauze, a veil of the same material over her head, with two long narrow slits for the eyes. She seemed to speak and understand English quite well, and spoke to the Queen without an interpreter. Some one expressed surprise that she did not raise her veil when the Queen spoke to her, as in European courts the ladies take off veils and gloves when they have a royal audience. The explanation was that there were men present which made it impossible for her to uncover her face. She was a good deal entertained, this royal lady. I met her afterward at one of the great English houses in the same dress and veil, and everybody was presented to her, made her low courtesies, and called her "Your Highness." At tea she was seated apart—a little table put in front of her sofa—I was asked if I would be presented, but I declined. She wouldn't interest me, and I certainly wouldn't interest her. I couldn't courtesy to a colored lady—drew the line at color—I did courtesy to the Queen of the Sandwich Islands, but then she was a crowned head (a crown of shells), received with royal honors at the English court when I was ambassadress there.

There was a pretty group of children walking about; a baby in a carriage, and a little white sailor boy, children of the Crown Princess of Sweden, the eldest daughter of the Duke of Connaught. I met quantities of people whom I knew, and didn't see a great many whom I would have liked to. They say there were 5,000 invitations. There was never any crowd, but, as said before, the gardens are enormous.

We got away as quickly as we could, as we had to start early for the gala at His Majesty's Theatre. There was not such a long file as for the Opera. We got in quite easily. The decoration was prettier, I thought, than the Opera and as the theatre is smaller, one saw the people much better. The performance was much more interesting (at all events for English-speaking people) than the opera, but too long. There were fragments of various plays, including Julius Cæsar—the act with Pompey's great speech—and all the leading actors and actresses of London took part, all the stars quite willing to take a perfectly insignificant part on such an occasion. The house was quite as brilliant as Covent Garden, filled with pretty women and jewels, not quite so many Americans, perhaps. At the end of the performance Clara Butt sang splendidly, "God Save the King," all the company and many people in the house joining in for the second verse. The streets were as light as day when we came out, all London waiting to see the King and Queen appear. There were quantities of children, one or two men holding up babies on their shoulders, and all shouting "God Save the King," till they

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were hoarse. It seems a most spontaneous burst of loyalty—and the English crowds are not generally emotional.—I heard one or two people in the crowd, after joining heartily in the "God Save the King," finish with "God bless him."

Thursday, *June 29th.*

To-day was the closing ceremony, the Thanksgiving service at St. Paul's. "Service of National Thanksgiving to Almighty God for the Coronation of Their Majesties, King George the 5th and Queen Mary," was written on the big red card which gave admission to the cathedral. We had had some difficulty in getting seats, had applied too late, but fortunately Mrs Burns knew the archdeacon very well, and he sent her two cards. We started early, as every one said there would be a great crowd, and drove straight down almost without a halt between two red lines of soldiers and policemen to the cathedral. The seats all along the route were filled with people. As we got near the church the crowd was very compact. There were not many people yet inside, as we were two hours before the time; but we did well to go early, for even then, as the seats were not numbered, we could not get the first places, near the central aisle along which the procession was to pass. By degrees the enormous building filled up, and it was interesting to see quite another set of people, aldermen and sheriffs and mayors, and every description of city personage, and their wives, some big, portly, prosperous dames, wearing very bright colors, many feathers on their hats, and large diamond ear-rings and brooches. All the official city men wore a gown or cloak of some kind; some had gold chains. The effect was very good, but, of course, entirely different from the brilliant, wonderful assemblage at Westminster Abbey. There were seats reserved for the ministers and the corps diplomatique near the choir, and the uniforms and colored ribbons stood out well from the rather soberly dressed general crowd. Two high-backed arm-chairs in the choir facing the altar were evidently reserved for the King and Queen.

A splendid procession of clergy in gala vestments of every possible color, and preceded by the Lord Mayor carrying a sword, marched down to the great door to meet the sovereigns. All the princes and princesses arrived a little before the King and Queen, and were shown to their seats quite simply by church and court officials. Almost all the foreign princes and missions had gone. All day Wednesday there were departures and leave-takings at Victoria Station.

The King and Queen looked very well when they appeared. The bishop of London walked on the King's right, the dean of St. Paul's on the Queen's left; Princess Mary and the Prince of Wales directly behind, the procession of officials closing up around them. As soon as the King and Queen had taken their seats there was a sort of fanfare or trumpet call, and then began the most magnificent "God Save the King" I have ever heard; the organ, choir (a famous one), military music, and the whole assembly standing bareheaded and singing. There were waves of sound. The old walls seemed to vibrate. I said, half aloud, to myself, "How beautiful," and an old man in a black gown, a verger or official of some sort, who was standing behind me, his face quite alight with enthusiasm, and with tears in his eyes, said to me, "It is indeed beautiful, madam; you will never hear anything grander than that, if you live to be a hundred."

It seems the dean of St. Paul's, quite a recent appointment, was very much upset by all the preparations and the quantity of people writing asking for cards, when everything, even in the farthest part of the church, where one could see nothing, had been given. He told one of his friends that if he had understood what it meant organizing a coronation thanksgiving service, he didn't think he could have accepted his position, and that no man in England could say more fervently than he did, "*Long* live the King!"

The fêtes are over and most beautiful they have been; the King and Queen most loyally and enthusiastically received everywhere; not a shadow apparently on the brilliant pictures, and very few people thinking of the past. It is the most extraordinary case of "Le Roi est mort, vive le Roi" I have ever known, and I suppose it is right, but one can't help having a melancholy feeling about those who have disappeared; but that certainly is not in the air.

There were special sermons preached in every church in London the Sunday after the coronation. I heard one which I admired very much, but the purport of it was

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that no one was indispensable. There was always some one to take up the work which had been left unfinished; every man was bound to do his best as long as he lived, and use, for the general good, whatever intelligence or force of character was given to him; but when he died it was finished, absolutely no influence remained, his work was carried on by his successor, and when it was a sovereign, and a young sovereign, it was his duty to look forward—never backward. I don't think I agree. I can't think that the teachings and examples of a full, honorable life don't leave some trace; but the congregation were quite with the preacher. And when we left the church, with "God Save the King" played on the organ, every one in the church singing, I think the only king that was in the people's hearts was King George the V.

THE POINT OF VIEW

IT was about half-past three on a late November afternoon, bright, crisp, but with a lingering touch of Indian summer in the air. "What perfect foot-ball weather!" I exclaimed. It *was* foot-ball weather to be sure. Another season had reached its culmination and that very Saturday, even as I spoke, all over the United States from Yale and Harvard down to the tiniest rival fresh-water colleges, the selected representaitves of young America were preparing to spring at the throats of their traditional natural enemies.

Much Ado

"Happy, happy youths," thought I; "devoted, aspiring, free from vexatious introspection!" In my imagination I could picture them waiting in the field house, the Varsity squad, stern, impassive, their teeth set to keep controlled the inner emotional tumult; and before them the head coach with flashing eyes, with waving arms, haranguing, inciting, imploring, insulting, screaming for the blood of the enemy like Marat before the National Convention.

Now it is always warming to be able to connect one's self with anything like a world-movement, and I had my moment of pardonable inflation as I thought that some ten years ago on the historic gridiron (not yet a checkerboard) I too, though a lesser star, battled side by side with Titans. Ah, but the glow was fading! Times have changed since the glorious old days when frontal attack was the height of strategy; when we drove into the line with sole-leather head harnesses. Then the public cheered, the press belauded, even college presidents in their addresses paid us ineptly amateurish compliments, and no one even hinted that the game was rough; but now the world is cold and reactionary academicians miscall the game of heroes in terms which even a spell-binder would refrain from applying to a corporation. I thought again of those ardent Varsity squads, but this time sadly. Like the poet Gray contemplating the young Etonians, I shuddered at the "Fury Passions" implanted by a barbarous pastime in their breasts, sure to bear terrible fruit: Vain Ostentation, Hard Brutality, Savage Guile, Ruthless Ambition—to say nothing of Wrenched Joints and Broken Constitutions! There was no hope for them; that I was sure of. Had I not read attentively the "Foot-ball Problem" column in the Educator's Gazette?

"But how about my own generation?" I queried. If the modern game with all its emasculating regulations is still debasing, what of our unregenerate old diversion? Ten years! It is no lifetime, but character should begin to

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show itself in the decade between twenty and thirty. Is the doom which we thoughtlessly contracted for already upon us?

I jumped up and waved my arms in Swedish exercises, took deep breaths, thumped my chest. Physically, I seemed to be holding out. Of the subtler moral disintegration I could not tell. One never can be sure of one's own incorporeal part: judging that of others is simpler, I tried to recall my team mates as I had seen them at our last reunion. Were they showing the predicted paralyzation of conscience, ascendency of the brute instincts? First to my mind came Jackson—Tubby Jackson, the Theolog. Many a time have I seen his leviathan body wading steadily forward through the small fry of ineffectual tacklers, while the bleachers yelled, "Rip 'em up! Tear 'em up!" but the last time I met him he was wearing the uncleft collar of the army of meekness, and I understand that he is doing great things with a mission parish. Yensen, our big blond centre, has become assistant professor of chemistry somewhere in the Middle West. One of the guards is a mining engineer, working too hard to be either very good or very bad; the other has inherited money and leads an idle but innocuous life. Sawed-off Donahue, he whose vicious shoe-top tackles brought down the huge two-hundred-pounders, is editor of the women's page of a Sunday paper. Hayne, a doctor now, may be a very bad man for all I know, but none of his patients seem to have discovered it. Perkins is a lawyer. I have never heard of his "kneeing" the wind out of an unfavorable judge; and John Baxter the flaming-headed full-back, who commanded a degree of adulation beyond the competition of a matador or a matinee idol, in whose ears were always ringing shouts of "Baxter! Baxter! A long one for Baxter!" "Baxter made the touchdown, hip, hip!" "Bully boy, Bax!" who could not cross the campus without being cheered, or walk along the street without attracting a train of admiring news-boys, what has become of Baxter? It has been written: "Perhaps most dangerous to the foot-ball star is the inordinate applause of his fellows. How can he be content with the slow progress that awaits the graduate in sound business or professional life? Will he not continue to crave the plaudits of the multitude?" To that question Baxter's case is not a bad answer. He has not chosen to be a demagogue, nor yet a pugilist; he has settled peaceably into truck-farming; his hobby is the perfection of a new species of musk-melon. There remains, of course, abundant time for the "low-browed cunning and ferocity of the savage" to manifest itself in each of us; but when I had finished running over the list of my brothers-in-brutality, I found it hard to believe in the seriousness of that risk. Foot-ball itself did not seem such a very tragic matter: the current discussion of foot-ball began to appear just a little bit ridiculous.

If we admit that the undergraduate sobbing over a lost game, displays an infatuated misconception of real values, what shall we say of his mature preceptor who, in the quiet of the study, pens hysterical jeremiads for the Educator's Gazette? For that matter, what shall we say of the other party? We can hardly expect reasoned balance from the undergraduate, but that familiar ornament of mass meetings, that disparager of instruction, eulogist of "College Life," the "Loyal Old Alumnus," may fairly be held to a standard of sanity. Yet stripped of refulgent generalities, the specific advantages he attributes to his favorite sport as a preparation for life are not impressive. Strength and health equal to that bestowed by a four years' course of foot-ball can be obtained with less than half the exertion and at no bodily risk whatever, by any well-planned system of exercise. Pluck and persistency are really not the results of the game itself, but of the players' devotion to it, and might better be developed, as they easily can be with the same concentration of interest, in connection with pursuits of actual intrinsic value. The foot-ball graduate is not likely to be a coward—that is true, and there is no denying that moral rectitude is usually easier for the man who does not shudder at the thought of enduring pain. But after all, this is a civilized country, and violence comes seldom into the life of the average citizen. One turns from the advocates as from the prosecutors with a weary sense that megalomania is the most prevalent of contemporary diseases.

Foot-ball, and foot-ball mania, are over and done with very early, too early one might think, to have any permanent life influence; and like many other collegiate things, they do not easily bear being pulled up by the roots from the earth of campus and athletic field; they wither when transplanted in the great busy world. Nine times out of ten, as you run across college graduates in after life, you cannot distinguish between the former athletic star and his classmate who read the original poem on Commencement day: both are equally commonplace.

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WHAT a curious trick of human nature it is to think that one very much wants a thing which one really does not want at all!

Encore

I reflect on this mystery every time I come to myself at the end of a concert—the excellent, satisfactory end which a good concert knows how to achieve and which is as much a part of the programme as the symphony—and hear people murmuring on every hand, "Oh! wasn't that beautiful? Oh! don't you wish that we could hear it right over again, straight through from the beginning?" Nor is it a matter of hearing only which I experience; I myself give utterance freely: "Yes, indeed; if we only could," with such a fervor of assent that I deceive myself as well as every one else.

Why do I do this? Why do we all so delude ourselves? We know perfectly well that it is one of the great laws of life that immediate repetition spoils almost any pleasure, that nothing would really afflict us more than to hear that concert "right over again, straight through from the beginning." Yet observe us. Erect in our seats, we wave our handkerchiefs, clap our hands, storm the weary musicians with an applause which is not all gratitude but which demands further favors at once.

It is interesting to observe the deportment of these same musicians under stress of our importunity. They all know that encores are a mistake—trust them for that. Sometimes they hold to the knowledge serenely, bowing and bowing (since they are human, they doubtless enjoy the tribute of applause enough to pay for the fatigue which it entails on them), but steadfastly refusing the least note of concession to the multitude. That is fine; I approve it, even though I may be splitting my gloves with entreaty. Sometimes, worn out, they capitulate, shrugging their shoulders and smiling with an air of mingled disgust and toleration which is very funny, and, returning to their instruments, play—not a genuine encore, but something else, not down on the programme. That is not very bad, though it never is very good. It creates a subdued confusion of people comparing notes all over the house—"That's Chopin"; "oh, no, it's that charming little thing of Grieg's; don't you recognize it?"—and it has an air of dispatch and duty which injures it somewhat. But the genuine encore, the repetition of the last all too fondly admired concert number, is the great and deplorable insult to art and common-sense. It is hard to see how a musician can bring himself to commit such a crime. No one enjoys it. The strains, which ravished five minutes ago, cloy now, or irritate, or simply bore; a joy, which might have remained as a dear memory, is eclipsed and extinguished. Folly of men! The angels must weep at the beautiful things which we spoil for ourselves.

The same perversity holds true in the reading of books. One suddenly comes upon a great passage, a splendid paragraph. What an experience! It takes the breath, dazzles the understanding. One lets oneself go with the sweep of the lines, one catches the glow of the thought and thrills to the beauty of its fit expression, one glories, rejoices; then one reaches the end of the page and pauses, lifting or closing the eyes. Now that very pause is the fine flower of the poet's utterance; it is expressly designed to convey transcendent things to the reader. But wisdom and self-control are needed to hold the vision true. If the reader says to himself, "That's a noble passage; I must read it over again"; and if he suits his action to the word, the great work is undone. All the glow and power escape from the lines when they are closely scrutinized, the hovering significance fades, the beauty resolves itself into mere rhyme and metre. The only way to retain the glory of a splendid page is to push on, resolutely forbearing to cast so much as one glance behind.

In the matter of the seasons, too, how foolish people are! I happen to have a summer home in the northern part of New England, where the spring comes very late. I am apt to return to it early in May, and always have the experience of finding myself set back two or three weeks in the year's development. I do not like this. It disconcerts me, gives me a rude jog which is not in harmony with the smooth lapse of time. But never yet have I failed to be congratulated by somebody when I have taken my northward departure: "You lucky person to have the spring all over again!" As if I wanted spring over again! What! to have made all that progress, achieved all that serene unfolding, flowered and ripened to that extent, and then to be brought up short and haled back to bleak and snowy beginnings once more—how discouraging! It is true that the early spring is the most exquisite phase of the year, that the beauty of early summer cannot compare with it, but my spirit has had the poignant rapture once, and is now set to the tune of repose and maturity. A thrill repeated in the wrong place hurts.

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That use of the word rapture reminds me of Browning's thrush. But I wonder if the poet, being pinned down to a final conviction, would have consistently defended the wisdom of his bird. Poets say so many things in so many different moods. Anyway, what kind of a thrush was it that sang his song twice over? Not the thrush that lives in my woods; he never repeats himself. It is undoubtedly true that he utters the same notes very many times in the course of one woodland afternoon; but he combines them so differently that he always seems to be saying something entirely new. Even when he recurs to a whole strain, it is with no effect of repetition, but swinging around to it through such a sequence of modulations and changes of key that it falls on the ear with a fresh suggestion. He *is* a wise thrush.

There is another poet, William Blake, one of whose stanzas I find myself quoting so often that I think I must regard it as expressing a very profound philosophy of life:

> "He who bends to himself a Joy
> Does the wingèd life destroy;
> But he who kisses the joy as it flies,
> Lives in eternity's sunrise."

It is the last line that captivates me. Only four words. Yet one can reflect on them endlessly, drawing wisdom and comfort and strength from them; one can set sail on them, use them as wings, direct them to any vast purpose one will; there is no exhaustion in them. They contain nothing less than the whole of man's immortality. Eternity's sunrise! Thus we stand always at the beginning of new things, the old put away behind us, not forgotten, but merged in general clouds of glory. Thus there are always fresh chances before us, strange and surprising enough sometimes, but all the better for that. Thus we are always young in one aspect, old and experienced though we may sanely desire that life shall make us on the whole.

Good life! After all, we are trying to reckon without our host in this discussion—our host or our warder, our teacher, our guide, just as we choose to name it. Life is a great deal wiser than we are, and it sees to it that the great concerns of our experience are guarded from our meddlesome fingers. It does not precisely limit us to one prayer in a lifetime, one mountain rapture, one friendly contact of soul with soul, one ardor of work. That would be hard lines truly. The unique delight would scarcely be worth the subsequent price of emptiness and longing which we should have to pay for it. But, in a hundred thousand prayers, no two strike out the same path to heaven; no familiar mountain ever touches the spirit twice in the same way. Trivial issues we may play with, trivial encores we may achieve if we will be so perverse; but the real things come and go as they will, and we cannot control them at all. It is probably not too much to say that no man has ever repeated a great experience.

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THE FIELD OF ART

THE GALLERIES OF PAINTINGS OF THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

IN their transference from the building of the Lenox Library on upper Fifth Avenue to the fine new marble palace which houses the three consolidated libraries of the Astor and Lenox Libraries and the Tilden Trust on the old Reservoir Square, the paintings and sculpture of the Lenox, Stuart, and Astor collections seem to have gained in everything but concentration. The visitor traverses the empty marble halls and corridors of the new structure with an enjoyment of space, light, air, and elbow-room which was lacking in the Lenox Library building, but the paintings, marble statues, cases of prints, etc., which crowded those halls, have been put to it to accommodate themselves in the galleries of the new. These latter, all well lit by extensive sky-lights, include two handsome large central rooms and two smaller galleries north of them, one devoted to etchings and the "portrait room" which (when the new library building was opened to the public in June last) was filled from floor to ceiling, even in the recesses of the door jambs, with a temporary exhibition of Tissot's illustrations of the Old Testament, hung on screens behind which the old paintings disappeared. The numerous marble statues of the Lenox collection, curiously "old-fashioned" in irreverent modern eyes—even more so than the old-fashioned paintings (which is a way sculpture has)—have been dispersed in other rooms and corners. The two of the Stuart collection, "Isaac" and "Rebecca," are in the large southern gallery given up to this collection. The visitor may perhaps be permitted to hope that the trustees of the Library will be able to keep their spacious and echoing marble halls free from encumbering exhibits, and not follow, in this respect, the example of the Metropolitan Museum and the Museum of Natural Sciences. However crowded they might be elsewhere, the trustees apparently decided to have at least one demonstration of a gallery of paintings properly arranged, and, with the help of Mr. John W. Alexander, selected for the central long gallery a number of their best representative canvases and presented them on the four walls admirably spaced and hung. That never-solved problem of an entirely satisfactory wall color was here met by the choice of a warm greenish-yellowish gray stuff which seems to set off very well the gold frames and most of the colors of the paintings excepting those of the large centre piece by Sir Joshua Reynolds, "Mrs. Billington as Saint Cecilia." This, hanging in the centre of the long wall opposite the entrances,

"Woodland Brook: A reminiscence of the Catskill Clove."
From the painting by A. B. Durand

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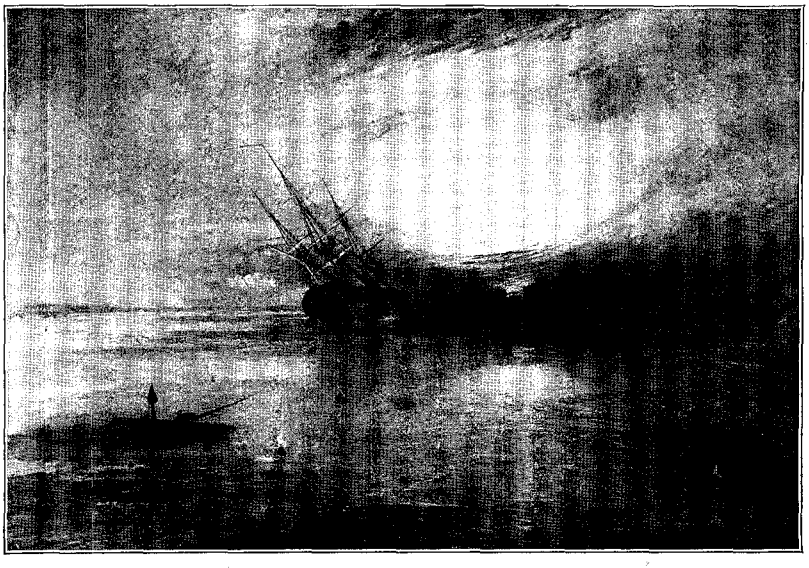
figures life-size, is the first that strikes the visitor's eye on entering. It is flanked on either side, below, by the two Turners which are the chief treasures of the collections, and, above, by two portraits, a bust and a half-length, of Washington. On either side, to right and left, are important portraits by Copley of distinguished Colonial dames, good examples in excellent preservation; and then follow in a single row smaller canvases, portraits, landscapes, and animal subjects, English and American. On the opposite wall, facing the Saint Cecilia, hangs Gilbert Stuart's full-length portrait of Washington, painted for Peter Jay Munro, Esq., and purchased from his family by Mr. Lenox in July, 1845. At the left of this, "A romantic woody landscape with a Peasant and two Horses crossing a pool of water and Sheep on a rising ground," by Gainsborough, originally in the collection of Sir Joshua Reynolds; and at the right, "A Cuirassier," by Delaroche, suggestions of the romantic school. At the northern end of this entrance wall hangs F. E. Church's big picture of Cotopaxi in eruption, an imposing and most original conception carried out with great skill and infinite care, and which abuts on an important Schreyer on the end wall which in its turn flanks Munkácsy's big and blackish presentation of Milton dictating "Paradise Lost" to his daughters, in the centre of the wall. At the right of the Munkácsy may be seen a very good example of that most carefully wrought, ingenious, and skilful German domestic genre of the nineteenth century which is now (undeservedly) so very old-fashioned, the reception at a side door in the court of His Transparency's residence by the boy prince, smiling, oiled, curled, white satined and gold laced, of a loyal delegation headed by the village schoolmaster and a sturdy boy choir, all painted by H. Salentin, Düsseldorf, 1873. On the opposite end wall, facing the blackish Munkácsy, is a good representative of the modern French landscape school of light and air, a large canvas, shell fishers on the coast of Normandy or Brittany, painted to order of John Jacob Astor by E. L. Vernier in 1880 and medalled at the Salon. At the right of this appears an episode of the siege of Saragossa by Horace Vernet; and at the left, a Tobit and the Angel, 61 x 40, purchased in Rome by Mr. Lenox in 1820 as an Andrea del Sarto.



"English Ship of War Stranded."

From the painting by J. M. W. Turner.

It will be seen that this not numerous collection covers a pretty wide field of the art of oil painting, well chosen examples from the picture gallery of a library—the scheme of a library being collection and not selection. In the large gallery of the Stuart collection adjoining may be seen many more representatives of these various schools and of some others—contemporary French figure painting, the smart Spanish and Spanish-Roman, the German and

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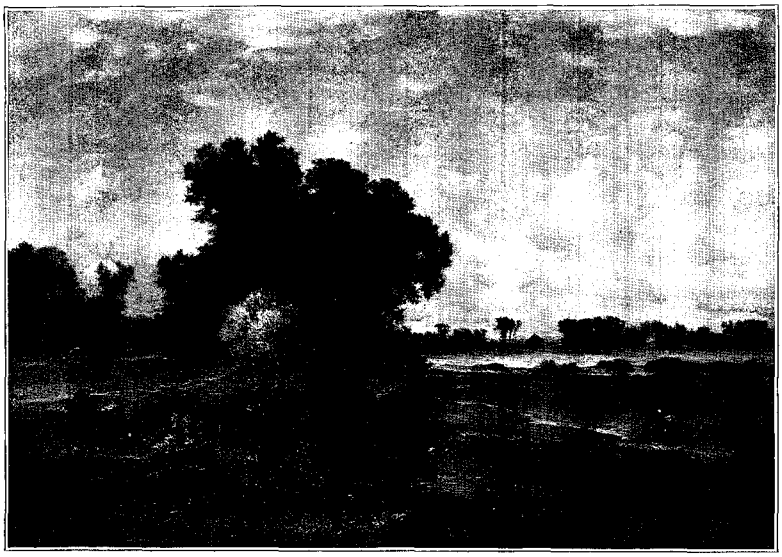
German-American historical and genre, the contemporary American landscape, etc. In this gallery necessity has dictated the placing of the pictures close together and high on the walls, and the ceiling is higher and the skylight smaller so that many of them cannot be seen well. Visitors who remember the old Lenox Library picture gallery with regret will be pleased to see this repetition of it, with the book cases in the alcoves and the cases containing Mrs. Stuart's collection of "minerals, shells and other objects, illustrative of natural history" —all to be placed, under the terms of her will, in the same room or apartment as that containing the paintings. At the southern end of this gallery is the large Gobelin tapestry purchased by Mr. Stuart in 1881 and supposed to date from about 1750–70: "Apollo and the Muses in the Elysian Fields with Helios the Sun God descending from the clouds." The old masters in the Lenox collection, in addition to the Del Sarto, are represented only by some copies of Raphael and Rembrandt.

Considering the two collections of Mr. Stuart and Mr. Lenox together from the catalogues something like the following summary may be drawn up: of the English school, Constable 1 example, Gainsborough 1, Landseer 3, C. R. Leslie 8, George Morland 2, Sir Henry Raeburn 2, Reynolds 3 examples and 1 copy, Turner 2, Wilkie 7, all in the Lenox collection; of the German, Carl Becker 1, Ludwig Knaus 1, Meyer von Bremen 3, Schreyer 1, all in the Stuart collection; of the Hungarian and Polish and Bohemian, Munkácsy 3, Vacslav Brozik 3, Bruck-Lajos 1, the Munkácsys only being divided; of the Belgians and the Dutchmen, Ruysdael 1, Clays 1, Hamman 1, Florent Willems 1, Verboom 1, Verboeckhoven 9, about equally divided; of the Spaniards, José Jiminez y Aranda 2, Louis Alvarez 2, Louis Jiminez 1, and Zamacoïs 1, also well divided; of the French, Béranger 3, Bouguereau 2, Detaille 2, Hugues Merle 3, and one each of Corot, Blaise Desgoffe, Delaroche, Diaz, Théodore Frère, Edouard Frère, Gérôme, Jalabert, Meissonier, Troyon, Horace Vernet, and Vibert. These are mostly in the Stuart collection. The Americans are much more numerous in both: Boughton 3, F. E. Church 2, Thomas Cole 3, Copley 2, Cropsey 3, De Haas 2, A. B. Durand 4, S. J. Guy 2, Wm. Hart 2, Daniel Huntington 7, Inman 3, Eastman Johnson 3, Kensett 6, Leutze 2, Mount 2, Rembrandt Peale 4, Thos. P. Rossiter 2, Gilbert Stuart 5 examples and 1 copy, John Trumbull 2 examples and 1 copy, Edwin White 2, and one example each of Bierstadt, Casilear, Sandford Gifford, George Inness, E. H. May, Jervis McEntee, Morse, Wm. T. Richards, Sonntag, John F. Weir, Worthington Whittredge, and Vanderlyn.



"Hackensack Meadows, Sunset."
From the painting by George Inness.

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It may not be generally remembered that both Mr. Lenox and Mr. Stuart were sons of successful Scotch merchants, the former inheriting from his father, about 1840, a fortune of several million dollars, including nearly the whole of the Lenox property of some three hundred acres in the upper part of the city of New York, and Mr. Stuart and his brother Alexander carrying on and greatly developing the manufacture of candy which their father had brought from Edinburgh in 1805. Robert L. Stuart, who died in 1882, left his library and collection of works of art to his widow, who bequeathed them to the Lenox Library at her death in 1891, stipulating that they were to be known as "The Robert L. Stuart Collection, the gift of his widow, Mrs. Mary Stuart." The paintings numbered about 240.

In Henry Stevens's "Recollections of Mr. Lenox" is given his version of the purchase of a Turner by this gentleman "about 1847," without any title or description of the picture, but which is apparently the "Staffa, Fingal's Cave," stated in the catalogue to have been "bought from the artist for Mr. Lenox by Mr. Leslie in August, 1845." C. R. Leslie had been instrumental in securing for the New York collector a number of paintings, and on this occasion he received from him a sight draft on Barings for £800, "requesting him to be so good as to purchase of his friend Mr. Turner the best picture by him he could get for the money." Turner's "grumpy reply" was to the effect that he had no pictures to sell to Americans, that his works were not adapted to their commercial and money-grubbing tastes, and that Leslie had better go elsewhere. On sight of the draft, however, he became somewhat mollified, finally "turned around a small picture standing on the floor, against the wall, and said: 'There, let Mr. Lenox have that, it is one of my favorites; he is a gentleman and I retract: will that suit you, Mr. Leslie?'" Mr. Lenox was at first sight not much pleased with his purchase, but he soon wrote Leslie to burn his first letter: "I have now looked *into* my Turner and it is all that I could desire." The catalogue gives an extract from a letter written by the painter to his American patron, under date of August 16, 1845, from which it appears that the picture of "Staffa" is a reminiscence of a stormy excursion to Staffa and Iona: "the sun, getting toward the horizon, burst through the rain-cloud, angry, and for wind." His "angry" sun is on the very edge of the dark sea, partly veiled, and the gray sky and headland are seen through the vast cavern-like chasm in the storm cloud, across which the black smoke of the steamer trails. The canvas had been exhibited in 1832.

The sculpture of the Lenox collection includes some twenty pieces, American, English and Italian, the list headed by Crawford's bust of Washington, purchased from the estate of John Ward in 1875. That of the Stuart collection is restricted to the two apparently companion small marble statues—"Isaac" by Randolph Rogers, executed in Rome in 1858, and "Rebecca," by J. Mozier, Rome, 1857.

An important addition to the Astor Library's art collection was made by the gift, in 1890, of twenty-four paintings and eight objects of art by Wm. Waldorf Astor, selected from the private collection of his father, John Jacob Astor. This donation includes several representative canvases of the contemporary European schools and several by Americans; of the former, the French are, Meissonier (two examples), and one each of Jules Lefebvre, Tony Robert-Fleury, Hector Le Roux, Toulmouche, and Vernier; of the Belgians, Clays and Robie; of the Germans, Schreyer and Wahlberg, and of the Spaniards, Raimondo de Madrazo. The Americans include Samuel Colman, an important example; S. R. Gifford, J. Beaufain Irving, Charles L. Müller, Wm. T. Richards, and Walter Satterlee. Of these pictures several hang in the large central gallery, the Shreyer, Clays, Vernier and Madrazo, and two flower pieces by Robie and St. Jean. Not the least of the Library's collection of portraits of Washington is the half-length by Gilbert Stuart, of which the date is given as 1797, which came into the possession of General Alexander Hamilton soon after it was painted and, according to the family tradition, as a gift from Washington. This painting and a marble bust of Hamilton by Ceracchi, were bequeathed by one of the family to the Astor Library and transferred to the new Public Library in July, 1896.

William Walton.

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Drawn by Oliver Kemp.

HIS CHRISTMAS FIRESIDE.

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